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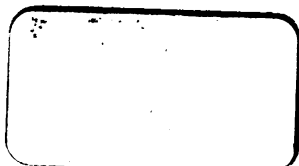
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FROM

.....The library of.....

.....E. L. Gay.....

.....





Contains references to John Gay in
vol. i., p. 205, verses 17 & 18; p. 225, verse 12;
p. 293, lines 4-9; p. 347, lines 25-28: vol. ii.,
p. 170, verses 9-10; p. 202, line 34 to p. 203,
line 5.

Scarc

This ~~is~~ scarc magazine
contains many unusual & interesting
pieces. It contains, for example,
Swift, Pope, & Dryden, & others
whose ~~works~~ ^{works} were ~~not~~ ^{not} published for a long
time.

Also "Verses to Miss Jenny Gay", vol. i.,
pp. 419-20: "To Jenny Gay", vol. ii., pp. 318-
19; "To the same", vol. ii., pp. 319-20.

S

Pr
T
J.

THE
St. James's Magazine.

BY
ROBERT LLOYD, A.M.

Suus ex Merito quemque tuetur Honos.

OVID.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FLEXNEY, near Gray's-Inn-Gate, Holborn;
T. DAVIES, in Russel-Street, Covent-Garden; and
J. COOTE, in Pater-noster-Row;

MDCCLXII.

P 338.8

1111

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM THE LIBRARY OF
ERNEST LEWIS GAY
JUNE 15, 1927

MAITON TALLA

THIS
FIRST VOLUME
OF THE
St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE.

In Acknowledgment of Favours received,

IS INSCRIBED TO

Mr. CHARLES DENIS.

By his very obliged

Humble Servant,

Feb. 27, 1763.

ROBERT LLOYD.

17 Feb 13 11:06 AM

R. E. A. D. E. R.

THE JOURNAL OF THE

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF
JOURNALISTS
PUBLISHED MONTHLY
BY THE ASSOCIATION
OF JOURNALISTS
OF THE UNITED STATES
AND CANADA
VOLUME 10
NUMBER 1
JANUARY 1911
PUBLISHED BY THE
ASSOCIATION OF JOURNALISTS
OF THE UNITED STATES
AND CANADA
NEW YORK
1911

T O T H E

R E A D E R.

AT the setting out of these periodical works, as large promises are generally made, and equal performances expected, the reader is often cajoled into a transitory approbation by the richness of the first number, which keeps pace with the editor's proposals, while our good opinions too frequently sicken, and grow fainter and fainter with each successive publication. In their preliminary addresses, indeed, writers are particularly ceremonious, and endeavour to sooth the critic into good humour, by the kind appellations of *gentle*, *courteous*, *candid*, and *judicious*, though they are well assured in their hearts, and know by woeful experience, that such titles belong as seldom to the reader, as the author. Yet it must be owned, that however ill we may behave when we are seated, we take wonderful care never to come into the room without a bow, and are the civilest persons in the world, whilst we are soliciting your vote and interest, however careless and ungrateful we appear afterwards.

For

To the R E A D E R.

For my own part, if an author is humble enough to come forth, like his brother BAYES, with an executioner behind him, and beg if they don't like his work, they will order his head to be chopped off, I can't see why the *courteous, gentle, candid and judicious* public should not take him at his word for their own sakes, and bid the executioner do his office accordingly. For the writer who ventures abroad into the world, as he puts himself upon his country, neither can, nor ought to expect any thing more, than a patient hearing, and a fair trial.

Certain it is the word MAGAZINE carries with it rather an unfavourable omen, and the editor has, it must be confess'd, at times apprehended that name might have as bad an influence upon his publication, as Shandy thought the name of Tristram had upon his son. For in the present age, when booksellers have erected themselves into proper and sufficient judges of all literary merit (which indeed, if we consider their prodigious literary property, they have some right to lay claim to) an author, who writes so *apparently* under their colours, as the unfortunate word MAGAZINE seems to intimate, cannot hope to be considered in any other light than as their journeyman book-maker,

TO THE READER.

maker, till the observation of the judicious shall distinguish between the work and its title.

In a collection of this sort, which depends on the voluntary contributions of correspondents, and is made up of originals, it cannot be expected, that every piece, or every number, should be equally entertaining, or not give occasion to the severity of a fastidious Reader. There are a sort of perverse critics, who fancy censure and judgment are the same things; and lest it should be imagined that they have no opinion at all, are determined to have a very bad one of every thing they read. Such, indeed the editor is as unambitious of pleasing, as perfectly careless whether he offends. Those who know the difficulty attending these compilations, will certainly think that miscellany not contemptible where they shall find more to approve of, than to condemn.

Such I flatter myself will be the case of the present collection, and surely not without good reason, from the valuable and growing communications of my correspondents; and it is hoped the reader, when he shall consider, that, in the course of this work, there is scarce a number, in which the editor cannot lay claim to upwards of seven hundred lines (such as they

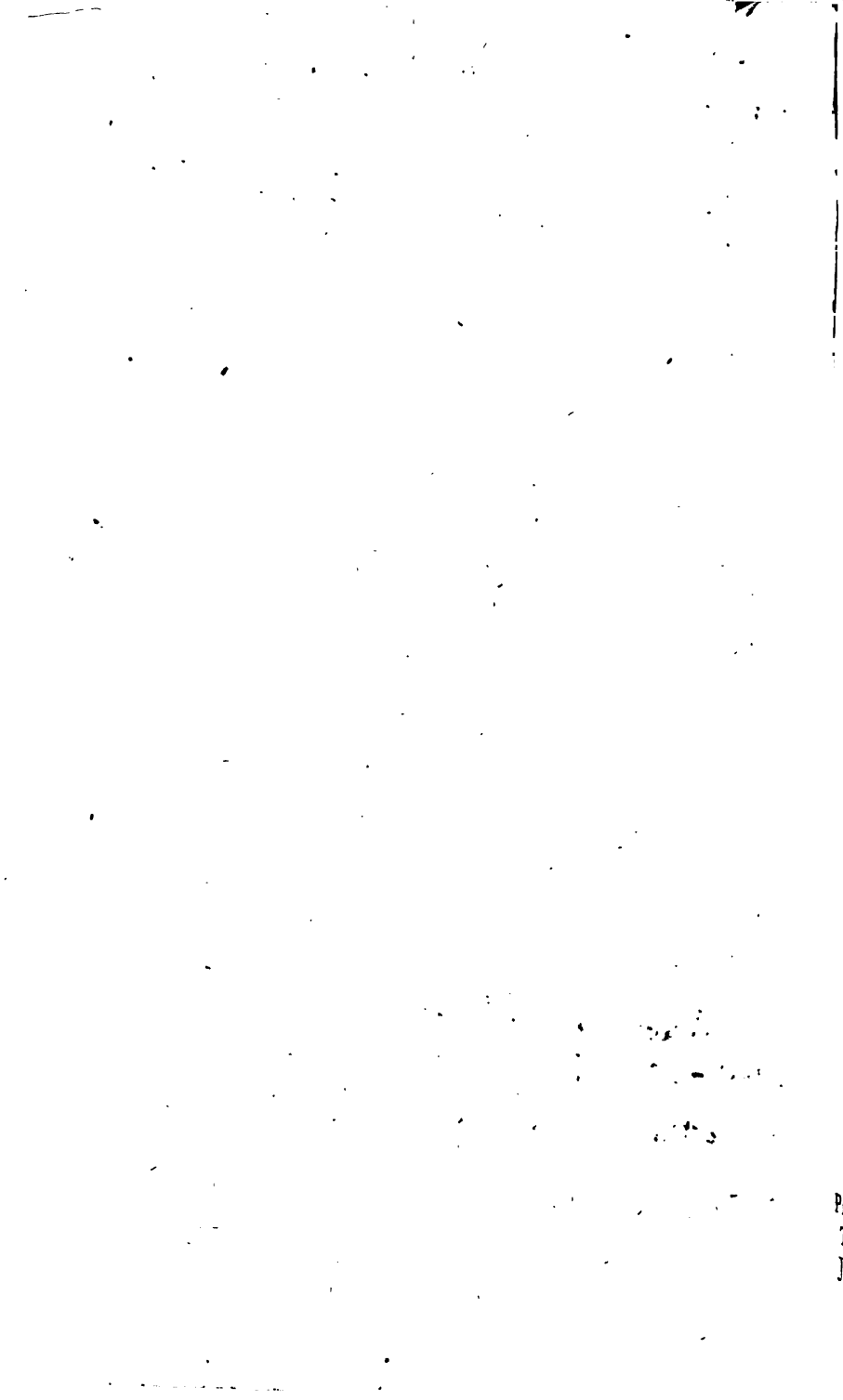
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111

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THE JOURNAL OF THE

ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
VOLUME 10. PART 1. 1910.
LONDON: PUBLISHED BY THE INSTITUTE.
1910.

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To the READER.

they are) will acquit him at least of idleness, and allow him the privilege of his predecessors, to be sometimes dull.

To his correspondents in general, he takes this opportunity of returning his thanks; and as the present numbers lay claim to very distinguished merit, from the elegant imitations of LA FONTAINE, by the hand of Mr. DENIS, the editor hopes that gentleman will not think himself dishonoured by seeing his name affixed to the volume.

A D.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A New Book would appear as unfashionable, without an *Advertisement* before it, as a modern Tavern without a Portico. And though the Author of this Work imagined the Introductory Poem, at the head of these pieces, would sufficiently explain his intentions, in compliance with custom, and at the request of the Publisher, he will trespass upon the Reader's patience for a few moments.

As this is not the Undertaking of a Set or Society of Gentlemen, to talk of US, OUR Plan, and WE design, might favour of too much Arrogance, as if WE had erected OURSELVES into Royalty; and the repetition of that ungracious word I,

iv ADVERTISEMENT.

though perking itself up in its diminutive, after the manner of some *bumble* Authors, carries with it, i must confess, the most disgusting Appearance.

Various indeed are the methods, by which periodical Writers endeavour to introduce themselves and their Works to the Knowledge of the Public. Some present you with elaborate Proposals, exhibiting at one view, the excellence of the design, and the consummate Skill of the *nameless* composers. Others, in the true spirit of Quackism, circulate their intentions by hand-bills; or plant their faithful Emissaries to scatter their papers about, like the leaves of the *Sybill*, in places of public Entertainment, in order to *insinuate the Plot* into the Pit and Boxes. Some get Letters Patent from the King; and others publish Edicts from Apollo.

The

ADVERTISEMENT. v

The Periodical Works of the present Age, are Magazines of *Universal Knowledge* and Pleasure; they are the Treasury of Sciences, the Repositories of Learning, and the Foundling-Hospitals for Wit. However they differ in their Plan, they ALL promise the *Utile dulci*, ALL contain the *Multum in Parvo*, and more than any work of the same kind ever yet published. Nay, the Motives too of every new *Museum* or *Magazine*, are the same; a tender concern to see their friend the Public so imposed upon by such miserable monthly trash; and therefore, out of pure good nature, they become Cooks themselves, and serve up a dish for every Palate.

The Author of the present Publication has indeed no such *universal* aim; and although he adds another Magazine to the large number which every Month stares the Reader in the face, down the whole column of a news paper, he hopes to be judged

judged from the contents, and not from the Title.

The Public, in this Collection, will at least be sure to meet with ORIGINALS; and if this Work is favoured with that correspondence it has some reason to pretend to, the Graces of Variety will go hand in hand with Novelty.

The classical Reader too, will not perhaps be displeased, to see a passage of an Antient or Modern Author now and then appear in an English dress; and it is hoped, that as the spirit of the writer will be more attended to, than the mere Letter, that such Authors, as shall appear in *our* English cloaths, will not wear them *unhandsomely*, nor betray the stiffness of a Foreigner.

There will be also some Account of Modern Publications, and of those only
which

ADVERTISEMENT. vii

which respect the *Belles Lettres*. In short, whatever falls within their circle, is the object of this Work.

Such is the Design — of the Execution the Publick will determine.

Had the Plan of this Magazine been more enlarged, it could never have wanted an occasional Support from the Correspondence of young Gentlemen of *sixteen*, great Geniuses of no Education, and great Scholars of no Genius. But as the elaborate trifles of *extravagant* Dulness, will not enter into any part of our design, this Work must be founded upon the more durable, though more difficult, basis of rational Entertainment. It is a pretty exercise, no doubt, for children to cast up the Letters of an Acrostic, or solve the inconsistencies of a riddle, but would very ill become the practice of *Grown Gentlemen*. On such Correspondents, the

Author

viii ADVERTISEMENT.

Author has no reliance; and as this Work addresses itself to the Classical, not the Mechanical Reader, He hopes, Scholars will not be ashamed of encouraging a Publication, which is dedicated to their Entertainment.

THE

THE CONTENTS OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

	Page
T HE Puff. A Dialogue between the Bookfeller and the Author. By Mr. LLOYD.	1
The Poet. An Epistle to C. CHURCHILL. By the Same.	9
A Ballad. By the Same.	19
Hints towards an Essay on Conversation.	21
Extracts from the third Book of the Ghost:	31
Cressy. A Poem.	51
To Chloe. By Mr. LLOYD.	57
To the Moon. By the Same.	59
A Song. By the Same.	62
Occasional Prologue on the opening of Covent-Garden Theatre. By Mr. SMITH.	63
A Familiar Epistle to J. B. Esq. By Mr. LLOYD.	81
Death. By the late CHARLES EMILY, Esq.	91
The Milk-Maid. A Tale. By Mr. LLOYD.	99
A Familiar Epistle from the Rev. Mr. Hanbury's Horse, to the Rev. Mr. Scot. By the Same.	102
To Patience.	108
Sophoc. Antig. attempted.	109
The Fond Lover. Written at Sea, by the Author of the SHIPWRECK.	111
An Elegy. To Celia in the Country.	112
To the Rev. Mr. HANBURY, on his Plantations. By Mr. LLOYD.	113
Verses sent to a Lady with a Seal. By the Same.	114
The Hare and Partridge. A Fable.	115
To Mrs. Carter.	121
A Parody of Posidippus. By FRANCIS LORD VE- RULAM.	123
The Hermit. Imitated from LA FONTAINE. By Mr. CHARLES DENIS.	130
	The

C O N T E N T S.

	Page
The Two Friends. By the Same.	136
Original Letter of SWIFT.	118
Remarks on the Life of Richard Nash, Esq. With an Epigram.	124
He has as many Lives as a Cat. By BONNELL THORNTON, Esq.	137
✓ A Dialogue between an Actor, and a Critic.	144
✓ Remarks on Plagiarism.	149
The Ephesian Matron. From La Fontaine. By Mr. CHARLES DENIS.	153
Sister Jane. From the Same. By the Same.	162
✓ The New School for Women. A Comedy. Translated from the French of M. DE MOISSEY. By Mr. LLOYD.	162
Original Letter from Mr. POPE to Lord OXFORD.	181
Buxton Verses. To Mira.	182
✓ Prologue at the opening of the Season at Buxton, 1759.	183
Letter from a young Lady in the Country, to her Friend in Town.	185
Two original Poems, by Mr. DRYDEN. Communicated, with Remarks, by BONNELL THORNTON, Esq.	188
Tullius and Tarquin. By Mr. DRYDEN.	190
Suum cuique. By the Same.	194
An Elegy.	197
A Letter to the Editor, with a Translation from the famous Welch Poet, LOMARCH.	200
To his Wife, on New-year's Day.	203
Song. By Mr. LLOYD.	204
→ The two Rubric Poets. A Dialogue. By the Same.	205
A Ballad. By the Same.	207
Love.	208
On the Paper Shadows round a Lady's Room.	209
Song.	ibid.
Absence. An Elegy.	210
On the Fall of a China Quart.	212
The Poetry Professors.	214
A Dream.	220
An Ode to the rebellious Highlanders. Written in the Year 1745. By a SCOTCHMAN.	222
Verses to Mr. John Gill of Newport.	224
A familiar Letter of Rhimes to a Lady. By Mr. LLOYD.	225
	The

	Page
✓ The School for Women. Act II. By the Same.	223
Love and Time. Imitated from ROUSSEAU. By Mr.	256
CHARLES DENIS.	256
Ode to a young Widow, from the Same. By the Same.	259
Original Letter from QUEEN ELIZABETH to Lord	261
Treasurer BURLEIGH.	261
Original Letter from HENRY EARL OF RICHMOND, to	262
his Friends in England.	262
Prologus ad Eunuchum. Acted at Westminster-School.	263
Epilogus. Laches loquitur.	264
Specimen of an intended Translation of PLAUTUS. By	265
BONNELL THORNTON, Esq.	265
The two Butterflies. A Fable. By a LADY.	274
Written on the fifth of November.	277
Essay on Pictures and Prints.	278
The Revenge. To a Lady.	281
The Fair Caledonian. A Song.	282
Letter from a young Student to two Ladies.	ib.
Voces on Doctor BENTLEY's new Edition of his	283
Sermons against Atheism. By ED. VERNON, A. B.	283
Trin. Coll. Cant. Written 1718.	283
Remarks on Mr. MASON's Elegies.	287
Elegy on a Tallow-Candle.	293
The Hip. Imitated from HORACE.	294
Chat-Chat. Imitated from THEOCRITUS. By Mr.	297
ELOYD.	297
The School for Women. Act 3d and last. By the	307
Same.	307
The Enchanted Cup. Imitated from La Fontaine. By	319
Mr. C. DENIS.	319
Aurinda. An Epigram.	332
On seeing a young Lady dance with a Gentleman at	ib.
Buxton.	ib.
Letter to the Editor, upon Snuff.	334
Epitaph.	338
Inscription for an Arbour.	339
Parody of a Fragment of CRATES.	ib.
On seeing a young Lady at Church.	340
Epigram.	ib.
Letter upon Authors.	341
Gaming made Game of to a Lady.	344
Extract of a Letter from a Cantab.	345
The	The

	Page
→ The Prophecy of Famine, with Remarks.	ib.
The Rout.	352
Translation of <i>TERENCE</i> .	359
To a young Lady.	360
Woman. A Fragment.	362
✓ Letter concerning Translations.	363
A Dialogue between the Author and his Friend. By Mr. LLOYD.	373
✓ Concerning the Advantage of Measure in modern Comedies, or in Translations from those of the Antients.	384
Imitation from Catullus.	392
To a Friend on his Nuptials.	393
The Temple of Scandal. By a Lady.	395
On Conversation.	398
To a married Lady.	402
Alexis. A Pastoral Ballad, in two Parts. By a Lady.	408
Song.	412
✓ Mr. Garrick's Address to the Town, in the Character of the Busy-Body.	414
Dialogue on a Birth-day in <i>October</i> . By Mr. POPE.	415
Epilogue to the <i>Andria</i> . Acted at Hackney-School. Written by DAVID GARRICK, Esq.	416
Epigram.	418
The Magpye. A Fable.	ib.
Epigram.	419
→ Verses to Miss Jenny Gay.	ib.
Upon the numberless Advertisements of new Comments, &c. upon the Bible.	421
Myra.	422
The Lion and Fox. A Fable.	ib.
Letter on a Loving Wife.	423
Greek Epigrams. By the Rev. Mr. WM. YOUNG.	428

THE

ERRATA.

P. 38, for *its*, read *trite*. P. 283, for *meadow*, read *window*. P. 288, for *æroris*, read *mæroris*. P. 289, for *true and sublime simplicity*, read *true, sublime and simplicity*. Ib. for *Euripides*, read *Euripides*. P. 294. l. 3, dele *former*. Ib. for *expiring*, read *aspiring*. P. 359, for *usus*, read *ausus*. P. 364, for *therefore*, read *therefore*. P. 366, for *ndos*, read *ndus*. Ib. l. 26, for *transfuctions*, read *translations*. P. 369, for *finicles*, read *finiles*. P. 371, for *exis timabant*, read *existimabant*. P. 372, for *Gap*, read *Yap*.

The Reader will also perceive some few other literal omissions (especially in the Greek Elegy, p. 289.) too trifling to be pointed out.

T H E

St. James's Magazine.

For SEPTEMBER, 1762.

The P U F F

A DIALOGUE between the BOOKSELLER
and AUTHOR.

BOOKSELLER.

MUSEUM, fir! that's not enough.
New works, we know, require a Puff;

A title to entrap the eyes,

And catch the reader by surprize:

As gaudy signs, which hang before

The tavern or the alehouse door,

Hitch ev'ry passer's observation,

Magnetic in their invitation.

That SHAKESPEARE is prodigious fine!

Shall we step in, and taste the wine?

Men, women, houses, horses, books,

All borrow credit from their looks.

Externals have the gift of striking,

And lure the fancy into liking.

VOL. I.

B

AUTHOR:

2 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

AUTHOR.

Oh! I perceive the thing you mean —
Call it *St. James' Magazine*.

BOOKSELLER.

Or the *New British* —

AUTHOR:

Oh! no more.

One name's as good as half a score.
And titles oft give nothing less
Than what they *flaringly* profess.
Puffing, I grant, is all the mode;
The common hackney turnpike road:
But custom is the blockhead's guide,
And such low arts disgust my pride.
Success on merit's force depends,
Not on the partial voice of friends;
Not on the *seems*, that bully sin;
But that *which passeth shew within*:
Which bids the warmth of friendship glow,
And wrings conviction from a foe. —
Deserve Success, and proudly claim,
Not *steal* a passage into fame.

BOOKSELLER.

Your method, sir, will never do;
You're right in theory, it's true.
But then, experience in *our* trade
Says, there's no harm in some parade.
Suppose we said, by Mr. Lloyd?

AUTHOR.

The very thing I wou'd avoid;
And would be rather pleas'd to own
Myself unknowing, and unknown:
What could th' unknowing muse expect,
But information or neglect?
Unknown — perhaps her reputation
Escapes the tax of defamation,

And

And wrapt in darkness, laughs unhurt,
While *critic* blockheads throw their dirt :
But he who madly prints his name,
Invites his foe to take sure aim.

BOOKSELLER.

True — but a name will always bring
A better sanction to the thing :
And all your scribbling foes are such,
Their censure cannot hurt you much ;
And, take the matter ne'er so ill',
If *you* don't print it, sir, *they* will.

AUTHOR.

Well, be it so — that struggle's o'er —
Nay, — this shall prove one spur the more.
Pleas'd if success attends, if not,
I've writ my name, and made a blot.

BOOKSELLER.

But a good print.

AUTHOR.

The print? why there
I trust to honest LEACH's care.
What is't to me? in verse, or prose,
I find the stuff, you make the cloaths :
And paper, print, and all such drefs,
Will lose no credit from *his* press.

BOOKSELLER.

You quite mistake the thing I mean,
— I'll fetch you, sir, a MAGAZINE ;
You see that picture there, — the QUEEN.

AUTHOR.

A dedication to her too !
What will not folly dare to do ?
O days of art ! when happy skill
Can raise a likeness whence it will ;
When portraits ask no REYNOLD's aid,
And queens and kings are ready made.

B 2

No,

4 The St. JAMES's MAGAZINE,

No, no, my friend, by helps like these,
 I cannot wish my work should please;
 No pictures taken from the life,
 Where all proportions are at strife;
 No HUMMING-BIRD, no PAINTED FLOWER,
 No BEAST just landed in the TOWER,
 No WOODEN NOTES, no COLOUR'D MAP,
 No COUNTRY-DANCE shall stop a gap;
 O PHILOMATH, be not severe,
 If not one problem meets you here;
 Where gossip A, and neighbour B,
 Pair, like good friends, with C and D;
 And E F G, H I K join;
 And curve and *incidental* line
 Fall out, fall in, and cross each other,
 Just like a sister and a brother.
 Ye *tiny* poets, *tiny* wits,
 Who frisk about on *tiny* tits,
 Who words disjoin, and sweetly sing,
 Take one third part, and take the thing;
 Then close the joints again, to frame
 Some LADY's, or some CITY's name,
 Enjoy your own, your proper *Phæbus*;
 We neither make, nor print a REBUS,
 No CRAMBO, no ACROSTIC fine,
 Great letters lacing down each line;
 No strange CONUNDRUM, no invention
 Beyond the reach of comprehension,
 No RIDDLE, which whoe'er unties,
 Claims twelve MUSEUMS for the PRIZE,
 Shall strive to please you, at th' expence
 Of simple taste, and common sense.

BOOKSELLER.

But would not ORNAMENT produce
 Some real grace, and proper use?
 A FRONTISPIECE would have its weight,
 Neatly engraved on copper-plate.

AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

Plain letter-press shall do the feat,
What need of foppery to be neat?
The Paste-board Guard delights me more,
That stands to watch a bun-house door,
Than such a mockery of grace,
And ornament so out of place.

BOOKSELLER.

But one word more, and I have done —
A PATENT might insure its run.

AUTHOR.

Patent ! for what ! can patents give
A Genius ? or make blockheads live ?
If so, O hail the glorious plan !
And buy it at what price you can,
But what alas ! will that avail,
Beyond the *property* of sale ?
A property of little worth,
If weak our produce at its birth.
For fame, for honest fame we strive,
But not to struggle half alive,
And drag a miserable being,
Its end still fearing and foreseeing.

Oh ! may the flame of genius blaze,
Enkindl'd with the breath of praise !
But far be ev'ry fruitless puff,
To blow to light a dying snuff.

BOOKSELLER.

But should not something, sir, be said,
Particular on ev'ry head ?
What your ORIGINALS will be,
What *infinite* variety,
Multum in Parvo, as they say,
And something neat in every way ?

AUTHOR.

I wish there could — but that depends
Not on myself, so much as friends.

I but

6 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

I but set up a new machine,
With harness tight, and furnish'd clean;
Where such, who think it no disgrace,
To fend in time, and take a place,
The book-keeper shall minute down,
And I with pleasure drive to town.

BOOKSELLER.

Ay, tell them that, sir, and then say,
What letters come in every day;
And what great *Wits* your care procures,
To join their social hands with your's.

AUTHOR.

What! must I huge proposals print,
Merely to drop some saucy hint,
That real folks of real fame
Will give their works, and not their name?
— This Puff's of use, you say — why let it,
We'll boast such friendship when we get it,

BOOKSELLER.

Get it! Ah, sir, you do but jest,
You'll have assistance, and the best.
There's CHURCHILL — will not CHURCHILL lend
Assistance?

AUTHOR.

Surely — to his FRIEND.

BOOKSELLER.

And then your interest might procure
Something from either CONNOISSEUR.
COLMAN and THORNTON, both will join
Their social hand, to strengthen thine:
And when your name appears in print,
Will GARRICK *never* drop a hint?

AUTHOR.

True, I've indulg'd such hopes before,
From those you name, and many more;
And they, perhaps, again will join
Their hand, if not ashamed of mine.

Bold

For SEPTEMBER, 1762: 7

Bold is the task we undertake,
The friends we wish, the WORK must make;
For Wits, like adjectives, are known
To cling to that which stands alone.

BOOKSELLER.

Perhaps too, in our way of trade,
We might procure some useful aid;
Could we engage some able pen,
To furnish matter now and then;
There's ——— what's his name, sir? wou'd compile,
And methodize the news in *style*.

AUTHOR.

Take back your newsmen whence he came,
Carry your crutches to the lame.

BOOKSELLER.

You must enrich your book, indeed!
Bare MERIT never will succeed;
Which readers are not now a-days,
By half so apt to buy, as praise;
And praise is hardly worth pursuing,
Which tickles authors to their ruin.
Books shift about, like ladies' dresses,
And there's a fashion in success.
But could not we, like little *Bayes*,
Armies *imaginary* raise?
And bid our generals take the field,
To head the troops that lie conceal'd?
Bid *General ESSAY* lead the van,
By ——— Oh! the *Style* will shew the man;
Bid *Major SCIENCE* bold appear,
With all his pot-hooks in the rear,

AUTHOR.

True, true — our NEWS, our PROSE, our RHIMES,
Shall shew the colour of the times;
For which most salutary ends,
We've fellow-soldiers, fellow-friends,

For

§ The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

For city, and for court affairs,
My lord duke's butler, and the mayor's.
For politics — eternal talkers,
Profound observers, and park-walkers.
For plays, great actors of renown,
(Now with the squadrons out of town)
Or some, in state of abdication,
Of oratorical reputation ;
Or those who live on scraps and bits,
Mere green-room wasps, and Temple wits ;
Shall teach you, in a page or two,
What GARRICK should, or should not do.
Trim poets from the *City* desk,
Deep vers'd in *rural* picturesque,
Who minute down, with wond'rous pains,
What RIDER's Almanack contains
On flow'r and seed, and wind, and weather,
And bind them in an *Ode* together ;
Shall thro' the seasons monthly sing
Sweet WINTER, AUTUMN, SUMMER, SPRING.

B O O K S E L L E R.

Ah, sir ! I see you love to jest,
I did but hint things for the best.
Do what you please, 'tis *your* design,
And if it fails, no blame is mine ;
I leave the management to you,
Your servant, sir,

A U T H O R.

I'm yours, — Adieu.

The P O E T.

An EPISTLE to C. CHURCHILL.

WELL——shall I wish you joy of fame,
 That loudly echoes CHURCHILL's name,
 And sets you on the Muses' throne,
 Which right of conquest made your own?
 Or shall I (knowing how unfit
 The world esteems a man of wit,
 That wheresoever he appears,
 They wonder if the knave has ears)
 Address with joy and lamentation,
 CONDOLANCE and CONGRATULATION,
 As colleges, who duly bring
 Their mefs of verse to every king.
 Too *æconomical* in taste,
 Their sorrow or their joy to waste;
 Mix both together, sweet and sow'r;
 And bind the thorn up with the flow'r?

Sometimes 'tis Elegy, or Ode.
Epistle now's your only mode.
 Whether that style more glibly hits
 The fancies of our ramb'ling wits,
 Who wince and kick at all oppression,
 But love to straggle in digression;
 Or, that by writing to the GREAT
 In letters, honours, or estate,
 We slip more easy into fame,
 By clinging to another's name,
 And with their strength our weakness yoke,
 As ivy climbs about an oak;
 As TUFT-HUNTERS will buz and purr
 About a FELLOW-COMMONER,
 Or Crows will wing a higher flight,
 When sailing round the floating kite,

90 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

Whate'er the motive, 'tis the mode,
And I will travel in the road.
The fashionable track pursue,
And write my simple thoughts to You,
Just as they rise from head or heart,
Not marshall'd by the herald Art:

By vanity or pleasure led,
From thirst of fame, or want of bread,
Shall any start up sons of rhyme
PATHETIC, EASY, or SUBLIME?
— You'd think, to hear what Critics say,
Their labour was no more than play:
And that, but such a paltry station
Reflects disgrace on education,
(As if we could at once forsake
What education helps to make)
Each reader has superior skill,
And can write better when he will.

In short, howe'er you toil and drudge,
The world, the mighty world, is judge.
And nice and fanciful opinion
Sways all the world with strange dominion;
Opinion! which on crutches walks,
And sounds the words another talks.

Bring me eleven Critics grown,
Ten have no judgment of their own:
But, like the Cyclops, watch the nod
Of some informing master god.
Or as, when near his latest breath,
The patient fain would juggle death,
When DOCTORS sit in CONSULTATION
(Which means no more than conversation,
A kind of comfortable chat
'Mongst social friends, on This and That,
As whether stocks get up or down,
And tittle-tattle of the town,

Books,

Books, pictures, politics, and news,
Who lies with whom, and who got whose)
Opinions never disagree,
One doctor writes, *all* take the fee.

But eminence offends at once
The owlish eye of critic dunce.
DULLNESS, alarm'd, collects her Force;
And FOLLY screams till she is hoarse.
Then far abroad the LIBEL flies
From all th' artillery of lies,
MALICE, delighted, flaps her wing,
And EPIGRAM prepares her sting.
Around the frequent pellets whistle
From SATIRE, ODE, and pert EPISTLE;
While every blockhead strives to throw
His share of vengeance on his foe:
As if it were a Shrove-tide game,
And cocks and poets were the same.

Thus should a wooden collar deck
Some woe-full 'squire's embarrass'd neck;
When high above the crowd he stands
With equi-distant sprawling hands,
And without hat, politely bare,
Pops out his head to take the air;
The mob his kind acceptance begs
Of dirt, and stones, and addle-eggs.

O GENIUS! tho' thy noble skill
Can guide thy *Pegasus* at will,
Fleet let him bear thee as the wind ———
DULLNESS mounts up and clings behind;
In vain you spur, and whip, and smack,
You cannot shake her from your back.

Ill-nature springs as merit grows,
Close as the thorn is to the rose.

72 The St. JAMES's MAGAZINE,

Could HERCULANEUM's friendly earth
Give MÆVIUS' works a second birth,
MALEVOLENCE, with lifted eyes,
Would sanctify the noble prize.
While *modern* critics should behold
Their near relation to the *old*,
And wond'ring gape at one another,
To see the likenesses of a brother.

But with us *rhiming* moderns here,
Critics are not the only fear;
The poet's bark meets sharper shocks
From other sands, and other rocks.

Not such alone who understand,
Whose book and memory are at hand,
Who scientific skill profess,
And are great adepts — *more or less*;
(Whether distinguish'd by degree,
They write A. M. or sign M. D.
Or make advances somewhat higher
And take a new degree of 'SQUIRE.)
Who read your authots, Greek and Latin,
And bring you strange quotations pat in,
As if each sentence grew more terse
From odds and ends, and scraps of verse;
Who with true poetry dispense,
So social sound suits simple sense,
And load one Letter with the labours,
Which should be shar'd among its neighbours.
Who know that thought produces pain,
And deep reflection mads the brain,
And *therefore*, wise and prudent grown,
Have no ideas of their own.
But if the man of *Nature* speak
Advance their Bayonets of *Greek*,
And keep plain sense at such a distance,
She cannot give a friend assistance.

Not

Not these alone in judgment rise,
 And shoot at genius as it flies,
 But those who cannot *spell*, will TALK,
 As women scold, who cannot walk.

Your man of habit, who's wound up
 To eat and drink, and dine and sup,
 But has not either will or pow'r
 To break out of his formal hour;
 Who lives by rule, and ne'er outgoes it;
 Moves like a clock, and hardly knows it;
 Who is a kind of breathing being,
 Which has but half the pow'r of seeing;
 Who stands for ever on the brink,
 Yet dare not plunge enough to think,
 Nor has one reason to supply
 Wherefore he does a thing, or why,
 But what he does proceeds so right,
 You'd think him always guided by't;
 Joins poetry and vice together
Like sun and rain in April weather,
 Holds rake and wit as things the same,
 And all the difference but a NAME.

A Rake! Alas! how many wear
 The brow of mirth, with heart of care!
 The desperate wretch reflection flies,
 And shuns the way where madness lies,
 Dreads each increasing pang of grief,
 And runs to FOLLY for relief.
 There, 'midst the momentary joys
 Of giddy mirth and frantic noise,
 FORGETFULNESS, her eldest born,
 Smooths the World's hate, and blockhead's scorn,
 Then PLEASURE wins upon the mind,
 Ye CARES, go whistle to the wind;
 Then welcome frolic, welcome whim!
 The world is all alike to *him*.

Distress

Distress is all in apprehension ;
 It ceases, when 'tis past prevention :
 And happiness then presses near,
 When not a hope's left, nor a fear.
 — But you've enough, nor want my preaching,
 And I was never form'd for teaching.

Male prudes we know, (those driv'ling things) .
 Will have their gibes, and taunts, and flings.
 How will the sober Cit abuse,
 The fallies of the Culprit muse ;
 To her and Poet shut the door —
 And whip the beggar, with his whore ?

POET ! — a FOOL ! a WRETCH ! a KNAVE !
 A mere mechanic dirty slave !
 What is his verse, but cooping sense
 Within an arbitrary fence ?
 At best, but ringing that in rhyme,
 Which prose would say in half the time ?
 Measure and numbers ! what are those
 But artificial chains for prose ?
 Which mechanism quaintly joins
 In parallels of see-saw lines.
 And when the frisky wanton writes
 In PINDAR'S (what d'ye call 'em) — flights
 Th' uneven measure, short and tall,
 Now rhiming *twice*, now *not at all*,
 In *curves* and and *angles* twirls about,
 Like *Chinese railing*, in and out.

Thus when you've labour'd hours on hours,
 Cull'd all the *sweets*, cull'd all the *flow'rs*,
 The churl, whose dull imagination
 Is dead to every fine sensation,
 Too gross to relish nature's bloom,
 Or taste her *simple* rich perfume,

Shall

Shall cast them by as useleſs ſtuff,
And fly with keenneſs to his——ſnuff.

Look round the world, not one in ten
Thinks Poets good, or honeſt men.

'Tis true their conduct, not o'er nice,
Sits often looſe to eaſy vice.
Perhaps *their Temperance* will not paſs
The due rotation of the glaſs ;
And gravity denies 'em pow'r
T' unpeg their hats at ſuch an hour.

Some vices muſt to all appear
As conſtitutional as FEAR ;
And every Moralift will find
A ruling paſſion in the mind :
Which, tho' pent up and barricado'd
Like winds, where Æolus bravado'd ;
Like them, will ſally from their den,
And raiſe a tempeſt now and then ;
Unhinge dame PRUDENCE from her plan,
And ruffle all the world of man.

Can authors then exemption draw
From nature's, or the common law ?
They err alike with all mankind,
Yet not the ſame indulgence find.
Their lives are more conſpicious grown,
More talk'd of, pointed at, and ſhewn,
Till every *error* ſeems to riſe
To SINS of moſt *gigantic* ſize.

Thus fares it ſtill, however hard,
With every wit, and every bard.
His *publick* writings, *private* life,
Nay more, his miſtreſs, or his wife,

And

And every social, dear connection,
 Must bear a critical dissection ;
 While *friends* connive, and rivals hate,
 Scoundrels traduce, and blockheads bait.
 Perhaps you'll readily admit
 There's danger from the *trading* wit,
 And dunce and fool, and such as those,
 Must be of course the poet's foes :
 But sure no sober man alive,
 Can think that *friends* wou'd e'er *connive*.

From just remarks on earliest time,
 In the first infancy of rhyme,
 It may be fairly understood
 There were two sects — the Bad, the Good.
 Both fell together by the ears,
 And both beat up for volunteers.
 By interest, or by birth allied,
 Numbers flock'd in on either side.
 WIT to his weapons ran at once,
 While all the cry was "down with DUNCE !"
 Onward he led his social bands,
 The common cause had join'd their hands.
 Yet even while their zeal they show,
 And war against the general foe,
 Howe'er their rage flam'd fierce and cruel,
 They'd stop it all to fight a duel.
 And each cool wit would meet his brother,
 To pink and tilt at one another,

Jealous of every puff of fame,
 The idle whist'ling of a name,
 The property of half a line,
 Whether a comma's your's or mine,
 Shall make a Bard a Bard engage,
 And shake the friendship of an age.
 But diffident and modest wit
 Is always ready to submit ;

Fearful

Fearful of press and publication,
 Consults a brother's observation,
 Talks of the maggot of his brains,
 As hardly worth the critic pains;
 "If ought disgusts the sense, or ear,
 "You cannot, sir, be too *severe*.
 "Expunge, correct, do what you will,
 "I leave it to superior skill;
 "Exert the office of a friend,
 "You may oblige, but can't offend."

This Bard too has his private clan,
 Where *He's* the great, the only man.
 Here, while the bottle and the bowl
 Promote the joyous flow of soul,
 (And sense of mind, no doubt, grows stronger
 When failing legs can stand no longer)
 Emphatic judgment takes the chair,
 And damns about her with an air.
 Then each, self-puff'd, and hero grown,
 Able to cope with hosts alone,
 Drawcansir like, his murders blends,
 First slays his foes, and then his *friends*.

While your good word, or conversation,
 Can lend a brother reputation;
 While verse or preface quaintly penn'd,
 Can raise the consequence of friend,
 How visible the kind affection!
 How close the partial fond connection!
 Then *He* is quick, and *I'm* discerning,
 And *I* have wit, and *He* has learning,
My judgment's strong, and *His* is chaste,
 And BOTH — ay BOTH, are men of taste.

Should you nor steal nor borrow aid,
 And set up for yourself in trade,

Resolv'd imprudently to show
 That 'tis not always Wit and Co,
 Feelings, before unknown, arise,
 And Genius looks with jealous eyes.
 Tho' thousands may arrive at fame,
 Yet never take one path the same.
 An Author's vanity or pride
 Can't bear a neighbour by his side,
 Altho' he but delighted goes
 Along the track which nature shows,
 Nor ever madly runs astray,
 To cross his brother in his way.
 And some there are, whose narrow minds,
 Center'd in self, self always blinds,
 Who, at a friend's re-echoed praise,
 Which their own voice conspir'd to raise,
 Shall be more deep and inly hurt,
 Than from a foe's insulting dirt.

And some, too timid to reveal
 That glow of heart, and forward zeal,
 Which words are scanty to express,
 But friends must feel from friend's success,
 When full of hopes and fears, the Muse,
 Which every breath of praise pursues,
 Wou'd open to their free embrace,
 Meet her with such a blasting face,
 That all the brave imagination,
 Which seeks the sun of approbation,
 No more its early blossoms tries,
 But curls its tender leaves, and dies.

Is there a man, whose genius strong,
 Rolls like a rapid stream along,
 Whose Muse, long hid in cheerless night,
 Pours on us like a flood of light,
 Whose acting comprehensive mind
 Walks Fancy's regions, unconfin'd;

Whom

Whom, nor the surly sense of pride;
 Nor affectation, warps aside;
 Who drags no author from his shelf,
 To talk on with an eye to self;
 Careless alike, in conversation;
 Of censure, or of approbation;
 Who freely thinks, and freely speaks;
 And meets the Wit he never seeks;
 Whose reason calm, and judgment cool,
 Can pity, but not hate a fool;
 Who can a hearty praise bestow,
 If merit sparkles in a foe,
 Who bold and open, firm and true,
 Flatters no friends — yet loves them too.

CHURCHILL will be the last to know
 His is the portrait, I would show.

A B A L L A D.

YE shepherds so careless and gay,
 Who sport with the nymphs of the plain,
 Take heed lest you frolic away
 The peace you can never regain:
 Let not Folly your bosoms annoy;
 And of Love, the dear mischief, beware.
 You may think 'tis all sunshine and joy,
 — I know 'tis o'ershadow'd with care.

Love's morning how blithsome it shines,
 With an aspect deceitfully fair;
 Its day oft in sorrow declines,
 And it sets in the night of despair.
 Hope paints the gay scene to the sight,
 While Fancy her visions bestows,
 And gilds ev'ry dream with delight,
 But to wake us to sensible woes.

How hard is my lot to complain

Of a nymph whom I yet must adore,
Tho' she love not her shepherd again,

Her DAMON must love her the more,
For it was not the pride of her sex,

That treated his vows with disdain,
For it was not the pleasure to vex,

That made her delude her fond swain.

'Twas His, the fair nymph to behold,

He hop'd — and he rashly believ'd.

'Twas her's to be fatally cold ; -

— He lov'd — and was fondly deceiv'd.

For such is of lovers the doom,

While passions their reason beguile,

'Tis warrant enough to presume,

If they catch but a look or a smile.

Yet surely my PHYLLIS would seem

To prize me most shepherds above ;

But that might be only esteem,

While I foolishly constru'd it love.

Yet others, like DAMON, believ'd

The nymph might have favour'd her swain,

And others, like Him, were deceiv'd,

Like Him, tho' they cannot complain.

Of PHYLLIS was always my long,

For she was my pride and my care ;

And the folks, as we wander'd along,

Wou'd call us the conjugal pair.

They mark'd how I walk'd at her side,

How her hand to my bosom I prest,

Each tender endearment I try'd,

And I thought none was ever so blest.

But now the delusion is o'er,

These day-dreams of pleasure are fled,

Now Her DAMON is pleasing no more,

And the hopes of her shepherd are dead.

May he that my fair shall obtain,
 May He, as thy DAMON, be true;
 Or haply thou'lt think of that swain,
 Who bids thee, dear maiden, adieu.

N

Two additional Volumes of the Works of
 Dr. SWIFT.

THOUGH the Doctor, in an intimate correspondence with a friend, expresses himself rather kindly on trifles, and cries out *vive la bagatelle*, he could never then imagine that there would be such *painful* editors, and *judicious* collectors, who would ransack every cabinet and corner for the amusements, perhaps, of his dotage; and, by enlarging the bulk of his volumes, diminish their strength. Yet thus has it often fared with the excellent Dean of *St. Patrick's*; and a foreigner must be surprized at such an incoherent assemblage of sound reasoning, true wit, and downright nonsense, as make up the printed works of this writer. The public, however, it must be allowed, will receive much amusement from the present additional volumes. The divines will be glad to see the Dean in the proper exercise of his function; and will with pleasure observe, how he has fitted the plainness of his expression to the conceptions of his audience. They will also see him here too in a new light as a controversialist; and lament, that an answer to Tindal, so masterly begun, and carried on with such easy pleasantry, should appear without his finishing hand to it. One extract from these volumes, will be sufficient to give the reader a taste for the whole; and as the following Essay, though intitled Hints only, is one detached composition, the reader will accept this as a sample of the stile, and will, no doubt, easily perceive the hand of the master.

HINTS

HINTS TOWARDS AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION.

‘ I have observed few obvious subjects to have been
 ‘ so seldom, or, at least, so slightly handled as this ; and
 ‘ indeed, I know few so difficult to be treated as it
 ‘ ought, nor yet upon which there seemeth so much to
 ‘ be said.

‘ Most things, pursued by men for the happiness of
 ‘ public or private life, our wit or folly have so refined,
 ‘ that they seldom subsist but in idea ; a true friend, a
 ‘ good marriage, a perfect form of government, with
 ‘ some others, require so many ingredients, so good in
 ‘ their several kinds, and so much niceness in mixing
 ‘ them, that for some thousands of years, men have de-
 ‘ spaired of reducing their schemes to perfection : But,
 ‘ in Conversation, it is, or might be otherwise ; for
 ‘ here we are only to avoid a multitude of errors, which,
 ‘ although a matter of some difficulty, may be in every
 ‘ man’s power, for want of which it remaineth as meer
 ‘ an idea as the other. Therefore it seemeth to me,
 ‘ that the truest way to understand Conversation, is to
 ‘ know the faults and errors to which it is subject, and
 ‘ from thence every man to form maxims to himself
 ‘ whereby it may be regulated, because it requireth few
 ‘ talents to which most men are not born, or at least
 ‘ may not acquire without any great genius or study.
 ‘ For nature hath left every man a capacity of being
 ‘ agreeable; though not of shining in company ; and
 ‘ there are an hundred men sufficiently qualified for
 ‘ both, who, by a very few faults, that they might cor-
 ‘ rect in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

‘ I was prompted to write my thoughts upon this sub-
 ‘ ject, by meer indignation, to reflect that so useful
 ‘ and innocent a pleasure, so fitted for every period
 ‘ and condition of life, and so much in all men’s power,
 ‘ should be so much neglected and abused.

‘ And in this discourse it will be necessary to note
 ‘ those errors that are obvious, as well as others which

‘ are

are seldomer observed, since there are few so obvious or acknowledged, into which most men, some time or other, are not apt to run.

For instance: nothing is more generally exploded, than the folly of talking too much; yet I rarely remember to have seen five people together, where some one among them hath not been predominant in that kind, to the great constraint and disgust of all the rest. But among such as deal in multitudes of words, none are comparable to the sober deliberate talker, who proceeds with much thought and caution, maketh his preface, brancheth out into several digressions, findeth a hint that putteth him in mind of another story, which he promiseth to tell you when this is done; cometh back regularly to his subject, cannot readily call to mind some person's name, holdeth his head, complaineth of his memory; the whole company all this while in suspense; at length says, it is no matter, and so goes on. And, to crown the business, it perhaps proveth, at last, a story the company hath heard fifty times before; or, at best, some insipid adventure of the relater.

Another general fault in conversation is, that of those who affect to talk of themselves: Some, without any ceremony, will run over the history of their lives; will relate the annals of their diseases, with the several symptoms and circumstances of them; will enumerate the hardships and injustice they have suffered in court, in parliament, in love, or in law. Others are more dexterous, and with great art will lie on the watch to hook in their own praise: They will call a witness to remember, they always foretold what would happen in such a case, but none would believe them; they advised such a man from the beginning, and told him the consequences, just as they happened; but he would have his own way. Others make a vanity of telling their faults; they are the strangest men in the world; they cannot dissemble; they own it is a folly; they have lost abundance of advantages by

‘ by it; but, if you would give them the world, they
 ‘ cannot help it; there is something in their nature that
 ‘ abhors insincerity and constraint; with many other
 ‘ unsufferable topics of the same altitude.

‘ Of such mighty importance every man is to himself,
 ‘ and ready to think he is so to others; without once
 ‘ making this easy and obvious reflexion, that his affairs
 ‘ can have no more weight with other men, than their’s
 ‘ have with him; and how little that is, he is sensible
 ‘ enough.

‘ Where company hath met, I often have observed
 ‘ two persons discover, by some accident, that they
 ‘ were bred together at the same school or university;
 ‘ after which the rest are condemned to silence, and to
 ‘ listen while these two are refreshing each other’s me-
 ‘ mory with the arch tricks and passages of themselves
 ‘ and their comrades.

‘ I know a great officer of the army, who will sit
 ‘ for some time with a supercilious and impatient silence,
 ‘ full of anger and contempt for those who are talking;
 ‘ at length of a sudden, demand audience, decide the
 ‘ matter in a short dogmatical way; then withdraw
 ‘ within himself again, and vouchsafe to talk no more,
 ‘ until his spirits circulate again to the same point.

‘ There are some faults in conversation, which none
 ‘ are so subject to as the men of wit, nor ever so much
 ‘ as when they are with each other. If they have
 ‘ opened their mouths, without endeavouring to say a
 ‘ witty thing, they think it is so many words lost: It is
 ‘ a torment to the hearers, as much as to themselves,
 ‘ to see them upon the rack for invention, and in per-
 ‘ petual constraint, with so little success. They must
 ‘ do something extraordinary, in order to acquit them-
 ‘ selves, and answer their character, else the standers-
 ‘ by may be disappointed, and be apt to think them
 ‘ only like the rest of mortals. I have known two
 ‘ men of wit industriously brought together, in order
 ‘ to entertain the company, where they have made a
 ‘ very

‘ very ridiculous figure, and provided all the mirth at
‘ their own expence.

‘ I know a man of wit, who is never easy but where
‘ he can be allowed to dictate and preside ; he neither
‘ expecteth to be informed or entertained, but to display
‘ his own talents. His business is to be good company,
‘ and not good conversation ; and, therefore, he chuseth
‘ to frequent those who are content to listen, and pro-
‘ fess themselves his admirers. And, indeed, the worst
‘ conversation I ever remember to have heard in my
‘ life, was that at *Will’s* coffee-house, where the wits (as
‘ they were called) used formerly to assemble ; that is
‘ to say, five or six men, who had writ plays, or at
‘ least prologues, or had share in a miscellany, came
‘ thither, and entertained one another with their trifling
‘ composures, in so important an air, as if they had
‘ been the noblest efforts of human nature, or that the
‘ fate of kingdoms depended on them ; and they were
‘ usually attended with an humble audience of young
‘ students from the inns of courts, or the universities,
‘ who, at due distance, listened to these oracles, and
‘ returned home with great contempt for their law and
‘ philosophy, their heads filled with trash, under the
‘ name of politeness, criticism, and belles lettres.

‘ By these means, the poets, for many years past,
‘ were all over-run with pedantry. For, as I take it,
‘ the word is not properly used ; because pedantry is
‘ the too frequent or unseasonable obtruding our own
‘ knowledge in common discourse, and placing too
‘ great a value upon it ; by which definition, men of
‘ the court or the army may be as guilty of pedantry,
‘ as a philosopher or a divine ; and it is the same vice
‘ in women, when they are over-copious upon the sub-
‘ ject of their petticoats, or their fans, or their china.
‘ For which reason, although it be a piece of prudence,
‘ as well as good manners, to put men upon talking on
‘ subjects they are best versed in, yet that is a liberty a
‘ wise man could hardly take ; because, beside the im-
VOL. I. E ‘ putation

‘putation of pedantry, it is what he would never
 ‘improve by.

‘This great town is usually provided with some
 ‘player, mimic or buffoon, who hath a general re-
 ‘ception at the good tables; familiar and domestic
 ‘with persons of the first quality, and usually sent for
 ‘at every meeting to divert the company; against
 ‘which I have no objection. You go there as to a farce
 ‘or a puppet-show; your business is only to laugh in
 ‘season, either out of inclination or civility, while this
 ‘merry companion is acting his part. It is a business
 ‘he hath undertaken, and we are to suppose he is paid
 ‘for his day’s work. I only quarrel, when in select and
 ‘private meetings, where men of wit and learning are
 ‘invited to pass an evening, this jester should be ad-
 ‘mitted to run over his circle of tricks, and make the
 ‘whole company unfit for any other conversation,
 ‘besides the indignity of confounding mens talents at
 ‘so shameful a rate.

‘Raillery is the finest part of conversation; but, as it
 ‘is our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate what-
 ‘ever is too dear for us, so we have done with this, and
 ‘turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or
 ‘being smart; just as when an expensive fashion cometh
 ‘up, those who are not able to reach it, content them-
 ‘selves with some paltry imitation. It now passeth for
 ‘raillery, to run a man down in discourse, to put him
 ‘out of countenance, and make him ridiculous, some-
 ‘times to expose the defects of his person or under-
 ‘standing; on all which occasions he is obliged not to
 ‘be angry, to avoid the imputation of not being able
 ‘to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is
 ‘dextrous at this art, singling out a weak adversary,
 ‘getting the laugh on his side, and then carrying all
 ‘before him. The *French*, from whom we borrow the
 ‘word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so
 ‘had we in the politer age of our fathers. Raillery
 ‘was to say something that at first appeared a reproach
 ‘or

‘ or reflexion, but by some turn of wit unexpected and
 ‘ surprising, ended always in a compliment, and to the
 ‘ advantage of the person it was addressed to. And
 ‘ surely one of the best rules in conversation is, never
 ‘ to say a thing which any of the company can rea-
 ‘ sonably wish we had rather left unsaid ; nor can there
 ‘ any thing be well more contrary to the ends for which
 ‘ people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with
 ‘ each other or themselves.

‘ There are two faults in conversation, which appear
 ‘ very different, yet arise from the same root, and are
 ‘ equally blameable ; I mean, an impatience to inter-
 ‘ rupt others, and the uneasiness of being interrupted
 ‘ ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation, are
 ‘ to entertain and improve those we are among, or to
 ‘ receive those benefits ourselves ; which whoever will
 ‘ consider, cannot easily run into either of those two
 ‘ errors ; because when any man speaketh in company,
 ‘ it is to be supposed he doth it for his hearers sake, and
 ‘ not his own ; so that common discretion will teach us
 ‘ not to force their attention, if they are not willing to
 ‘ lend it ; nor, on the other side, to interrupt him who
 ‘ is in possession, because that is in the grossest manner
 ‘ to give the preference to our own good sense.

‘ There are some people, whose good manners will
 ‘ not suffer them to interrupt you ; but what is almost
 ‘ as bad, will discover abundance of impatience, and
 ‘ lie upon the watch until you have done, because they
 ‘ have started something in their own thoughts, which
 ‘ they long to be delivered of. Mean time, they are so
 ‘ far from regarding what passes, that their imaginations
 ‘ are wholly turned upon what they have in reserve,
 ‘ for fear it should slip out of their memory ; and thus
 ‘ they confine their invention, which might otherwise
 ‘ range over a hundred things full as good, and that
 ‘ might be much more naturally introduced.

‘ There is a sort of rude familiarity, which some
 ‘ people, by practising among their intimates, have in-

' introduced into their general conversation, and would
 ' have it pass for innocent freedom or humour, which is
 ' a dangerous experiment in our northern climate, where
 ' all the little decorum and politeness we have, are
 ' purely forced by art, and are so ready to lapse into
 ' barbarity. This, among the *Romans*, was the raillery
 ' of slaves, of which we have many instances in *Plautus*.
 ' It seemeth to have been introduced among us by
 ' *Cromwell*, who, by preferring the scum of the people,
 ' made it a court-entertainment, of which I have heard
 ' many particulars; and, considering all things were
 ' turned upside down, it was reasonable and judicious:
 ' Although it was a piece of policy found out to ridicule
 ' a point of honour in the other extreme, when the
 ' smallest word misplaced among gentlemen, ended in
 ' a duel.

' There are some men excellent at telling a story,
 ' and provided with a plentiful stock of them, which
 ' they can draw out upon occasion in all companies;
 ' and, considering how low conversation runs now
 ' among us, it is not altogether a contemptible talent;
 ' however, it is subject to two unavoidable defects;
 ' frequent repetition, and being soon exhausted; so that
 ' whoever valueth this gift in himself, hath need of
 ' a good memory, and ought frequently to shift his
 ' company, that he may not discover the weakness of
 ' his fund; for those who are thus endowed, have
 ' seldom any other revenue, but live upon the main
 ' stock.

' Great speakers in public, are seldom agreeable in
 ' private conversation, whether their faculty be natural,
 ' or acquired by practice and often venturing. Natural
 ' elocution, although it may seem a paradox, usually
 ' springeth from a barrenness of invention and of words,
 ' by which men, who have only one stock of notions
 ' upon every subject, and one set of phrases to express
 ' them in, they swim upon the superficies, and offer
 ' themselves on every occasion; therefore, men of
 ' much

‘ much learning, and who know the compass of a
 ‘ language, are generally the worst talkers on a sudden,
 ‘ until much practice hath inured and emboldened
 ‘ them, because they are confounded with plenty of
 ‘ matter, variety of notions, and of words, which they
 ‘ cannot readily chuse, but are perplexed and entangled
 ‘ by too great a choice.; which is no disadvantage in
 ‘ private conversation; where, on the other side, the
 ‘ talent of haranguing is, of all others, most insup-
 ‘ portable.

‘ Nothing hath spoiled men more for conversation,
 ‘ than the character of being wits; to support which,
 ‘ they never fail of encouraging a number of followers
 ‘ and admirers, who list themselves in their service,
 ‘ wherein they find their accounts on both sides, by
 ‘ pleasing their mutual vanity. This hath given the
 ‘ former such an air of superiority, and made the latter
 ‘ so pragmatical, that neither of them are well to be
 ‘ endured. I say nothing here of the itch of dispute
 ‘ and contradiction, telling of lyes, or of those who are
 ‘ troubled with the disease called the wandering of the
 ‘ thoughts, that they are never present in mind at what
 ‘ passeth in discourse; for whoever labours under any
 ‘ of these possessions, is as unfit for conversation, as a
 ‘ madman in Bedlam.

‘ I think I have gone over most of the errors in con-
 ‘ versation, that have fallen under my notice or me-
 ‘ mory, except some that are merely personal, and
 ‘ others too gross to need exploding; such as lewd or
 ‘ prophane talk; but, I pretend only to treat the errors
 ‘ of conversation in general, and not the several subjects
 ‘ of discourse, which would be infinite. Thus we see
 ‘ how human nature is most debased, by the abuse of
 ‘ that faculty, which is held the great distinction be-
 ‘ tween men and brutes; and how little advantage we
 ‘ make of that which might be the greatest, the most
 ‘ lasting, and the most innocent, as well as useful plea-
 ‘ sure of life: In default of which, we are forced to
 ‘ take

' take up with those poor amusements of dress and
 ' visiting, or the more pernicious ones of play, drink,
 ' and vicious amours, whereby the nobility and gentry
 ' of both sexes are entirely corrupted both in body
 ' and mind, and have lost all notions of love, honour,
 ' friendship, and generosity ; which, under the name
 ' of fopperies, have been for some time laughed out of
 ' doors.

' This degeneracy of conversation, with the per-
 ' nicious consequences thereof upon our humours and
 ' dispositions, hath been owing, among other causes,
 ' to the custom arisen, for some time past, of excluding
 ' women from any share in our society, further than in
 ' parties at play, or dancing, or in the pursuit of an
 ' amour. I take the highest period of politeness in
 ' *England* (and it is of the same date in *France*) to have
 ' been the peaceable part of king *Charles the First's*
 ' reign ; and from what we read of those times, as well
 ' as from the accounts I have formerly met with from
 ' some who lived in that court, the methods then
 ' used for raising and cultivating conversation, were al-
 ' together different from ours ; several ladies, whom
 ' we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had as-
 ' semblies at their houses, where persons of the best
 ' understanding, and of both sexes, met to pass the
 ' evenings in discoursing upon whatever agreeable sub-
 ' jects were occasionally started ; and although we are
 ' apt to ridicule the sublime platonic notions they had,
 ' or personated, in love and friendship, I conceive their
 ' refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a
 ' little grain of the romance is no ill ingredient to pre-
 ' serve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without
 ' which it is apt to degenerate into every thing that is
 ' sordid, vicious and low. If there were no other use in
 ' the conversation of ladies, it is sufficient that it would
 ' lay a restraint upon those odious topics of immodesty
 ' and indecencies, into which the rudeness of our
 ' northern genius is so apt to fall. And, therefore, it

'is observable in these sprightly gentlemen about the town, who are so very dextrous at entertaining a vizard mask in the park or the playhouse, that, in the company of ladies of virtue and honour, they are silent and disconcerted, and out of their element.

'There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves, and entertain their company, with relating of facts of no consequence, nor at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day; and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable. It is not a fault in company to talk much; but to continue it long is certainly one; for, if the majority of those who are got together, be naturally silent or cautious, the conversation will flag, unless it be often renewed by one among them, who can start new subjects, provided he doth not dwell upon them, but leaveth room for answers and replies.'

The Third Book of the G H O S T.

4to. Price 2s. 6d. Flexney.

THE publick have expected this third book of the Ghost, with that impatience, which the easy flow of wit, and strong vein of satire, so eminently displayed in the two first, could not fail to excite in the minds of every intelligent reader. Nor indeed, as is too often the case, are our appetites, which have been so agreeably raised, in any danger of being disappointed. Our author's Muse, which digresses in the luxuriance of fancy, opens with a description of the morning, both in

in country and town, by images and circumstances, marking the time in either place not without several oblique strokes of satire, and is as follows :

It was the HOUR, when *Huswife Morn*
With *Pearl* and *Linen* hangs each thorn ;
When happy Bards, who can regale
Their Muse with Country air and ale,
Ramble afield, to Brooks and Bow'rs,
To pick up *Sentiments* and *Flow'rs* ;
When Dogs and Squires from kennel fly,
And Hogs and Farmers quit their sty ;
When *my Lord* rises to the Chace,
And brawny Chaplain takes his place.

These Images, or bad or good,
If they are rightly understood,
Sagacious Readers must allow,
Proclaim us in the Country now.
For Observations mostly rise
From Objects just before our eyes,
And ev'ry Lord in Critic Wit
Can tell you where the piece was writ,
Can point out, as he goes along,
(And who shall dare to say he's wrong?)
Whether the warmth (for Bards, we know,
At present never more than glow)
Was in the Town or Country caught,
By the peculiar turn of thought.

It was the HOUR — tho' Critics frown,
We now declare ourselves in Town,
Nor will a moment's pause allow
For finding when we came, or how.
The Man who deals in humble Prose,
Tied down by rule and method, goes,
But they who court the vig'rous Muse,
Their carriage have a right to chuse ;

Free as the Air, and unconfin'd,
 Swift as the motions of the Mind,
 The POET darts from place to place,
 And instant bounds o'er Time and Space.
 Nature (whilst blended fire and skill
 In flame our passions to his will)
 Smiles at her violated Laws,
 And crowns his daring with applause.

Should there be still some rigid few
 Who keep *propriety* in view,
 Whose heads turn round, and cannot bear
 This whirling passage thro' the Air,
 Free leave have such at home to sit,
 And write a *Regimen* for Wit:
 To clip our Pinions let them try,
 Not having heart themselves to fly.

It was the HOUR, when Devotees
 Breathe *pious curses* on their knees,
 When they with pray'rs the day begin
 To sanctify a Night of Sin;
 When Rogues of Modesty, who roam
 Under the veil of Night, sneak home,
 That free from all restraint and awe,
 Just to the windward of the Law,
 Less modest Rogues their tricks may play,
 And plunder in the face of day.

From hence taking occasion just to hint at objections
 that have been made against

This rambling, wild, digressive Wit,

he makes a solemn invocation to *Methad* (the *only* perfection men of no genius, and much reading, can be guilty of) and proceeds to an account of Fame,

34 The St. JAMES's MAGAZINE,

Who had beheld from first to last
How our Triumvirate had pass'd
Night's dreadful interval, and heard,
With strict attention, every word,

The Reader might perhaps find some pleasure in the comparison of our Author's Description of Fame, and Butler's. Although there is nothing borrowed from the last, yet, as there is some similarity in the manner, perhaps it may not be unentertaining to give an extract of both :

“ There is a tall long-sided Dame
“ (But wond'rous light) ycleped Fame,
“ That like a thin Chamæleon boards
“ Herself on Air, and feeds on Words ;
“ Upon her shoulders wings she wears,
“ Like hanging sleeves, lin'd through with ears ;
“ And eyes and tongues, as Poets list,
“ Made good by deep Mythologist.
“ With these she through the welkin flies,
“ And sometimes carries Truth, oft Lies ;
“ With Letters hung, like Eastern Pigeons,
“ And Mercuries of furthest Regions,
“ Diurnals writ for regulation
“ Of Lying, to inform the Nation,
“ And by their public Use to bring down
“ The rate of Whetstones in the Kingdom.
“ About her Neck a packet Mail,
“ Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale ;
“ Of Men that walk'd when they were dead ;
“ And Cows of Monsters brought to-bed :
“ Of Hail-stones, big as Pullet's Eggs,
“ And Puppies whelp'd with twice two Legs ;
“ A blazing Star seen in the West
“ By six or seven Men at the least,
“ Two Trumpets, &c.”

HUDBRAS.

Pois'd

Pois'd in mid-air — (it matters not
 To ascertain the very spot,
 Nor yet to give you a relation
 How it eluded *Gravitation* —)
 Hung a *Watch-Tow'r* — by VULCAN plan'd
 With such rare skill by JOVE's Command,
 That ev'ry word, which whisper'd here,
 Scarce vibrates to the neighbour ear,
 On the still bosom of the Air
 Is borne, and heard distinctly there,
 The Palace of an antient Dame,
 Whom Men as well as Gods call FAME.

A *prattling Gossip*, on whose tongue
 Proof of perpetual motion's hung;
 Whose lungs in strength all lungs surpass,
 Like her own Trumpet made of brass,
 Who with an hundred pair of eyes
 The vain attacks of sleep defies,
 Who with an hundred pair of wings,
 News from the farthest quarters brings,
 Sees, hears, and tells, untold before,
 All that she knows, and ten times more.

Not all the Virtues, which we find
 Concenter'd in a HUNTER's mind,
 Can make her spare the ranc'rous tale,
 If in one point she chance to fail;
 Or, if, once in a thousand years,
 A perfect Character appears,
 Such as of late with joy and pride
 My Soul possess'd, e're A—— died,
 Or such as, Envy must allow,
 The World enjoys in H—— now,
 This Hag, who aims at all alike,
 At Virtues e'en like theirs will strike,
 And make faults, in the way of trade,
 When she can't find them ready made.

All things she takes in, small and great,
 Talks of a *Toy-shop* and a *State*,
 Of *Wits* and *Fools*, of *Saints* and *Kings*,
 Of *Garters*, *Stars*, and *Leading-Strings*,
 Of *Old Lords* fumbling for a *Clap*,
 And *Young Ones* full of *Pray'r* and *Pap*,
 Of *Courts*, of *Morals*, and *Tye-Wigs*,
 Of *Bears*, and *Serjeants* dancing jigs,
 Of *Grave Professors* at the *Bar*,
 Learning to *thrum* on the *Guittar*,
 Whilst *Laws* are *slubber'd* o'er in haste,
 And *Judgment* sacrific'd to *TASTE* ;
 Of *whited Sepulchres*, *Lawn Sleeves*,
 And *GOD's house* made a *den of thieves*,
 Of *Fun'ral pomps*, where *Clamours* hung,
 And fix'd disgrace on ev'ry tongue,
 Whilst *SENSE* and *ORDER* blush'd to see
Nobles without *HUMANITY* ;
 Of *Coronations*, where each heart
 With honest raptures bore a part,
 Of *City Feasts*, where *ELEGANCE*
 Was proud her *Colours* to advance,
 And *GLUTTONY*, uncommon case,
 Could only get the *second* place,
 Of *New-rai's'd* *Pillars* in the *State*,
 Who must be *good* as being *great* ;
 Of *Shoulders*, on which *HONOURS* sit
 Almost as clumsily as *Wit* ;
 Of *doughty Knights*, whom *titles* please,
 But not the payment of the *Fees* ;
 Of *Lectures*, whither ev'ry *Fool*
 In *second child-hood* goes to school ;
 Of *grey Beards* deaf to *Reason's* call,
 From *Inn of Court*, or *City Hall*,
 Whom youthful *Appetites* enslave,
 With one *Foot* fairly in the grave,
 By help of *Crutch*, a needful *Brother*,
 Learning of *HART* to dance with t'other ;

Of *Doctors regularly bred*
 To fill the mansions of the dead ;
 Of *Quacks* (for *Quacks* they must be still
 Who save when *FORMs* require to kill)
 Who life, and health, and vigour give
 To *HIM*, not one would wish to live ;
 Of *Artists*, who, with noblest view,
 Disinterested plans pursue,
 For trembling worth the ladder raise,
 And mark out the ascent to praise ;
 Of *Arts and Sciences*, where meet
Sublime, Profound, and all compleat,
 A *SET* (whom at some fitter time
 The *MUSE* shall consecrate in *Rhime*)
 Who *bumble ARTISTS* to outdo
 A far more *lib'ral* plan pursue,
 And let their *well-judg'd PREMIUMs* fall
 On *Those*, who have no worth at all ;
 Of *Sign-Post Exhibitions*, rais'd
 For laughter, more than to be prais'd,
 (Tho' by the way, we cannot see
 Why *Praise* and *Laughter* mayn't agree)
 Where *genuine HUMOUR* runs to waste,
 And justly chides our want of Taste,
 Censur'd, like other things, tho' good,
 Because they are not understood.

To higher subjects now *SHE* soars,
 And talks of *Politics* and *Whores*,
 (If to your nice and chaster ears
 That Term *indelicate* appears,
SCRIPTURE *politely* shall refine,
 And melt it into *Concubine*)
 In the same breath spreads *BOURBON's league*,
 And publishes the *Grand Intrigue*,
 In *BRUSSELS* or *our own GAZETTE*,
 Makes armies fight which never met,

And

38 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

And circulates the Pox or Plague
 To LONDON, by the way of HAGUE,
 For all the lies which there appear,
 Stamp'd with *Authority* come here;
 Borrows as freely from the gabble
 Of some rude leader of a rabble,
 Or from the *quaint* harangues of those
 Who lead a Nation by the Nose,
 As from those *storms* which, void of Art,
 Burst from our *honest* PATRIOT's heart,
 When ELOQUENCE and VIRTUE (late
 Remark'd to live in mutual hate)
 Fond of each other's Friendship grown,
 Claim ev'ry sentence for their own;
 And with an equal joy recites
Parade Amours, and *half-pay Fights*,
 Perform'd by *Heroes* of *fair Weather*,
 Merely by dint of *Lace* and *Feather*,
 As those rare acts, which HONOUR taught
 Our daring Sons where GRANBY fought,
 Or those which, with superior skill,
 ——— atchiev'd by *standing still*.

If the person of Fame is described with more humour,
 and set forth in a more grotesque figure by *Butler*, the
 objects she talks of in the Ghost, are more deserving of
 Satire; and Fame in this place, it is to be feared,
 carries as many Truths as Lies.

It would be impossible to pass the inimitable burlesque
 of *ridiculous* Fancy, *idle* Description, and *its* Obser-
 vation (to be met with in many Poets, not held con-
 temptible) contain'd in the following Lines.

Now is the time (had we the will)
 T'amaze the Readers with our skill,
 To pour out such a flood of knowledge
 As might suffice for a whole College,

Whilst

Whilst with a true Poetic force
We trac'd the Goddess in her course,
Sweetly describing in our flight,
Each Common and Uncommon Sight,
Making our journal gay and pleasant,
With things long past, and things now present,

Rivers — once NYMPHS — (a Transformation
Is mighty pretty in Relation)
From great *Authoritiet*, we know,
Will matter for a *Tale* bestow.
To make the observation clear,
We give our Friends an instance here.

The DAY (*that never is forgot*)
Was *very fine*, but *very hot* ;
The NYMPH (another gen'ral rule)
Enflam'd with heat, laid down to cool ;
Her Hair (we no exceptions find)
Wav'd careless floating in the wind ;
Her heaving breasts, like Summer seas,
Seem'd am'rous of the playful breeze.
Should fond DESCRIPTION tune our lays
In *choiceft* accents to her praise,
DESCRIPTION we at last should find,
Baffled and weak, would halt behind.
NATURE had form'd her to inspire
In ev'ry bosom soft desire,
Passions to raise she could not feel,
Wounds to inflict she would not heal.
A GOD (his name is no great matter,
Perhaps a JOVE, perhaps a SATYR)
Raging with Lust, a GODLIKE flame,
By Chance, as usual, thither came :
With gloting eyes the Fair-one view'd,
Desir'd her first, and then pursu'd ;
She (for what other can she do)
Must fly — or how can He pursue ?

The *Muse* (so Custom hath decreed)
 Now proves her Spirit by her speed,
 Nor must one *limping* line disgrace
 The life and vigour of the Race.
 SHE RUNS, AND HE RUNS, 'till at length
 Quite destitute of Breath and strength,
 To *Heav'n* (for there we *all* apply
 For help, when there's no other nigh)
 She offers up her *Virgin* Pray'r,
 (Can *Virgins* pray unpitied there?)
 And when the God thinks He has caught her,
 Slips thro' his hands, and runs to water,
 Becomes a *Stream*, in which the *POET*,
 If He has any Wit, may shew it.

A *City* once for Pow'r renown'd,
 Now levell'd even to the ground,
 Beyond all doubt is a direction
 To introduce some *fine* reflexion.

Ab, woeful me! Ab, woeful Man!
Ab! woeful All, do all we can!
 Who can on earthly things depend
 From one to t'other moment's end?
 HONOUR, WIT, GENIUS, WEALTH, and GLORY,
Good lack! good lack! are transitory,
 Nothing is sure and stable found,
 The very *Earth* itself turns round.
Monarchs, nay *MINISTERS* must die,
 Must rot, must stink — *Ab, me! ah, why!*
Cities themselves in Time decay,
 If *Cities* thus — *Ab, well-a-day!*
 If *Brick* and *Mortar* have an end,
 On what can *Flesh* and *Blood* depend?
Ab woeful me! Ab woeful Man!
Ab, woeful All, do All we can.

The prodigies which follow'd the blast of the *Trump*,

————— the same
Which from the first belong'd to Fame ;
An *old ill-favour'd* Instrument,
With which the Goddess was content,
Though under a *politer* race,
Bagpipes might well supply its place —

are poetically imagin'd, and humorously described; and the effects which the sound had upon PHYSIC, ELOCUTION, FORM, AVARICE and CREDIT, are set forth with much Spirit, and in as strong Numbers, as the Measure the Author has here chosen, can possibly admit of.

As an instance of fine Satyr, and genuine Humour, the reader will accept with pleasure, the following *interesting* Dialogue, which closes the Poem :

Great DULLMAN from his bed arose —
Thrice did he spit — thrice wip'd his nose —
Thrice strove to smile — thrice strove to frown —
And thrice look'd up — and thrice look'd down —
Then Silence broke — CRAPE, who am I ?
CRAPE bow'd, and smil'd-an arch reply,
Am I not, CRAPE ; I am, you know,
Above all those who are below ?
Have I not knowledge ? and for *Wit*,
Money will always purchase it,
Nor, if it needful should be found,
Will I grudge ten, or twenty Pound,
For which the whole stock may be bought
Of *scoundrel wits* not worth a Groat.
But lest I should proceed too far,
I'll feel my Friend *the Minister*,
(Great Men, CRAPE, must not be neglected)
How he in this point is affected,

For, as I stand a magistrate
 To serve him first, and next the State,
 Perhaps He may not think it fit
 To let *his* magistrates have wit.

Boast I not, at this very hour,
 Those large effects which troop with pow'r ?
 Am I not mighty in the land ?
 Do not I sit, whilst others stand ?
 Am I not with rich garments grac'd,
 In seat of honour always plac'd ?
 And do not *Cits* of chief degree,
 Tho' proud to others, bend to me ?

Have I not, as a JUSTICE ought,
 The laws such wholesome rigour taught,
 That *Fornication*, in disgrace,
 Is now afraid to shew her face,
 And not one Whore these walls approaches
 Unless They ride in our own coaches ?
 And shall *this* FAME, an *old poor* Strumpet,
 Without our Licence, found her Trumpet,
 And, envious of our City's quiet,
 In broad Day-light blow up a Riot ?
 If insolence like this we bear,
 Where is our State ? our office where ?
Farewell all honours of our reign,
Farewell the Neck-enobling CHAIN,
 Freedom's *known* badge o'er all the globe,
Farewell the solemn-spreading ROBE,
Farewell the SWORD, — *farewell* the MACE,
Farewell all TITLE, POMP, and PLACE.
 Remov'd from Men of high degree,
 (A loss to *them*, CRAPE, not to *Me*)
 Banish'd to CHIPENHAM, or to FROME,
 DULLMAN once more shall ply the Loom.

CRAPE, lifting up his hands and eyes,
 DULLMAN — the *Loom* — at CHIPENHAM — cries,

If there be Pow'rs which greatness love,
Which *rule below*, but *dwell above*,
Those Pow'rs united all shall join
To contradict the rash design.

Sooner shall stubborn WILL lay down
His opposition with his *Gown*,
Sooner shall TEMPLE leave the road
Which leads to VIRTUE's *mean* abode,
Sooner shall SCOTS this Country quit,
And ENGLAND's Foes be Friends to PITT,
Than DULLMAN, from his grandeur thrown,
Shall wander out-cast, and unknown.

Sure as that *Cane* (a *Cane* there stood
Near to a *Table*, made of *Wood*,
Of *dry fine* Wood a Table made
By some rare artist in the trade,
Who had enjoy'd immortal praise
If he had liv'd in HOMER's days.)
Sure as that *Cane*, which once was seen,
In pride of life, all fresh and green,
The banks of INDUS to adorn;
Then, of its leafy honours shorn,
According to exactest rule,
Was fashion'd by the workman's tool;
And which at present we behold
Curiously polish'd, crown'd with *gold*,
With gold *well-wrought*, sure as that *Cane*
Shall never on its native plain
Strike root afresh; shall never more
Flourish on Tawny INDIA's shore,
So sure shall DULLMAN and his race
To latest times, this station grace.

DULLMAN, who all this while had kept
His eye-lids clos'd, as if He slept,

44 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

Now, looking stedfastly on CRAPE,
As at some God in human shape——
CRAPE, I protest, you seem to me
To have discharg'd a Prophecy,
Yes——from the first it doth appear,
Planted by FATE, the DULLMANS *here*
Have always held a quiet reign,
And *here* shall to the last remain.

CRAPE, they're all wrong about this *Ghost*——
Quite on the wrong side of the Post——
Blockheads! to take it in their head,
To be a message from the dead,
For that by *Mission* they design,
A word not half so good as mine.
CRAPE——*here* it is——start not one doubt——
A *Plot*——a *Plot*——I've found it out.

O GOD!—cries CRAPE,—how blest the nation,
Where one Son boasts such penetration;

CRAPE, I've not time to tell you now,
When I discover'd this, or *how*;
To STENTOR go——if he's not there,
His place let *Bully* NORTON bear——
Our Citizens to Council call——
Let *All* meet——'tis the cause of *All*.
Let the three Witnesses attend
With *Allegations* to befriend,
To swear just so much, and no more,
As We instruct them in before.

Stay——CRAPE——come back——what, don't you see
Th' effects of this discovery?
DULLMAN all care and toil endures——
The Profit, CRAPE, will all be *Yours*.
A *Mitre*, (for, this arduous task
Perform'd, they'll grant whate'er I ask)

A *Mitre* (and perhaps the *Best*)
 Shall thro' my Interest make thee *Blest*.
 And at this time, when *gracious Fate*
 Dooms to the *Scot* the reins of State,
 Who is more fit (and for your use
 We could some instances produce)
 Of ENGLAND's *Church* to be the *Head*,
 Than You, a *Presbyterian* bred:
 But when thus mighty you are made,
 Unlike the Brethren of thy trade,
 Be grateful, *CRAPE*, and let Me not,
 Like *Old NEWCASTLE*, be forgot.

But an Affair, *CRAPE*, of this size,
 Will ask from Conduct vast supplies;
 It must not, as the *Vulgar* say,
 Be done in *Hugger Mugger* way.
 Traitors indeed (and that's discreet)
 Who hatch the Plot, in private meet;
 They should in Public go, no doubt,
 Whole business is to find it out.

To-morrow——if the day appear
 Likely to turn out fair and clear——
 Proclaim a *Grand Processionade*——
 Be all the City Pomp display'd,
 Let the *Train-bands*——*CRAPE* shook his head——
 They heard the Trumpet, and were fled——
 Well——cries the Knight——if that's the case,
My Servants shall supply their place——
My Servants——*mine alone*——no more
 Than what *my Servants* did before——
 Dost not remember, *CRAPE*, that day,
 When, *DULLMAN*'s grandeur to display,
 As all too simple, and too low,
 Our City Friends were thrust below,
 Whilst, as more worthy of our Love,
 Courtiers were entertain'd above?

Tell

46 The St. JAMES's MAGAZINE,

Tell me who waited then ? and how ?
My Servants — *mine* — and why not now ?
 In hast then, CRAPE, to STENTOR go —
 But send up HART, who waits below,
 With him, till You return again
 (Reach me my *Spectacles* and *Cane*)
 I'll make a proof how I advance in
 My new accomplishment of *dancing*.

Not quite so fast as Lightning flies,
 Wing'd with *red* anger, thro' the skies ;
 Not quite so fast as, sent by JOVE,
 IRIS descends on wings of Love ;
 Not quite so fast as TERROR rides,
 When He the chafing winds bestrides ;
 CRAPE Hobbled — but his mind was good —
 Cou'd he go faster than He cou'd ?

Near to that *Tow'r*, which, as we're told,
 The mighty JULIUS rais'd of old,
 Where, to the Block, by Justice led,
 The *Rebel* SCOT hath often bled,
 Where Arms are kept so clean, so bright,
 'Twere Sin they should be soil'd in fight,
 Where Brutes of *foreign* race are shewn
 By Brutes much greater of *our own*,
 Fast by the crouded *Thames*, is found
 An ample square of sacred ground,
 Where artless *Eloquence* presides,
 And *Nature* ev'ry sentence guides.

Here *Female Parliaments* debate
 About Religion, Trade, and State,
 Here ev'ry NAIAD's Patriot soul,
 Disdaining *Foreign* base controul,
 Despising *French*, despising *Erse*,
 Pours forth the *plain Old English* Curse,

And

And bears aloft, with terrors hung,
The Honours of the *Vulgar Tongue*.

Here, STENTOR, always heard with awe,
In thund'ring accents deals out Law.
Twelve Furlongs off each dreadful word
Was plainly and distinctly heard,
And ev'ry neighbour hill around
Return'd, and swell'd the mighty sound.
The loudest Virgin of the stream,
Compar'd with *him*, would silent seem;
THAMES (who, enrag'd to find his course
Oppos'd, rolls down with double force,
Against the Bridge indignant roars,
And lashes the resounding shores)
Compar'd with *him*, at lowest Tide,
In softest whispers seems to glide.

Hither directed by the noise,
Swell'd with the hope of future joys,
Thro' too much zeal and haste made lame,
The *Rev'rend* slave of DULLMAN came.

STENTOR — with such a serious air,
With such a face of *solemn* care,
As might import him to contain
A Nation's welfare in his brain —
STENTOR — cries CRAPE — I'm hither sent
On business of most high intent,
Great DULLMAN's orders to convey;
DULLMAN commands, and I obey.
Big with those throes which Patriots feel,
And lab'ring for the commonweal,
Some secret, which forbids him rest,
Tumbles and *Tosses* in his breast,
Tumbles and *Tosses* to get free;
And thus the Chief commands by Me:

To

48 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

To-morrow — if the Day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear —
Proclaim a *Grand Processionade* —
Be all the City Pomp display'd —
Our Citizens to Council call —
Let *All* meet; 'tis the Cause of *All*.

It is indeed a difficult Task to speak critically of Friend or Foe: Our opinions, in either case, will naturally incur the suspicion of Partiality. But, if familiar Ease and manly Strength, a happy Invention and rich Expression, fine Satire and delicate Banagytic, uniting in the same Poem, can insure Success, the approbation of friendship will receive its sanction from the concurrence of the Public: Satire, tho' the *worst natur'd* of the Muses, claims all our Author's attention: To her he bows, nor is afraid to declare his resolution.

Hated by many, lov'd by few,
Above each little private view,
Honest, tho' poor, and who shall dare
To disappoint my boasting there?
Hardy and resolute, tho' weak,
The dictates of my heart to speak,
Willing I bend at SATIRE's throne;
What power I have, be all her own.

Nor shall yon Lawyer's specious Art,
Conscious of a corrupted Heart,
Create imaginary Fear
To damp us in our bold Career.
Why should we fear? and *What*? — the Laws?
They all are armed in Virtue's cause.
And aiming at the self-same End,
Satire is always Virtue's Friend.

In

In the course of this Poem, there are many instances of *classical* Burlesque imitation, as in the description of the *golden-headed cane*, and the account of the Prodigies at the sound of FAME's trumpet, when

CONFUSION thro' the City pass,
And FEAR bestrode the dreadful Blast.

Those *fragrant Currents* which we meet
Distilling soft thro' ev'ry street,
Affrighted from their usual course,
Ran *murmuring* upwards to their source;
Statues wept Tears of blood, as fast
As when a CÆSAR breath'd his last;
Horses, which always us'd to go
A *foot-pace* in my *Lord Mayor's Show*,
Impetuous from their stable broke,
And ALDERMEN, and OXEN spoke.

HALLS felt the force, *Tow'rs* shook around,
And Steeples nodded to the ground:
St. PAUL, himself (*strange sight*) was seen
To bow as humbly as the *Dean*.
The *Mansion-house*, for ever plac'd
A Monument of *City Taste*,
Trembled, and seem'd aloud to groan,
Thro' all that hideous weight of stone.

To still the sound, or stop her ears,
Remove the cause or sense of fears,
PHYSIC, in *College* seated high,
Would any thing but *Med'cine* try:
No more in PEWT'ER'S-HALL was heard
The proper force of ev'ry word,
Those seats were desolate become,
And hapless ELOCUTION dumb.

50 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,
 FORM, *City-born*, and *City-bred*,
 By strict *Decorum* ever led,
 Who threescore years had known the grace
 Of *one, dull, stiff, unvaried* pace;
 TERROR prevailing over PRIDE,
 Was seen to take a larger stride;
 Worn to the bone, and cloath'd in rags,
 See AV'RICE closer hug his bags;
 With her own weight unwieldy grown,
 See CREDIT totter on her Throne;
 VIRTUE alone, had She been there,
 The mighty found, unmov'd, could bear.

These kind of allusions, will not perhaps relish with the Taste of this *simple* Age, which prefers a dull Parody, from oftentimes an insipid Antient, to the strongest efforts of Genius in an unfortunate Modern: However, minute Observers will not be entirely disappointed in this Work; by the help of Critical spectacles, in the course of thirteen hundred Verses, or more, they may be able to discover a weak line, and sometimes perhaps a harsh one. Such now and then negligences, incidental to all Poems of length, will nevertheless meet with that indulgence from the Public, which none but the most fastidious reader would deny. It is probable too, that our Author will be charged with the borrowing a Simile from a brother Satirist, the *Earl of DORSET*. The Reader will not be displeased at seeing the parallel Passages; and the Author of the Ghost will not be injured by the comparison. This Simile, which is happily introduced, and elegantly supported, is as follows:

Who, Champion sworn in Virtue's cause,
 'Gainst Vice his *tiny bodkin* draws,
 But to no part of *Prudence* stranger,
 First blunts the point for fear of Danger.

So

So Nurses sage, as Caution works,
When Children first use knives and forks,
For fear of mischief, it is known,
To other's fingers, or their own,
To take the edge off, wisely chuse,
Tho' the same stroke takes off the Use.

And the Earl of Dorset, in his Poem to Mr. Howard, expresses himself thus,

“ Carry great burthens, till your shoulders shrink,
“ But curst be He, that gives thee Pen and Ink ;
“ Such dangerous weapons should be kept from fools,
“ As *Nurses* from their children keep edge tools.”

In some parts of this Poem, it were to be wished the Personal attacks were less violent. But Wits, like Potentates, will sometimes go to battle for mere trifles ; and a paper war is the cause of as much *ink-sbed*, and as detrimental to both Parties, as a Chancery Suit. From being unwilling to allow our rival all the Merit he fancies himself possessed of, we are disposed to grant him none at all ; and the names of *Dunce*, *Fool*, and *Blockhead*, are liberally bandied about from one to the other, with perhaps very little reason on either side.

ΕΙΣΙ γὰρ ἡ Μουσὴν Ἐπισυνέ.

“ Warm Passions (says the learned Editor of the
“ Life of ERASMUS) and a lively imagination, dispose
“ men to Panegyric and Satire ; but *nimum nec*
“ *laudare, nec lædere*, that is, *neither to deify, nor*
“ *duncify*, seems to be no bad rule for those who would
“ wish to act consistently, and live quietly.

C R E S S Y.

FORGIVE, thou lovely Isis, lovelier seen
 In Phœbus' Eye, than erst the fabled stream
 Of silver Castaly, and fam'd as that
 Which flow'd Minerva's City fast beside,
 Ilyffus, nurse of Science : O forgive,
 Kind Parent, if on deeds of loudest fame
 I musing, now thy gentle Naiads daunt
 With battle's din ; and teach thy peaceful Shore
 To echo sounds full warlike : for the Muse,
 Fair handmaid, ever there delights to soar
 Where glory calls, undaunted ; she nor dreads
 The valour-breathing Trump, nor the grim front
 Of wasteful War : And 'mid the thickest fight
 Directs her way, secure, o'er CRESSY's plain,
 With slaughter delug'd ; studious to rehearse,
 In strains ill-suited such heroic Deeds,
 Thy Fame, O Britain ! and with laurel Wreaths
 (The Meed of mighty conquerors) adorn
 Brave EDWARD's youthful brow. An argument
 Nor low, nor mean ; but such as well might fit
 Virgilian numbers, or the Bard who sung
 Triumphant Greece. — The golden-footed Morn
 Stept from the chambers of the East, and saw
 Both armies in array : Here PHILIP rear'd
 His num'rous banners ; there, a chosen few,
 Encampt the British strength : with anxious care
 Went EDWARD early forth ; and at his side,
 (In youthful grace how amiable !) led
 His darling son, who in Effulgence mild
 Shone like the morning star. The prudent chief,
 With winning Courtesy, from rank to rank
 Travers'd : — “ Go forth, with valour arm'd, he cry'd,
 “ Such

" Such as e'er now these Eyes well pleas'd beheld
 " Wond'ring, what time with me ye dar'd oppose,
 " Affailing troops, while red with hostile blood,
 " Flow'd frighted SEYNE along, and conscious bore
 " The bloody tidings to LUTETIA's Walls.
 " Go forth, my gallant Countrymen, and take
 " This faithful token of your EDWARD's love,
 " A Father's rising Hope: with glorious deeds,
 " O may he emulate the deathless praise
 " His Sires, heroic Souls! have gain'd; nor doubt,
 " Nothing degenerate, to pursue the paths,
 " Where fair Renown, and Thou, my Country, call;
 " That men henceforth with silent joy may see,
 " How far the Son excels his Father's fame.
 " O THOU, (and here in suppliant mood he bow'd
 " Full low) who weighest in thy golden scales
 " The fate of Realms, by whose almighty nod,
 " A Nation's Glory rises, or declines,
 " O now, if EDWARD's pray'rs have pow'r to move,
 " If BRITAIN's welfare is thy care, O Heaven,
 " Look down, not inauspicious." At his words
 Ev'n frozen Cowardice grew warm, and glow'd
 With valour not its own to meet in war,
 All in dread expectation burnt, all breath'd
 Deliberate Courage, and to Heaven prefer'd
 A silent Pray'r — nor long e'er they beheld
 The pride of FRANCE, with distant Nations leagu'd,
 Their gaudy War far glitt'ring, onward move
 In trim array. The Sun with beams direct,
 Play'd on their burnish'd arms; beneath their feet,
 Earth shook; nor less than with victorious might,
 To crush at once BRITANNIA, and impose
 Their galling yoke on EDWARD's royal neck,
 Imagin'd They. But Heav'n to rapid winds
 Scatter'd their airy hopes: tho' martial Trumps
 'Gan blow; bright falchions, waving to the Sun,
 Gleam'd horrible; and, wing'd with certain death,
 Thick

54 The St. JAMES's MAGAZINE,

Thick show'rs of Arrows whistled thro' the Air,
Dark'ning the face of Day: in closer Fight
Anon they mix, and foe encounter foe
Furious ; fierce was the conflict, dire the sound
Of clashing Arms, the while with raven-wings
HORROR sat brooding o'er the mingled War.

Mean time the ROYAL PRUDENCE (in design
If Britain's strength might chance in hasty flight,
O'erpower'd, retire, to rush with new Supplies,
And turn the die of battle) from the fray,
Lodg'd on a neighbour Hill apart, and saw,
With anxious joy he saw, where high in Air
Nodded young EDWARD's gallant Plume: such seems
To passing Sailors on Norwegian hill,
Some lofty pine, that rears its leafy top,
Tow'ring, and wavers gayly to the wind.

Fierce burns the combat, and impartial Death
Wide rages: here in streams of bloodshed roll'd
Horseman and Steed ; there some, in life's last gasp
Hard struggling, with thick sobs, implore, unheard,
Some absent Friend : now falls a beauteous youth,
Like a fair flow'r nipt in its earliest bloom,
Drooping, and cheats a poor fond parent's hopes.
Next one, while haply now his wife among
The darling pledges of connubial love
(A Wife, alas ! no more !) in kind concern,
Still Heav'n with vows unceasing loads, still chides
The ling'ring Hours, that give not to return
Her Soul's best half : how fond her hopes ! her pray'r
How impotent ! for he, by EDWARD slain,
Now bleeds on CRESSY's field a breathless corse.

As when, embowel'd with sulphureous storm,
Yawns wide VESUVIO, and convulsive bursts
Its nitrous Jaws, the steepy slope amain,

A burning cataract, with hideous roar,
Pours down, and smoaks along the vale below —
Nor less bold EDWARD, 'mid the thickest fight,
Rush'd here and there impetuous : Him DISMAY
Follow'd, and ROUT, and SLAUGHTER, with dire

HAVOCK

Gorging her blood-swol'n maw. — Ah ! gallant youth,
Ah ! check thy boundless heat, nor tempt thy fate,
Too prodigal of Life ! What madness drives ?
Where rushest thou ? See'st not those hostile ranks,
Full bent on fatal purpose, hem thee round ?
See'st not yon ruffian Arm, with deathful Aim,
Now meditates its Stroke, that in mid Air
Hangs e'er it lights ? But lo ! with winged aid,
The brave NORTHAMPTON comes, and turns aside,
In lucky hour, the ling'ring blow, e'er yet
It robb'd a Nation of its richest gem.

At length, so Heav'n (BRITANNIA's watchful Guard)
Ordain'd, the foe retreats. This shameful flight,

Brook'd not the val'rous PHILIP, and aloud, —

“ What ! shall these thin-rank'd *Islanders* defeat

“ The might of Nations, in one army leagu'd

“ Resistless ? Shall confed'rate Europe fly

“ The beardless visage of a British boy ?

“ Shame on your dastard Souls !” Nor more he spoke,

Looking indignant haughtiness, and rush'd

Impatient on. In cowardly delay

Nought linger'd they ; but with fresh ardor fir'd,

And Shame's acuter sense, renew'd the fight,

Unfortunately brave : for still untir'd,

ENGLAND and EDWARD's arm prevail'd ; and dealt

Havock abroad ; nor rested, till the night

Shelter'd the vanquish'd in her murky shade.

Who can relate the Slaughter of that day

Dry-ey'd ? not only men of low degree,

Then bit the plain, but Senators and Chiefs,

Choice flow'r of Europe, in the dust desil'd

Their

56 The St. JAMES's MAGAZINE,

Their glitt'ring helms. Nor THEE ought then avail'd,
 Thou scepter'd warrior (that ere now was wont
 To chase the bristly boar, where ALBIS flows
 Irriguous thro' BOHEMIA's woody Coasts)
 The hoary Reverence of declining life.
 Yet O ! thou brave old Man (if ought the dead
 Such gifts regard) accept the genuine tear
 Of hostile woe ; and let a foreign Muse,
 Still mindful of the brave, who nobly dare
 To purchase Honour, at th' expence of Life,
 Scatter green laurels on thy sacred Tomb.

Now tow'rds their Camp the British Squadrons move
 Victorious, while to many a jocund measure,
 Play'd the shrill flageolet, and loud tone
 Of echoing clarion, and the softer breath
 Of mellow flute, with every chearing sound,
 In dulcit symphony. Above the rest,
 In graceful dignity, mov'd EDWARD on
 Sublime ; nor less acclaim'd than HE, who crush'd,
 In early youth, the Carthaginian Pride,
 SCRIPTO, the thunderbolt of War. His Name
 All hail'd, his Godlike image all admir'd,
 And saw how passing lovely Virtue is
 Then, when she shines in Beauty's garb array'd.
 O say ! (for how can mimic fancy paint
 What she ne'er felt) Whoe'er ye be, that know
 How vast a blessing is a Son adorn'd
 With each fair talent, each endearing gift,
 To make him lovely in the Eyes of Men ;
 O say, ye favour'd few, what rapturous joy,
 (For Ye have felt) then thrill'd thro' EDWARD's veins,
 Then when he flew to clasp in fond Embrace
 His Soul's best darling ! on the glorious Youth
 His wreaths victorious crown'd, he fed his eye
 Unsatisfy'd, and all the Father wept in extacy.

Happiest

Happiest of men, if here the wheel of fate
 Would rest: but O how changeful is the die
 Of human Happiness! How blind is man
 To that which is to come! at random tost,
 Like leaves in Autumn, scatter'd to and fro,
 The sport of Winds! Amid the road of life,
 Unnumber'd ills in secret ambush lurk
 Unseen, and rush with sudden fury forth
 On the poor wand'ring weary traveller,
 In hour suspected least. O wretched Sire,
 There wretched most, where most thou deem'dst thee
 blest!

Thou ween'st alas how little! that e'er long
 A day shall come, a mournful day, when Thou,
 Surviving what a poor fond Father held
 In Cite most precious, o'er thy EDWARD's tomb
 Shall join the public moan, and pine away
 Still comfortless, nor know a pause from grief:
 When Thou, just on the extremest edge of Life
 Trembling, by sad experience shall confess,
 How fond the Hopes of Happiness till Death,
 How vain is human greatness, and impart
 A moral lesson to the pride of Kings.

E.

TO CHLOE.

IF CHLOE seek one verse of mine
 I call not on the tuneful Nine
 With useless Invocation.
 Enough for Me that *She* should ask;
 I fly with pleasure to the Task,
 And Her's the Inspiration.

When Poets sung in antient Days,
 The Muses that inspir'd their Lays,

I

Of

Of whom there such Parade is ;
 Their Dèities, let Pride confefs,
 Were nothing more, and nothing less,
 Than earth-born mortal Ladies.

Did any Nymph her subject chuse ?
 She strait-commenc'd inspiring MUSE ;
 And every Maid, of lovely Face,
 That struck the Heart of wounded Swain,
 Exalted to yon starry Plain,
 Was register'd a GRACE.

These were the Compliments of old,
 While Nymphs, among the Gods enroll'd,
 Claim'd Love's obsequious Duty ;
 Thus, while each Bard had favourite Views,
 Each Nymph became a GRACE, or MUSE,
 A VENUS every Beauty.

Say, in these later Days of ours,
 When Love exerts his usual Powers,
 What difference lies between us ?
 In CHLOE's self at once I boast,
 What Bards of every Age might toast,
 A MUSE, A GRACE, a VENUS.

In CHLOE are a thousand charms,
 Though Envy call her sex to arms,
 And giggling Girls may flout her,
 The MUSE inhabits in her Mind,
 A VENUS in her form we find,
 The GRACES all about her.

R.

To the M O O N.

By — — Esq.

ALL hail ! majestic Queen of Night,
Bright Cynthia ! sweetest Nymph, whose presence brings
The pensive pleasures, calm delight,
While Contemplation smoothes her ruffled wings,
Which Folly's vain tumultuous joys,
Or business, care, and buzz of lusty day
Have all too ruffled. — Hence, away
Stale Jest, and flippan't Mirth, and Strife-engend'ring
Noise.

When Evening dons her mantle grey,
I'll wind my solitary way,
And hie me to some lonely grove
(The haunt of Fancy and of Love)
Whose social branches, far outspread,
Possess the mind with pleasing dread.
While Cynthia quivers thro' the trees
That wanton with the summer breeze,
And the clear brook, or dimpl'd stream,
Reflects oblique her dancing beam.
How often, by thy silver light,
Have Lovers tongues beguil'd the Night ?
When forth the happy pair have stray'd,
The amorous swain and tender maid,
And as they walk'd the groves along,
Cheer'd the still Eve with various song.
While ev'ry Artful strain confess'd
The mutual Passion in their breast.
To lovers hours fly swift away,
And Night reluctant yields to Day.

Thrice happy Nymph, thrice happy Youth,
When Beauty is the meed of Truth !

Yet not the happy Loves alone,
 Has thy celestial presence known.
 To thee complains the Nymph forlorn,
 Of broken faith, and Vows forsworn ;
 And the dull Swain, with folded Arms,
 Still musing on his false one's charms,
 Frames many a sonnet to her name,
 (As Lovers use to express their flame)
 Or pining wan with thoughtful care,
 In downcast silence feeds Despair ;
 Or when the Air dead stillness keeps,
 And Cynthia on the water sleeps ;
 Charms the dull ear of sober night,
 With loveborn Music's sweet delight.

Oft as thy Orb perform its round,
 Thou list'nest to the various sound
 Of Shepherds hopes and Maidens fears
 (Those conscious Cynthia silent hears
 While Echo which still loves to mock,
 Bears them about from Rock to Rock.)

But shift we now the pensive Scene,
 Where Cynthia silvers o'er the green.
 Mark yonder Spot, whose equal rim
 Forms the green circle quaint and trim ;
 Hither the Fairies blith advance,
 And lightly trip in mazy dance ;
 Beating the pansie-paven ground
 In frolic measures round and round ;
 These Cynthia's Revels gayly keep,
 While lazy mortals snore asleep ;
 Whom oft they visit in the night,
 Not visible to human sight ;
 And as old prattling Wives relate,
 Though now the fashion's out of date,
 Drop sixpence in the Housewife's shoe,
 And pinch the Slattern black and blue,

They

They fill the mind with airy schemes,
And bring the Ladies pleasant dreams.

Who knows not Mab, whose chariot glides,
And athwart men's noses rides ?
While OBERON, blith Fairy, trips,
And hovers o'er the Ladies Lips ;
And when he steals ambrosial bliss,
And soft imprints the charming Kiss,
In Dreams the Nymph her swain pursues,
Nor thinks 'tis OBERON that wots.

Ye sportive Youth, and lovely Fair,
From hence, my Lesson read, beware,
While Innocence and Mirth preside,
We care not where the Fairies glide ;
And OBERON will never miss
To greet his fav'rites with a Kiss ;
Nor ever more Ambrosia sips,
Than when he visits ———'s Lips:

When all things else in silence sleep,
The blithsome Elfs their vigils keep ;
And always hover round about,
To find our worth or frailties out.
Receive with joy these Elfin sparks,
Their Kisses leave no tell-tale Marks,
But breathe fresh beauty o'er the face,
Where all is Virtue, all is grace.

Not only elfin Frays delight
To hail the sober Queen of Night,
But that sweet Bird, whose gurgling Throat
Warbles the thick melodious note,
Duly as Evening Shades prevail,
Renews her soothing love-born tale.
And as the Lover pensive goes,
Chaunts out her symphony of Woes.

Which

Which in boon Nature's wilder tone,
 Beggar all sounds which Art has known.

But hift — the melancholy bird
 Among the Groves no more is heard ;
 And Cynthia pales her silver ray
 Before th' approach of golden Day,
 Which on yon mountain's misty height,
 Stands tiptoe with his gladfome Light.
 Now the shrill Lark in æther floats,
 And carols wild her liquid notes ;
 While Phœbus, in his luffy pride,
 His flaring beams flings far and wide.
 Cynthia farewell — the penfive Mufe,
 No more her feeble flight purfues,
 But all unwilling takes her way,
 And mixes with the buzz of Day.

S O N G.

THE Beauty which the Gods beftow,
 Did they give it but for a fhew ?
 No — 'twas lent thee from above,
 To fhed its Luftre o'er thy face,
 And with its pure and native grace
 To charm the Soul to Love.

The flaunting Sun, whole weftern beams,
 This Evening drink of Oceans freams,
 To-morrow fprings to Light.
 But when thy Beauty fets, my Fair,
 No morrow fhall its beams repair,
 'Tis all eternal Night.

See too, my Love, the virgin Rose,
How sweet, how bashfully it blows
Beneath the vernal skies !

How soon it blooms in full display,
Its bosom opening to the Day,
Then withers, shrinks, and dies.

Of Mortal-Life's declining Hour,
Such is the Leaf, the Bud, the Flow'r;
Then crop the Rose in Time.
Be blest and blest, and kind impart
The just return of Heart for Heart,
Ere Love becomes a Crime.

To Pleasure then, my Charmer, haste,
And ere thy Youth begins to waste,
Ere beauty dims its ray,
The proffer'd gift of Love employ,
Improve each moment into Joy,
Be happy, whilst you may.

O.

The OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

On the Opening of the THEATRE-ROYAL in
COVENT-GARDEN.

Written and spoken by Mr. SMITH.

WELCOME, once more, kind Friends, to
this our Inn :

But, ere with our Collation we begin,
I'm sent to make each gentle Guest acquainted,
This House is newly furnish'd, gilt, and painted.

And

And, for the *Mind's Repast* as well as *Show*,
 Fresh Stock of Wit laid in, by *BEARD and Co.*
 Provisions, of each Sort, attend your Call;
 Such as, we humbly hope, will please you all.
 We know you differ something in your Palate;
 But all love English Beef, tho' few. — French Salad.
 Look thro' our Larder, you shall find no Flaw;
 We wou'd give Game — but that's against the Law.
 Then while within for Supper they prepare,
 Permit me to present a Bill of Fare:

To Friends above, those honest, laughing Folks,
 We'll give rich Humour, and high-season'd Jokes;
 To you, who occupy the middle Station,
 Long-train'd Processions, and a Coronation;
 To you, nice Critics, in the learned Pit,
 Keen Satire, solid Sense, and lively Wit.
 And, since to please throughout our Wish and Trade is,
 With a distressful Tale we'll gain the Ladies;
 Nay, for their Sakes, each other Charm we'll try,
 And treat with Love, and sweet Variety.
 But, Jest apart — We'll vary ev'ry Scene,
 To chase your Vapours, and divert your Spleen:
 If *Shakepear's* rapid Fire, or *Otway's* Woe,
 Or the smooth Music of harmonious Rowe,
 Can warm your Fancy, or your Heart engage
 To melt with Love, or glow with gen'rous Rage,
 We'll strain each Faculty, exert each Power,
 And cull the *Swizets* from ev'ry Poet's Flower.
 This our chief Labour, and our only Plan,
 To gain your Smiles and Favours — if we can.

Though

Though the Author, in his PUFF, disclaims any Assistance but the Belles Lettres, and chiefly depends upon the MUSES, who are not always in a humor to be propitious to their Suitors; it is presumed it will be neither unacceptable to him, nor disagreeable to the Reader, to vary the Entertainment, and give the most material Occurrences of the Month, both Foreign and Domestic: We shall therefore begin with an Account of our Operations before the Havannah, taken

From the LONDON-GAZETTE Extraordinary.

Admiralty-Office, September 8.

Copy of a Letter from Sir George Pocock, to Mr. Cleveland, Secretary to the Admiralty, dated on board the Namure off Chorera River, the 14th of July, 1762. Received the 7th of September, 1762, at past Ten at Night.

S I R,

AGRÉEABLE to my intentions, signified to you by my letter, dated the 26th of May, by the Barbadoes Sloop, (a copy of which is Inclosed,) I bore away with the fleet the next afternoon, having, the day before, sent the Bonetta sloop, Captain Holmes, with a Providence pilot on board him, to direct the vessels to their proper stations on the Cuba side, and Bahama Banks, that we might be guided by their signals in our passage. Luckily the next day the Richmond joined us: She had been down the Old Streights to Cayo Sal; and captain Elphinston had been very diligent and careful in his remarks, going through and returning back, having taken sketches of the land and cayos on both sides. He kept a-head of the fleet, and led us through very well. We passed the narrowest part in the night, between Cape Lobos and Cayo Comfite, keeping good fire lights on each Cayo, for our directions; and found lord Anson's Spanish chart of the Old Streights, a very just one. The Providence pilot,

who was on board the Bonetta sloop, placed the Trent, captain Lindsay, at the first station on the Cuba side, forty-five leagues to the eastward of where she ought to have been. This occasioned some of the others never to find the Cayos, where they were sent to lie on ; but no ill consequence attended it ; though we find the pilots in general ignorant of the passage. On the second in the morning, the Alarm and Echo being ordered a head to lie on the Coyo Sal Bank, the former made the signal for seeing five Sail in the N. W. quarter : they both chased, with other ships ; and about two in the afternoon, captain Alms, in the Alarm, came up with, and engaged the Thetis, a Spanish frigate of 22 guns, and 180 men, and the Phoenix Storeship, armed for war, of 18 guns, and 75 men ; and in three quarters of an hour both struck to her. The Thetis had ten men killed, and fourteen wounded ; the Alarm had seven men killed, and ten wounded. A brigantine and two schooners were at first in company with them ; one of the latter escaped. They were bound to Sagoa, in the Streights, for timber, for the use of the ships at the Havannah, from whence they had sailed twelve days before. During all the passage through the Old Streights of Bahama, we had fine weather, and little current ; and, on the fifth in the evening, got clear through, and saw the Metances. On the sixth in the morning, brought to, about five leagues to the eastward of the Havannah, to issue our directions to the captains of the fleet, and masters of the transports, with regard to landing the army ; and having appointed the hon. commodore Keppel, to conduct that part of the service, leaving with him six ships of the line, and some frigates, and having manned the flat-bottomed boats from the fleet, I bore away at two o'clock in the afternoon, with thirteen ships of the line, two frigates, the bomb-vessels, and thirty-six sail of victuallers and storeships, and run
down

down off the harbour, where I saw twelve Spanish ships of the line, and several merchant ships. Next morning I embarked the marines in the boats, and made a feint of landing about four miles to the westward of the Havannah. About the same time, the earl of Albemarle landed with the whole army, without opposition, between the rivers Baca Nao, and Coximar, about six miles to the eastward of the Moro; but there appearing a body of men near the shore, Mr. Keppel ordered the Mercury and Bonetta sloop in shore to scour the beach and woods; and a more considerable body of men appearing afterwards, as if they intended to oppose the earl of Albemarle in passing Coximar river, the commodore ordered captain Hervey in the Dragon, to run in and batter the castle, which, in a short time he silenced; and the army passed over unmolested.

The eighth, I sent two frigates in shore, to sound from as near the Punta Fort as they could, down along the west shore: They found anchoring ground for three leagues down the coast, from twenty to five fathom water, and easy landing for any number of men. This afternoon the enemy sunk one of their large ships of war in the entrance of the harbour, and another early the next morning. The earl of Albemarle having acquainted me that the Cavanaugh (or Hill above the Moro) would be soon attacked, and, to facilitate the measure, desired me to make a diversion on this side; accordingly, the 10th in the evening, I ordered captain Knight, in the Belleisle, to go in and batter the castle of Chorera, and sent the Cerberus, Mercury, Bonetta, and Lurcher, with her, to keep firing in the woods in the night, and embarked all the marines in the boats. The next forenoon, the enemy quitted the fort, and at one o'clock colonel Carleton (quarter-master general) attacked the Cavanaugh, and soon made the enemy retreat down the hill, with little loss on our side. I ordered the three

bomb vessels to anchor this night, to throw shells into the town, which they accordingly performed under cover of the Edgar, Sterling-Castle, and Echo.

On the twelfth, a third ship being sunk in the entrance of the harbour's mouth, which entirely blocked it up, I ordered four ships of the line to continue cruising in the offing, and anchored with the rest off Chorera River, about four miles from the Havannah, which affords us plenty of good water and wood.

Having found it necessary to order eight hundred marines to be formed into two battalions, commanded by the majors Cambell and Collins, lord Albemarle signified his request they might be landed, and encamped on this side: At the same time his lordship ordered a detachment of twelve hundred men over, under the command of colonel Howe; accordingly they were landed the twenty-fifth, and have proved very serviceable.

Commodore Keppel remains on the east side, at anchor off Coximar river, with such ships of war and transports as we find necessary; where he constantly keeps a number of seamen on shore, which the earl of Albemarle thinks it necessary to assist the army in landing their cannon and ordnance stores of all kinds, or manning batteries, making fascines, and supplying the army with water from this side, there being no water nor wells on the Cavañois, as the weather has been for the greatest part very dry. We have landed the cannon that have been desired, of different calibres, from the ships of war, two mortars from the Thunder Bomb on the east side, and two from the Grenado on this side, with old cables made up for erecting defences, and old canvas for making sand bags, with ammunition, and every other assistance in our power; and the utmost cordiality and harmony subsists between the two corps.

On the twentieth, the bomb batteries began to play against the Moro; but the want of earth retarded our
batteries

batteries of cannon from being ready; till the first of this month, when it was thought three large ships would prove serviceable to be placed against the north-east part of the Moro. I therefore ordered for that service, the Dragon, Marlborough, and Cambridge; captain Hervey having readily offered to command the attack, and made very judicious dispositions in placing the three ships. The Sterling-Castle was ordered to lead until the first ship was properly placed, and then to have made sail off; but captain Campbell, not having performed that service agreeable to the orders he received from captain Hervey, he has complained of him, and desired his conduct may be enquired into, which shall be done as soon as the present affairs will permit.

As the ships were to move from the eastward, where Mr. Kepple is stationed (who, in justice to him, I am glad to say, executes the duty intrusted to him with an activity, judgment, and diligence, no one man can surpass) I directed him to superintend the attack, and give captain Hervey his orders to proceed when he saw it convenient: Accordingly, the ships were ordered to weigh the evening of the 30th of June, and next morning went down (captain Hervey having the signal out for the line) the Cambridge, Dragon and Marlborough, were placed as well and as near as their stations would admit of, against a fortress so high as the Moro, with an intention to dismount the guns, as well as beat down the wall. They began to cannonade about eight o'clock; and after keeping a constant fire untill two in the afternoon, the Cambridge was so much damaged in her hull, masts, yards, sails, and rigging, with the loss of many men killed and wounded, that it was thought proper to order her off; and soon after, the Dragon, which had likewise suffered in loss of men and damage in her hull; and it being found that the Marlborough, captain Burnett, could be of no longer service,

service, she was ordered off likewise : The number of the killed and wounded are as follows, to wit :

	Killed.	Wounded.
Dragon ———	16 ———	37
Cambridge ———	24 ———	95
Marlborough —	2 ———	8

The Dragon, on the Water's falling, had touched aground, and was forced to stave her water casks to lighten her, but has received no damage as can be perceived from it. The captains behaved becoming gallant officers, as they expressed great satisfaction in the behaviour of the officers and men under their command : And we have to regret the loss of captain Goostrey, who, though soon killed after the Cambridge brought up, carried her down with the greatest calmness and spirit. Captain Lindsay, of the Trent, supplied his place during the remainder of the action, and approved himself a brave man. I offered him the command of that ship, or of the Temple, or Devonshire, the former being vacant by the death of captain Legge, and the latter by captain Marshall's going into the Cambridge.

The earl of Albemarle signified to me the ships had done incomparably well, having drawn much fire from our batteries, by which means they had an opportunity of dismounting some of the Moro's guns, which played against them.

The Defiance and Hampton-Court being ordered to cruize between Port Mariel and the Bay of Honda, in going down, saw two sail at anchor off Port Mariel harbour, which captain Mackenzie of the Defiance, brought out after some firing had passed : All but twenty men had left them : They were the Venganza frigate of twenty-six guns, and the Marté of eighteen guns, which had been out on a cruize. I sent the Sutherland, Cerberus and Lurcher, to cruize off the Matances, and reconnoitre the bay ; and the Richmond and Alarm to cruize off the Capes St. Antonio and Corientes.

They

They took a schooner on the twenty-second of last month off the west end of Cuba, loaded with coffee from Hispaniola, bound to New Orleans. The cruisers are now all returned without any particular intelligence.

The Alcide, Sutherland, Cerberus, and Ferret Sloop, have joined the fleet since we have been here. The Centaur sprung her mainmast in heaving down; but fir James Douglas (who arrived here the twelfth, with the Jamaica fleet) informs me she will soon be here also.

The Penzance brings the next convoy from Jamaica, which will sail the twenty-fifth instant, and will be reinforced with a ship of the line from hence, to proceed with them to England.

On the thirteenth of last month, captain Walker, of the Lurcher cutter, in going up Chorea River, out of mere curiosity, was killed by the enemy.

The Gazette then gives us a return of the killed, wounded, and missing, in each respective corps, as well officers as rank and file, and makes the total loss as follows, viz.

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Officers,	4	13	0
Serjeants,	12	16	1
Drummers,	3	3	4
Rank and File,	176	351	115
Total	195	383	120

Admiralty-Office, September 8.

Since the receipt of the above letter last night, captain Urry, of his majesty's sloop Viper, is arrived in Town, who left the Havannah the 18th. of July, and reports, that the Guns of the Moro Castle, on the side towards the land, were all silenced, only one being left

left mounted on that side, and the fire had ceased for two days before; and it was intended to storm the place that night, or the night following, for which purpose, all the bags of cotton were taken out of the Jamaica fleet coming home, in order to fill up the ditch.

That he did not hear of the death of any officer of rank in the sea or land service, except captain Goodfrey.

Extract of a letter from lord Colvill, dated on board the Northumberland, at Placentia, August 18, 1762.

On the fourteenth I anchored here, where I found the Antelope and Syren, (who arrived here the 22d of July, Captain Greaves, governor of Newfoundland, has been employed in repairing the ruined fortifications of this place, and putting every thing in a posture of defence with all possible diligence, and I have joined with him in his work.

As we have now done every thing for the security of Placentia, which our time and circumstances will admit of, and as I am impatient to get off St. John's, I shall sail with all the ships as soon as possible.

A letter, dated the 3d instant, has been received from captain Brett, commander of his majesty's ship the Torbay, off Brest, giving an account, that on the preceding day, captain Lebras, in the Lion, had taken the Zephyr Frigate of 26 guns, which sailed from Brest on the first, having on board 200 troops, with brass mortars, brass cannon, ammunition, and Stores, bound for St. John's in Newfoundland.

From the LONDON GAZETTE, September 14.

Breslau, Aug. 13. We hear, that in the night between the 7th and 8th, the trenches were opened before Schweidnitz, by 4100 Travailleurs [Labourers] at the distance of about 660 paces from the glacis. The besieged having notice of it by some deserters, began a most terrible cannonade; in spite of which however, the first parrallel was pretty well advanced before day-break,

break, with the loss only of one officer and nine men killed and wounded. The enemy remained quiet till the 8th, at two o'clock in the afternoon, when they sallied out with about eight battalions of regular troops, and 1000 Croats. They made a false attack upon the left, and afterwards fell upon the right flank; and, in their first impetuosity, routed the battalion of Falkenhayn, made the colonel, with some officers, prisoners, and killed and wounded about 100 men: but however, upon lieutenant general Tauensin's ordering a few battalions of infantry immediately to advance with their field pieces, the enemy were obliged to retire into the town, without having been able to do any damage to the works.

It was reported, that the Austrian general Janini was wounded in this attack. The night between the 8th and 9th was spent in perfecting the parallel with its communications, and five batteries of mortars, three of which began to play the same night upon the town. The night betwixt the 9th and 10th was employed in constructing the angle saillant, which will contain two batteries of ten cannon each, to be opened in the night between the 10th and 11th.

It is supposed, that the fortress of Schweidnitz is well provided with every thing for a siege; the garrison is as numerous as the nature of the place will admit; and the commandant, before the town was invested, had the precaution to order such of the inhabitants as were not in a condition to lay in a store of provisions for their subsistence, till the end of September next, to leave the place forthwith.

The different posts occupied in the mountains, by the several corps which form the king of Prussia's camp, are as follow: General Glablentz is posted at Hartsmansdorff, towards Landshut; General Ramin at Waldenburg; General Manteuffel at Barsdorff; General Neuwidt upon the Hills, opposite to the Eul Geburge;

General Mollendorff at Barckerſdorff; Prince of Wurtemberg at Reichenbach; and the Gardes du Corps, with the greateſt part of the cavalry, form a chain in the plain from Frankenſtein to Kuntzendorff. The head quarters are in the center at Dittmanſdorff.

Breſlau, Aug. 17. The laſteſt accounts from before Schweidnitz, are of the 14th. In the night between the 13th and 14th, the ſecond parallel was completed, at the diſtance of 300 paces from the fort; and nine batteries are actually playing. The fire from the town is greatly diminiſhed, many of their cannon having been diſmounted by the fire from the trenches. The beſieged have made no ſortie [ſally] worth notice, ſince the 8th. 'Tis thought the town will ſurrender in leſs than a fortnight.

Hague, Sept. 7. The town of Schweidnitz has twice demanded to capitulate, but has been reſuſed, the Pruffians being determined to have it at diſcretion. On the 25th paſt ſome of the forts which defend the town were taken, and the ſap was carried within fifty paces of another.

Breſlau, Auguſt 18. We have received advice here of an action between part of the Auſtrian army, and the corps of the prince of Bevern, encamped at Guttmanſdorff near Reichenbach. The prince of Bevern having been attacked on the 16th in the afternoon, by 33 battalions, and 18 regiments of cavalry, under the command of the Auſtrian generals Laudohn, O'Donel, and Beck; that prince maintained his ground with great bravery, till the king of Pruffia arrived in perſon to his aſſiſtance, with eight battalions of infantry, and a ſtrong body of cavalry, dragoons, and huſſars. His Pruffian majeſty immediately attacked the enemy's cavalry, and totally routed them: A great number was killed, and upwards of 1500 made priſoners. The Auſtrian Generals ſeeing, by the defeat of the cavalry, the infantry expoſed to the greateſt dangers, inſtantly gave

gave orders to desist from the attack, and retreated towards Silberberg.

It is said, that in this action, Loslow, at the head of his own regiment of Hussars, that of Verner Hussars, and Czetteritz dragoons, attacked and routed eight regiments of Austrian cavalry, by which the rest of that corps were obliged to retire in great confusion. It is likewise reported that marshal Daun was present in the action.

Hague, Sept. 7. The prince of Conde having retired successively, as far back as Friedberg, in order to make a junction with the marshals Soubise and d'Estrees, abandoned even the heights near that town, and marched to Rodheim on the 29th past, on which day the hereditary prince arrived at Wolfersheim. His highness thought it necessary to put general Luckner forward on the 30th to those high grounds, whilst he marched with his main body to Assenheim. On his march, he was informed that a large body of the French were returning towards Friedberg; and being desirous to get before them, he altered his plan, and instead of continuing his march to Assenheim, determined to support general Luckner. He had then no reason to imagine that the prince of Conde had been reinforced, though it afterwards appeared that the grand army of France was at hand to support him. The Hereditary Prince's infantry attacked with the greatest bravery, and in a short time drove the French, who were posted upon the steep mountain called Johannis-berg, into the plain below. Having there been considerably reinforced, the French renewed the attack with advantage, and obliged the Allies to repass the Wetter. In the retreat, the Hereditary prince, who was rallying the troops, was wounded in the hip, but the wound is declared by the surgeons not to be dangerous. Prince Ferdinand, upon the first report of the Hereditary Prince's being engaged, marched with a

considerable part of his army, from his camp at Nidda, to support him, and arrived time enough to prevent the French from pursuing their advantage, which consists in the loss of 700 or 800 men on the part of the Allies, who were made prisoners, and seven small field pieces. The number of killed and wounded on either side is not yet known; but we hear that the count de Guiche was taken by the Allies. The rest of the confederate army came up the next morning, and prince Ferdinand's head quarters were on the first instant at Bingenheim, upon the river Horlof, at a small distance from the French. The only British troops engaged in this action, were, according to the accounts received here, major-general Elliot's dragoons, and the piquets under lord Frederick Cavendish.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

Windfor Castle, September 22.

This day captain Singleton arrived here from Portugal, with the following letter from the marshal count de la Lippe, to the earl of Egremont.

“ My Lord,

“ I have the honour to acquaint your lordship, that having detached brigadier general Burgoyne, with his regiment, and 17 companies of grenadiers, to make an attack upon Valencia d'Alcantora, (where, according to information, that in all probability was to be depended upon, the enemy had formed large magazines of flour and forage) this officer executed his operation with so much conduct and valour, that having entered the place first, at the head of his own regiment, gallantly conducted by colonel Somerville, sword in hand, and afterwards dislodged the enemy's infantry, after an obstinate resistance, out of the houses; by the valorous behaviour of the British grenadiers, under lord Pultney's command, the Spanish regiment of Seville was entirely destroyed: a major general, one colonel, one captain, five

five lieutenants, three stand of colours, and all the private men were taken that escaped the sword. The information about the magazine proved groundless; but the general officer was to have entered Alentego in a few days, with a considerable corps d'armee, and was then employed in reconnoitering the entrances into that province.

The loss of the British troops, who had the principal share in the affair, is luckily but inconsiderable, and consists in lieutenant Burk of colonel Frederick's, one serjeant, and three private, killed; two serjeants, one drummer, eighteen private, wounded; ten horses killed, and two wounded.

The British troops behaved upon this occasion with as much generosity as courage; and it deserves admiration, that in an affair of this kind, the town and the inhabitants suffered very little; which is owing to the good order brigadier Burgoyne kept up even in the heat of the action.

This success would probably have been attended with more, if circumstances, that could not well be expected, had not retarded the march of 16 Portuguese battalions, and three regiments of cavalry.

The Bearer of this is captain Singleton, who distinguished himself very much in the affair; and I take the liberty to recommend him to your lordship's protection.

I am with great respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's, most obedient,

And most humble Servant.

The Reigning Count de Schambourg Lippe.

Nisa, August 30,

1762,

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

Extract from Capt. Robe's Journal, bound, in the Ship Greyhound, from Bristol to Africa.

“ON Saturday, August 28, 1762, at five in the morning, saw a sail on our starboard-bow, standing to the eastward. At six ditto, she bore down on us, seeming a large ship. We, in company with the Indian Prince, captain Neilson, hauled our wind to the westward, and made all the sail we could on a wind; it being little wind, the ship in chase rowed up to us. About two in the afternoon she took the Indian Prince; and about eight, she being within half a gun shot of us, our colours were struck. Found her a French frigate of 36 guns, La Modeste, capt. Lewis Simon; from Guinea and Cape Francois, for Marseilles. They rummaged both vessels, taking out and destroying every part of the cargoes and stores of all sorts, rigging, sails, &c. except the oldest top-sails, courses, and fore-stay-sails. Then sunk the Indian Prince, and gave us our ship to carry us home, with captain Cole, and four of his people, belonging to the schooner William and Mary, bound from Salem to Barbadoes, whom they had taken twenty days before. They also in company with two men of war from the Cape, had taken six transport ships, with about 1200 soldiers, part of a convoy from North-America for the Havannah. Night coming on saved the rest, with their convoy, one frigate, They carried their prizes into the Capes.”

The Zephir, a French frigate from Brest to Newfoundland with naval stores, 24 guns, and 250 men, of which 100 are soldiers, is taken by the Lion man of war, captain Le Cras, and sent into Plymouth; the Zephir had ten men killed, and 40 wounded, the Lion had only two men killed; three sail came out of Brest

Brest in company, and the Monmouth was left in chase of one of them.

A gentleman in town has received a letter from his friend in Scotland, in which is the following story :
 " A wealthy woman in the Highlands had a husband
 " died last winter, when the snow was very deep, and
 " they had a long way to carry him, so that he was
 " kept a week or more. When the snow was melted,
 " the widow went to kirk, and told the parson she
 " had three jobs to be done that day, first to bury her
 " husband, next to baptize her son, and then to marry
 " her to another gentleman ; which were all accord-
 " ingly performed that day, amidst a great number of
 " spectators."

On the 7th, about two o'clock in the morning, a fire broke out at the back of a stair-case in the pres-yard, Newgate, which in a few hours consumed all the apartments in that place, greatly damaged the chapel, and the back part of a house belonging to a stocking-trimmer in Phoenix-Court, Newgate-street. There were two unfortunate prisoners in the rooms which were burnt down, who perished in the flames ; captain Ogle was one (in whose apartments it is thought it first began ;) he was tried some time ago for the murder of the cook of the Vine-tavern, near Dover-street, Piccadilly, and being found a lunatick, was ordered to remain in prison. Thomas Smith was the other unhappy person ; his room was over captain Ogle's ; he was a noted horse-dealer, and committed not long since on suspicion of stealing corn from alderman Masters ; he has left a wife and three children. His wife the night before carried him his whole effects, amounting, it is said, in money and bank bills, to between 5 and 600l. He was heard to call out for help, and seen to put his arm through the iron grate, which was so excessive hot, that it set his shirt on fire, at which time it is imagined he threw his pocket-book out with the
 notes

notes in it, which were saved. In a few minutes after the floor fell in, and they were both buried in the ruins, for it burnt so violently, and the flames spread so fast, that none of the people could get to their assistance. There being plenty of water, the fury of the flames was greatly abated by six, but continued burning till two in the afternoon, when a party wall fell down, but happily did no damage to any one, though a great many persons were very near it. During the confusion, a fire was discovered in a garret in a house the corner of Grey-Fryars, Newgate-street; but the engines being upon the spot, played in at the window, and happily extinguished it with very little damage.

The lord-mayor and sheriffs came about four o'clock in the morning, and gave their orders concerning the prisoners, &c. not one of whom, as we hear, escaped during the confusion, nor were any hurt, except the two unfortunate persons above-mentioned.

On the 23d came on in the theatre at Oxford, the election of a chancellor of that university, in the room of the earl of Westmoreland, deceased; the candidates were, the right hon. the earl of Litchfield, and the right hon. lord Foley; upon casting up the votes, the numbers were as follow:

For the earl of Litchfield	320
For lord Foley	167

Majority for the earl of Litchfield 153

Who was immediately declared duly elected.

Sept. 29. At half an hour after eight o'clock at night, an express arrived from the Havannah, brought by the brave captain Harvey, of the Dragon man of war, and captain Nugent in the land service, with certain advice that it surrendered on the 14th of August. — They were both immediately introduced to his majesty, and most graciously received; and the Tower and park guns were fired upon this happy occasion, about twelve.

T H E

St. James's Magazine.

For OCTOBER, 1762.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE, to J. B. Esq.

SHALL I, from worldly friends estrang'd,
Embitter'd much, but nothing chang'd
In that Affection firm and true,
Which Gratitude excites to You;
Shall I indulge the Muse, or stife
This meditation of a trifle?

But you, perhaps, will kindly take
The trifle for the Giver's sake,
Who only pays his grateful Mite,
The just acknowledgment of Right,
As to the Landlord duly sent:
A pepper-corn shall pass for rent.

Yet Trifles often shew the Man,
More than his settled Life and Plan

VOL. I.

M

These

These are the starts of inclination ;
 Those the mere gloss of EDUCATION,
 Which has a wond'rous knack at turning
 A Blockhead to a man of Learning ;
 And, by the help of form and place,
 The child of Sin to babe of Grace.
 Not that it alters Nature quite,
 And sets perverted Reason right,
 But, like Hypocrisy, conceals
 The very passions which she feels ;
 And claps a Vizard on the face,
 To hide us from the World's disgrace,
 Which, as the first Appearance strikes,
 Approves of all things, or dislikes.
 Like the fond fool with eager glee,
 Who sold his all, and put to sea,
 Lur'd by the calm, which seem'd to sleep
 On the smooth surface of the Deep ;
 Nor dream't its waves could proudly rise,
 And toss up mountains at the skies.

APPEARANCE is the only thing,
 A King's a Wretch, a Wretch a King.
 Undress them both — You King, suppose
 For once you wear the beggar's cloaths ;
 Cloaths that will take in every air ;
 — Bless me ! they fit you to a hair.
 Now you, Sir Vagrant, quickly don
 The robes his Majesty had on.
 And now, O WORLD, so wond'rous wise,
 Who see with such discerning eyes,
 Put observation to the Stretch,
 Come — which is King, and which is Wretch ?

To cheat *this* World, the hardest task
 Is to be constant to our Mask.
 Externals make direct impressions
 And masks are worn by all Professions.

What

What need to dwell on topics stale?
 Of Parsons drunk with wine or ale?
 Of Lawyers, who, with face of brass,
 For learned Rhetoricians pass?
 Of Scientific Doctors big,
 Hid in the penthouse of their wig?
 Whose conversation hardly goes
 Beyond half words, and hums! and Oh's!
 Of Scholars, of superior *Taste*,
 Who cork it up for fear of waste,
 Nor bring one bottle from their shelves,
 But keep it always for themselves?

Wretches like these, my Soul disdains,
 And doubts their hearts as well as brains.
 Suppose a Neighbour should desire
 To light a candle at your fire,
 Would it deprive your flame of Light,
 Because another profits by't?

But Youth must often pay its court
 To these *great* Scholars, *by report*,
 Who live on hoarded reputation,
 Which dares no risqué of Conversation,
 And boast within a store of Knowledge,
 Sufficient, bless us! for a College,
 But take a prudent care, no doubt,
 That not a grain shall straggle out;
 And are of Wit too nice and fine,
 To throw their Pearl and gold to *Swine*;
 And therefore, to prevent deceit,
 Think every Man a *Hog* they meet.

These may perhaps as Scholars shine,
 Who hang *themselves* out for a *Sign*.
 What signifies a Lion's skin,
 If it conceals an Afs within?

84 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

If thou'rt a Lion, prithee roar.
 If As — bray once, and stalk no more.
 In Words as well as Looks be wise,
 Silence is Folly in Disguise;
 With so much wisdom bottled up,
 Uncork, and give your friends a sup.

What need your *nothings* thus to save?
 Why place the *Dial* in the *Grave*?
 A fig for Wit and Reputation,
 Which sneaks from all Communication,
 So in a post-bag, cheek by jole,
 Letters will go from pole to pole,
 Which *may* contain a wond'rous deal;
 But then thy travel under seal,
 And though they bear your Wit about,
 Yet who shall ever find it out,
 Till trusty Wax foregoes its use,
 And sets imprison'd meaning loose?

Yet idle Folly often deems
 What Man must be from what He seems;
 As if, to look a dwelling o'er,
 You'd go no farther than the Door.

Mark yon round Parson, fat and sleek,
 Who preaches only once a Week;
 Whom Claret, Sloth, and Ven'son join
 To make *true orthodox* Divine;
 Whose Holiness receives its beauty
 From Income large, and little Duty;
 Who loves the Pipe, the Glass, the Smock,
 And keeps — a Curate for his Flock.
 The World, obsequious to his nod,
 Shall hail this oily man of God,
 While the poor priest, with half a score
 Of prattling infants at his Door,

Whose

Whose sober Wishes ne'er regale
Beyond the homely jug of Ale,
Is hardly deem'd companion fit
For Man of Wealth, or Man of Wit,
Though learned perhaps and wise as He
Who signs with staring S. T. P.
And full of sacerdotal Pride,
Lays God and Duty both aside.

“ This Curate, say you, learn'd and wise !
“ Why does not then this Curate rise ?”

This Curate then, at *forty-three*,
(Years which become a Curacy)
At no great mart of Letters bred,
Had strange odd notions in his head,
That Parts, and Books, and Application,
Furnish'd all means of Education ;
And that a pulpiteer should know
More than his gaping flock below ;
That Learning was not got with pain,
To be forgotten all again ;
That Latin words, and rumbling Greek,
However charming sounds to speak,
Apt or unapt in each Quotation,
Were *insults* on a Congregation,
Who could not understand one word
Of all the learned stuff they heard ;
That something more than preaching fine,
Should go to make a sound divine ;
That Church and Pray'r, and holy *Sunday*,
Were no excuse for sinful *Monday* ;
That pious doctrine, pious Life,
Should both make one, as Man and Wife.

Thinking in this uncommon Mode,
So out of all the priestly road,

What

What Man alive can e'er suppose,
Who marks the way PREFERMENT goes,
That she should ever find her way
To this *poor Curate's* house of clay?

Such was the Priest, so strangely wise!
He could not bow — How should He rise?
Learned He was, and deeply read;
— But what of that? — not duly bred.
For he had suck'd no grammar rules
From Royal founts, or Public schools,
Nor gain'd a single Corn of Knowledge
From that vast Granary — a College.
A Granary, which food supplies
To vermin of uncommon Size.

Aye, now indeed the Matter's clear,
There is a mighty error here.
A public school's the place alone,
Where Talents may be duly known.
It has, no doubt, its imperfections;
But then, such Friendships! such connections!
The Parent, who has form'd his Plan,
And in his Child consider'd Man,
What is his grand and golden Rule,
“ Make your connections, Child, at School,
“ Mix with your Equals, fly inferiors,
“ But follow *closely* your Superiors,
“ On Them your ev'ry Hope depends,
“ Be prudent, Tom; get *useful* Friends;
“ And therefore like a spider wait,
“ And spin your Web about the great.
“ If *my Lord's* Genius wants supplies,
“ Why — You must make his Exercise.
“ Let the young *Marquis* take your Place,
“ And bear a whipping for his *Grace*.
“ Suppose (such Things may happen once)
“ The Nobles Wits, and You the Dunce,

“ Improve

" Improve the means of Education,
 " And learn commodious Adulation.
 " Your Master scarcely holds it sin,
 " *He* chucks his *Lordship* on the Chin,
 " And would not for the World rebuke,
 " Beyond a pat, the school-boy *Duke*.
 " The Pastor there of — what's the Place ?
 " With smiles eternal in his Face,
 " With dimpling cheek, and snowy hand,
 " That shames the whiteness of his band ;
 " Whose mincing Dialect abounds
 " In Hum's and Hah's, and half-form'd sounds ;
 " Whose Elocution, fine and chaste,
 " Lays his *commains* with Judgment *vaiſt* ;
 " And lest the Company should hear,
 " Whispers his Nothings in your Ear,
 " Think you 'twas Zeal, or Virtue's Care
 " That placed the *smirking* Doctor there.
 " No — 'twas Connections form'd at School
 " With some rich Wit, or noble Fool,
 " Obsequious Flattery, and Attendance,
 " A wilful, useful, base dependance ;
 " A supple bowing of the Knees
 " To any *human God* you please.
 (For true good-breeding's so *polite*,
 'Twould call the very Devil white)
 " 'Twas watching others shifting Will,
 " And veering to and fro with Skill :
 " These were the means that made him rise,
 " Mind your *connections*, and be wise."

Methinks I hear son Tom reply,
 I'll be a Bishop by and by.

Connections at a public School
 Will often serve a wealthy Fool,
 By lending him a letter'd Knave
 To bring him Credit, or to save ;

And

And Knavery gets a profit *real*,
By giving parts and worth *ideal*.
The child that marks this slavish Plan,
Will make his Fortune when a Man.
While honest Wit's ingenious Merit
Enjoys his pittance, and his Spirit.

The Strength of public Education
Is quick'ning Parts by EMULATION ;
And Emulation will create
In narrow minds a jealous state,
Which stifled for a course of Years,
From want of Skill or mutual Fears,
Breaks out in manhood with a zeal,
Which none but rival Wits can feel.
For when good people Wits commence,
They lose all other kind of sense ;
(The maxim makes you smile, I see,
Retort it when you please on me)
One writer always hates another,
As Emperors would kill a brother,
Or Empress Queen, to rule alone,
Pluck down a Husband from the throne.

When tir'd of Friendship and alliance,
Each side springs forward to defiance,
Inveterate Hate and Resolution,
Faggot and Fire and Persecution,
Is all their aim, and all their Cry,
Though neither side can tell you why.
To it they run like valiant Men,
And slash about them with their Pen.

What Inkshed springs from Altercation !
What loppings off of Reputation !
You might as soon hush stormy Weather,
And bring the North and South together,

As reconcile your letter'd foes,
Who come to all things but dry blows.

Your desperate lovers wan and pale,
As needy culprits in a jail,
Who muse and doat, and pine, and die,
Scorch'd by the light'ning of an eye,
(For ladies' eyes, with fatal stroke,
Will blast the veriest heart of oak)
Will wrangle, bicker, and complain,
Merely to make it up again.
Though swain look glum, and miss look fiery,
'Tis nothing but *amantium ira*,
And all the progress purely this —
A frown, a pout, a tear, a kiss.
Thus love and quarrels (April weather)
Like vinegar and oil together,
Join in an easy mingled strife,
To make the fallad up of life.
Love settles best from altercation,
As liquors after fermentation.

In a stage-coach, with lumber cramm'd,
Between two bulky bodies jam'm'd,
Did you ne'er writhe yourself about,
To find the seat and cushion out?
How disagreeably you sit,
With b—m awry, and place unfit,
Till some kind jolt o'er ill-pav'd town,
Shall wedge you close, and nail you down.
So fares it with your fondling dolts,
And all love's quarrels are but jolts.

When tiffs arise, and words of strife
Turn one to two in man and wife,
(For that's a matrimonial course
Which yoke-mates must go through perforce,

And ev'ry married man is certain
 T'attend the lecture call'd the *curtain*)
 Tho' not another word is said,
 When once the couple are in bed:
 There things their proper channel keep,
 (They make it-up, and go to sleep)
 These fallings in and fallings out,
 Sometimes with cause, but most without,
 Are but the common modes of strife,
 Which oil the springs of married life,
 Where sameness would create the spleen,
 For ever *stupidly serene*.

Observe yon downy bed—— to make it,
 You tofs the feathers up, and shake it.
 So fondness springs from words and scuffling,
 As beds lie smoothest after shuffling.

But authors wranglings will create
 The very quintessence of hate;
 Peace is a fruitless vain endeavour,
 Sworn foes for once, they're foes for ever.

—— Oh! had it pleas'd my wiser betters
 That I had never ~~tast~~ed letters,
 Then no Parnassian maggots bred,
 Like fancies in a madman's head,
 No graspings at an idle name,
 No childish hope of future fame,
 No impotence of wit had ta'en
 Possession of my muse-struck brain.

Or had my birth, with fortune fit,
 Varnish'd the dunce, or made the wit;
 I had not held a shameful place,
 Nor letters paid me with disgrace.

— O! for a pittance of my own,
That I might live unfought, unknown!
Retir'd from all this pedant strife,
Far from the cares of bust'ling life;
Far from the wits, the fools, the great,
And all the little world I hate.

DEATH. A P O E M,

By the late CHARLES EMILY, Esq.

I.

THE festive roar of laughter, the warm glow
Of brisk-ey'd joy, and friendship's genial bowl,
Wit's season'd converse, and the liberal flow,
Of unsuspicious youth, profuse of soul,
Delight not ever; from the boisterous scene
Of riot far, and Comus' wild uproar,
From folly's croud, whose vacant brow serene
Was never knit to wisdom's frowning lore,
Permit me, ye time-hallow'd domes, ye piles
Of rude magnificence, your solemn rest,
Amid your fretted vaults and lengthening isles,
Lonely to wander; no unholy guest,
That means to break, with sacrilegious tread,
The marble slumbers of your monumented dead.

II.

Permit me with sad musings, that inspire
Unlabour'd numbers apt, your silence deare
Blameless to wake, and with th' *Orphean* lyre
Fitly attempt'd, sooth the merc'less ear

92 The St. JAMES's MAGAZINE,

Of HADES, and stern death, whose iron sway

Great nature owns through all her wide domain ;
All that with oary fin cleave their smooth way

Through the green bosom of the spawnly main,
And those that to the streaming æther spread ;

In many a wheeling glide, their feathery fail ;
And those that creep ; and those that statelier tread,

That roam o'er forest, hill, or browsed dale ;

The victims each of ruthless fate must fall ;

E'en God's own image, man, high paramount of all,

III.

And ye, the young, the giddy, and the gay,

That startle from the sleepful lid of light
The curtain'd rest, and with the dissonant bray
Of BACCHUS, and loud JOLLITY, affright

Yon radiant goddess, that now shoots among
These many windowed isles her glimmering beam ;

Know, that or e'er its star'd career along

Thrice shall have roll'd her silv'ry-wheeled team,
Some parent breast may heave the answering sigh,

To the slow pauses of the funeral knoll ;

E'en now black ATROPOS, with scowling eye,

Roars in the laugh, and revels o'er the bowl,

E'en now in rosy-crowned pleasure's wreath

Entwines in adder folds all-unsuspected death.

IV.

Know, on the stealing wing of time shall flee

Some few, some short-liv'd years ; and all is past ;

A future bard these awful domes may see,

Muse o'er the present age as I the last ;

Who mould'ring in the grave, yet once like you

The various maze of life were seen to tread,

Each bent their own peculiar to pursue,

As custom urg'd or wilful nature led ;

Mix'd

Mix'd with the various crouds inglorious clay,
 The nobler virtues undistinguish'd lie ;
 No more to melt with beauty's heav'n-born ray,
 No more to wet compâssion's tearful eye,
 Catch from the poet raptures not their own,
 And feel the thrilling melody of sweet renown.

V.

Where is the master-hand, whose semblant art
 Chissel'd the marble into life, or taught
 From the well-pencill'd portraiture to start
 The nerve that beat with soul, the brow that thought!
 Cold are the fingers that in stone-fixt trance
 The mute attention riveting, to the lyre
 Struck language : dimm'd the poet's quick-ey'd glance,
 All in wild raptures flashing heaven's own fire.
 Shrunk is the sinew'd energy, that strung
 The warrior arm : where sleeps the patriot breast
 Whilom that heav'd impassion'd ! Where the tongue
 That lanc'd its lightning on the tow'ring crest
 Of scepter'd insolence, and overthrew
 Giant oppression, leagued with all her earth-born crew !

VI.

These now are past ; long, long, ye fleeting years
 Pursue, with glory wing'd, your fated way,
 Ere from the womb of time unwelcome peers
 The dawn of that inevitable day,
 When wrapt in shrouded clay their warmest friend
 The widow'd virtues shall again deplore,
 When o'er his urn in pious grief shall bend
 His BRITAIN, and bewail one PATRIOT more ;
 For soon must THOU, too soon ! who spread'st abroad
 Thy beaming emanations unconfin'd,
 Doom'd, like some better angel sent of God
 To scatter blessings over humankind,

Thou

Thou too must fall, O PITT ! to shine no more,
And tread these deathful paths, a FAULKLAND trod before.

VII.

Fast to the driving winds the marshall'd clouds
Sweep dis-continuous o'er the æthereal plain ;
Another still upon another crouds,
All hast'ning downward to their native main.
Thus passes o'er thro' varied life's career
Man's fleeting age ; the seasons as they flie
Snatch from us in their course, year after year,
Some sweet connection, some endearing tie.
The parent ever-honor'd, ever-dear,
Claims from the filial breast the pious sigh ;
A brother's urn demands the kindred tear ;
And gentle sorrows gush from friendship's eye.
To-day we frolick in the rosy bloom
Of jocund youth — The morrow knells us to the tomb.

VIII.

Who knows how soon in this sepulchral spot,
Shall heaven to me the drear abode assign !
How soon the past irrevocable lot
Of these, that rest beneath me, shall be mine.
Haply when Zephyr to thy native bourn
Shall waft thee o'er the storm'd HIBERNIAN wave,
Thy gentle breast, my TAVISTOCK, shall mourn
To find me sleeping in the senseless grave.
No more the social leisure to divide,
In the sweet intercourse of soul and soul,
Blithe or of graver brow ; no more to chide
The ling'ring years impatient as they roll,
Till all thy cultur'd virtues shall display,
Full-blossom'd, their bright honours to the gazing day.

IX.

IX.

Ah dearest youth ! these vows perhaps unheard,
 The rude wind scatters o'er the billowy main ;
 These prayers at friendship's holy shrine preferr'd
 May rise to grasp their father's knees in vain.
 Soon, soon may nod the sad funereal plume
 With solemn horror o'er thy timeless hearse,
 And I survive to 'grave upon thy tomb
 The mournful tribute of memorial verse.——
 That leave to HEAVEN's decision —— Be it thine,
 Higher than yet a parent's wishes flew,
 To soar in bright pre-eminence, and shine
 With self-earn'd honors, eager to pursue
 Where glory, with her clear unsully'd rays,
 The well-born spirit lights to deeds of mightiest praise.

X.

'Twas she thy God-like RUSSELL's bosom steel'd
 With confidence untam'd, in his last breath
 Stern-smiling. She, with calm composure, held
 The patriot axe of SIDNEY, edg'd with death.
 Smit with the warmth of her impulsive flame,
 WOLF's gallant virtue flies to worlds a-far,
 Emulous to pluck fresh wreaths of well-earn'd fame
 From the grim frowning brow of laurel'd war.
 'Twas she, that on the morn of direful birth,
 Bared thy young bosom to the fatal blow,
 Lamented ARMYTAGE !——the bleeding youth !——
 O bathe him in the pearly caves below,
 Ye Nereids ; and ye Nymphs of CAMUS hoar,
 Weep—for YE oft have seen him on your haunted shore.

XI.

Better to die with glory, than recline
 On the soft lap of ignominious peace,
 Than yawn out the dull droning life supine
 In MONKISH APATHY and GOWNED EASE.

Better

96 The St. JAMES's MAGAZINE,

Better employ'd in honor's bright career
 The least division on the dials round,
 Than thrice to compass Saturn's livelong year,
 Grown old in sloth, the burthen of the ground;
 Than tug with sweating toil the slavish oar
 Of unredem'd affliction, and sustain
 The feverous rage of fierce diseases sore
 Unnumber'd, that in sympathetic chain
 Hang ever thro' the sick circumfluous air,
 All from the drizz'ly verge of yonder star-girt sphere.

XII.

Thick in the many-beaten road of life,
 A thousand maladies are posted round,
 With wretched man to wage eternal strife
 Unseen, like ambusht Indians, till they wound.
 There the swol'n HYDROPS stands, the watry RHEUM,
 The Northern SCURVY, blotch with lep'rous scale;
 And moping ever in the cloister'd gloom
 Of learned sloth, the bookish ASTHMA pale:
 And the shun'd hag unlightly, that ordain'd
 On Europe's sons to wreak the faithless sword
 Of CORTEZ, with the blood of millions stain'd,
 O'er dog-ey'd LUST the torturing scourge abhorr'd,
 Shakes threat'ning; since the while she wing'd her
 flight
 From AMAZON's broad wave, and ANDES' snow-clad
 height.

XIII.

Where the wan daughter of the yellow year,
 The chatt'ring AGUE chill, the writhing STONE,
 And he of ghastly feature, on whose ear
 Unheeded croaks the death-bird's warning moan,
 MARASMUS; knotty GOUT; and the dead life
 Of nerveless PALSY; there on purpose fell
 Dark brooding, whets his interdicted knife
 Grim SUICIDE, the damned fiend of hell.

There

There too is the stunn'd APOPLEXY pight*,
 The bloated child of gorg'd INTemperance foul;
 Self-wasting MELANCHOLY, black as night
 Lowering, and foaming fierce with hideous howl
 The dog HYDROPHOBY, and near allied
 Scar'd MADNESS, with her moon-struck eye-balls staring
 wide.

XIV.

There, stretch'd ONE huge, beneath the rocky mine, †
 With boiling sulphur fraught, and smould'ring fires;
 He, the dread delegate of wrath divine,
 E'er while that stood o'er TARO's hundred spires
 Vindictive; thrice he wav'd th' earth-shaking wand,
 Powerful as that the SON of AMRAM bore,
 And thrice he rais'd, and thrice he check'd his hand.
 He struck the rocking ground, with thund'rous roar
 Yawn'd; here from street to street hurries, and there
 Now runs, now stops, then shrieks and scours amain,
 Staring DISTRACTION: many a palace fair,
 With millions sinks ingulph'd, and pillar'd fane;
 Old OCEAN's farthest waves confess the shock;
 Ev'n ALBION trembl'd conscious on his steadfast rock.

XV.

The meagre FAMINE there, and drunk with blood
 Stern WAR; and the loath'd monster, whom of yore
 The slimy Naiad of the Memphian flood
 Engend'ring, to the bright hair'd Phoebus bore,
 Foul PESTILENCE, that on the wide stretch'd wings
 Of commerce speeds from CAIRO's swarthy bay
 His westring flight, and thro' the sick air flings
 Spotted CONTAGION; at his heels DISMAY

* Placed.

† Alluding to the Earthquake at Lisbon.

98 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

And DESOLATION urge their fire-wheel'd yoke
 Terrible ; as long of old, when from the height
 Of PARÁN came unwrath'd the MIGHTIEST, shook
 Earth's firm fixt base tott'ring ; thro' the black night
 Glanc'd the flash'd lightnings : heav'ns rent roof abroad
 Thunder'd ; and universal nature felt its GOD.

XVI.

Who on that scene of terror, on that hour
 Of roused indignation, shall withstand
 Th' ALMIGHTY, when he meditates to show'r
 The bursting vengeance o'er a guilty land !
 Canst thou, secure in reason's vaunted pride,
 Tongue-doughty miscreant, who but now didst gore
 With more than HEBREW rage the innocent side
 Of agonizing mercy, bleeding sore,
 Canst thou confront, with stedfast eye unaw'd,
 The sworded JUDGMENT stalking far and near ?
 Well may'st thou tremble, when an injur'd God
 Disclaims thee——guilt is ever quick of fear——
 Loud whirlwinds howl in Zephyr's softest breath ;
 And ev'ry glancing meteor glares imagin'd death.

XVII.

The good alone are fearless —— they alone
 Firm and collected in their virtue, brave
 The wreck of worlds, and look unshrinking down
 On the dread yawnings of the rav'nous grave :
 Thrice happy ! who the blameless road along
 Of honest praise hath reach't the vale of death ;
 Around him, like ministrant CHERUBS, throng
 His BETTER ACTIONS ; to the parting breath
 Singing their blessed requiems : he the while
 Gently reposing on some friendly breast,
 Breaths out his benizons ; then with a smile
 Of soft complacency, lays him down to rest,

Calm

Calm as the slumb'ring infant : from the goal
Free and unbounded flies the disembodied soul.

XVIII.

Whether some delegated charge below,
Some much-lov'd friend its hov'ring care may claim,
Whether it heavenward soars, again to know
That long forgotten country whence it came;
Conjecture ever, the misfeatur'd child
Of letter'd arrogance, delights to run
Through speculation's puzz'ling mazes wild,
And all to end at last where it begun.
Fain would we trace with reason's erring clue,
The darksome paths of destiny aright;
In vain ; the task were easier to pursue
The trackless wheelings of th' swallow's flight.
From mortal ken himself the ALMIGHTY shrouds
Pavilion'd in thick night and circumambient clouds.

The MILK - MAID.

WHOE'ER for pleasure plans a scheme,
Will find it vanish like a dream,
Affording nothing sound or real,
Where happiness is all ideal ;
In grief, or joy, in either state,
Fancy will always antedate,
And when the thoughts on evil pore,
Anticipation makes it more.
Thus while the mind the *future* sees,
It cancels all its *present* ease.

100 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

Is Pleasure's scheme the point in view ?
How eagerly we all pursue !

Well —— Tuesday is th' appointed day ;
How slowly wears the time away !
How dull the interval between,
How darken'd o'er with clouds of spleen,
Did not the mind unlock her treasure,
And fancy feed on promis'd pleasure.

DELIA surveys, with curious eyes,
The clouds collected in the skies ;
Wishes no storm may rend the air,
And Tuesday may be dry and fair ;
And I look round, my boys, and pray,
That Tuesday may be holiday.
Things duly settled —— what remains ?
Lo ! Tuesday comes —— alas ! it rains ;
And all our visionary schemes
Have died away, like golden dreams.

Once on a time, a rustic dame,
(No matter for the lady's name)
Wrapt up in deep imagination,
Indulg'd her pleasing contemplation ;
While on a bench she took her seat,
And plac'd the milk-pail at her feet,
Oft in her hand she chink'd the pence,
The profits which arose from thence ;
While fond ideas fill'd her brain,
Of layings up, and monstrous gain,
Till every penny which she told,
Creative fancy turn'd to gold ;
And reasoning thus from computation,
She spoke aloud her meditation.

“ Please heav'n but to preserve my health,
“ No doubt I shall have store of wealth ; ”

“ It

" It must of consequence ensue
 " I shall have store of lovers too.
 " Oh ! how I'll break their stubborn hearts,
 " With all the pride of female arts.
 " What Suitors then will kneel before me !
 " *Lords, Earls, and Viscounts* shall adore me.
 " When in my gilded coach I ride,
 " *My Lady* at his *Lordship's* side,
 " How will I laugh at all I meet
 " Clatt'ring in pattins down the street !
 " And LOBBIN then I'll mind no more,
 " Howe'er I lov'd him heretofore ;
 " Or, if he talks of plighted truth,
 " I will not hear the simple youth,
 " But rise indignant from my seat,
 " And spurn the lubber from my feet.

Action, alas ! the speaker's grace,
 Ne'er came in more improper place,
 For in the tossing forth her shoe,
 What fancied bliss the maid o'erthrew !
 While down at once, with hideous fall,
 Came lovers, wealth, and milk, and all.

Thus fancy ever loves to roam,
 To bring the gay materials home ;
 Imagination forms the dream,
 And accident destroys the scheme.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE,

From the Rev. Mr. HANBURY's *Horse*, to the Rev.
Mr. SCOT.

AMONGST you *bipeds*, reputation
Depends on *Rank* and *Situation*;
And men increase in fame and worth,
Not from their merits, but their *Birth*.
Thus he is born to live obscure,
Who has the sin of being poor;
While wealthy dulness lolls at ease,
And is—as witty as you please.
—— “What did his *Lordship* say? — O! fine!
“The very *Thing*! *Bravo*! *Divine*!”
And then 'tis buzz'd from *Route* to *Route*,
While ladies whisper it about,
“Well, I protest, a charming hit!”
“His *Lerdship* has a deal of wit.
“How elegant that double sense!
“*Perdigious*! *vaisfly fine*! *Immenfe*!”
When all my lord has said or done,
Was but the *letting off* a pun.

Mark the fat *Cit*, whose good round sum,
Amounts at least to half a *Plumb*;
Whose chariot whirls him up and down
Some three or four miles out of town;
For thither sober folks repair,
To take the *Dust*, which they call air.
Dull folly (not the wanton wild
Imagination's younger child)
Has taken lodgings in his face,
As finding that a *vacant* place,

And

And peeping from *his* windows, tells
To all beholders, where she dwells.
Yet once a week, this purse-proud cit,
Shall ape the fallies of a wit,
And after ev'ry Sunday's dinner,
To priestly saint, or city finner,
Shall tell the story o'er and o'er,
H'as told a thousand times before ;
Like gamesters, who, with eager zeal,
Talk the game o'er between the deal.

Mark ! how the fools and knaves admire
And chuckle with their Sunday 'squire :
While he looks pleas'd at every guest,
And laughs much louder than the rest ;
And cackling with incessant grin,
Triples the *Double* of his chin.

Birth, rank, and wealth, have wond'rous skill ;
Make *Wits* and *Statesmen* when they will ;
While genius holds no estimation,
From luckless want of *Situation* ;
And, if through clouded scenes of life,
He takes dame poverty to wife,
Howe'er he work and teize his brain,
His pound of wit scarce weighs a *grain* ;
While with his *Lordship* it *abounds*,
And one light grain swells out to *pounds*.

Receive, good sir, with aspect kind,
This wanton gallop of the mind ;
But, since all things encrease in worth,
Proportion'd to their rank and birth ;
Lest you should think the letter base,
While I supply the poet's place,
I'll tell you whence and what I am,
My Breed, my Blood, my Sire, my Dam.

My

224 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

My Sire was PINDAR's Eagle, son
Of Pegasus of HELICON ;
My Dam, the Hippagryph, which whirl'd
Astolpho to the lunar world.
Both high-bred things of mettled blood,
The best in all APOLLO's stud.

Now CRITICS here would bid me speak
The OLD horse language, that is Greek ;
For HOMER made us talk, you know,
Almost three thousand years ago ;
And men of Taste and Judgment FINE,
Allow the passage is divine.
They were fine mettled things indeed,
And of peculiar strength and breed ;
What leaps they took, how far and wide !
—They'd take a country at a stride.
How great each leap, LONGINUS knew,
Who from dimensions ta'en of two,
Affirms, with equal ardour whirl'd,
A third, good lord ! would clear the world.

But till some learned wight shall shew
If Accents MUST be used, or no,
A doubt, which puzzles all the wise
Of giant and of pigmy size,
Who waste their time, and fancies vex
With *asper*, *lenis*, *circumflex*,
And talk of *mark* and punctuation,
As 'twere a matter of salvation ;
For when your pigmies take the pen
They fancy they grow up to Men,
And think they keep the world in awe
By brandishing a very Straw.
Till they have clear'd this weighty doubt,
Which they'll be centuries about,

As a plain nag, in homely phrase,
I'll use the language of *our* days;
And, for this first and only time,
Just make a *trut* in easy rhyme.

Nor let it shock your thought or sight,
That thus a *quadruped* should write;
Read but the papers, and you'll see
More prodigies of wit than me;
Grown men and *Sparrows* taught to dance,
By monsieur *Passerat* from France;
The *learned* dog, the *learned* mare,
The *learned* bird, the *learned* hare;
And all are *fashionable* too,
And play, at cards as well as you.

Of paper, pen, and ink possess'd,
With faculties of writing blest,
Why should not I then, *Hownnywhm* bred
(A word that must be *seen*, not said)
Rid you of all that anxious care,
Which good folks feel for good and fair,
And which your looks betray'd indeed,
To more discerning eyes of speed;
When in the shape of useful hack,
I bore a poet on my back?

Know, safely rode my master's bride,
The bard before her for *my* guide.
Yet think not, sir, his awkward care
Ensur'd protection to the fair.
No — conscious of the prize I bore,
My wayward footsteps slipt no more.
For though I scorn the *Poet's* skill,
My mistress guides me where she will.

Abstract in wond'rous speculation,
Lost in laborious meditation,

As whether 'twould promote *Sublime*
 If *Silver* could be pair'd in rhyme ;
 Or, as the word of *sweeter Tune*,
Month might be clink'd instead of moon :
 No wonder poets hardly know
 Or what they do, or where they go.
 Whether they ride or walk the street,
 Their *heads* are always on their feet ;
 They now and then may get astride
 Th' ideal Pegasus, and ride
Prodigious journeys — round a room,
 As boys ride cock-horse on a broom.

Whether *Acrostics* teize the brain,
 Which goes a hunting words in vain,
 (For words most *capitally* fin,
 Unless their letters right begin.)
 Since how to man or woman's name,
 Could you or I Acrostic frame,
 Or make the *staring* letters join,
 To form the word, that tells us *thine*,
 Unless we'd *right* initials got,
 S, C, O, T, and so made SCOT ?
 Or whether *Rebus*, *Riddle's* brother
 (Both which had DULLNESS for their mother).
 Employ the gentle poet's care,
 To celebrate some town or fair,
 Which all *ad libitum* he slits
 For *you* to pick it up by bits,
 Which bits together plac'd, will frame
 Some city's or some lady's name ;
 As when a worm is cut in twain,
 It joins, and is a worm again ;
 When thoughts *so* weighty, *so* intense,
 Above the reach of common sense,
 Distract and twirl the mind about,
 Which fain would hammer something out ;

A kind

For OCTOBER, 1782. 107

A kind discharge relieves the mind,
As folks are eas'd by breaking wind;
Whatever whims or maggots bred
Take place of sense in poet's head,
They fix themselves without controul,
Where'er it's seat is on the soul.
Then, like your heathen idols, we
Have eyes indeed, but cannot see.
(We, for I take the poet's part,
And for my blood, am *Bard* at heart)
For in reflexion deep immerst,
The man muse-bitten and *be-verst*,
Neglectful of externals all,
Will run his head against a wall,
Walk thro' a river as it flows,
Nor see the bridge before his nose.

Are things like these equestrians fit
To mount the back of mettled tit?
Are—— but farewell, for here comes *Bibb*,
And I must serve some hackney job;
Fetch letters, or, for recreation,
Transport the bard to our *Plantation*.

Robert joins compts with *Barnum Black*,
Your humble servant *Hanbury's* hack.

S I R,

I F the trifling labours of a quondam brother Cantab. will from time to time be of any service to you, you will be heartily welcome to make use of them; and if at any time they appear too trifling, or any other ways unworthy a place in your collection, you

108 The ~~St.~~ JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

will be equally welcome to throw them behind the fire.
I enclose two little things, for whichever purpose you
think proper.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

Oct. 9,

C. J.

STANZAS, TO PATIENCE.

FROM the bright regions of eternal day,
Where, in inspired notes, glad cherubs sing,
In one enraptur'd, never-ceasing lay,
To nature's God, her father, and her king,

Descend meek PATIENCE; heaven's best choicest gift
To Man, whose stubborn, whose ungovern'd will
Can ev'ry blessing, ev'ry joy supplant,
And in their place set ev'ry poignant ill.

O come, surrounded with thy sober train
Of meekness, piety and holy hope;
Bless'd source of peace, bless'd cure for ev'ry pain,
Without whose aid, the proudest spirits droop;

Kindly descend to those, whose humbled mind
Knows no relief, but what from patience springs;
Whose griefs no cure, whose pangs no respite find;
On those descend, "with healing on thy wings."

O hover round the melancholy bed,
Where ling'ring sickness claims thy soft'ning care;
Thy influence rears the drooping sufferer's head,
And gives a ray of merit to his pray'r.

'Tis

'Tis thine to smoothe the rugged hand of pow'r
 To cheer the weak, to comfort them that faint;
 From orphan cheeks to wipe the gushing shower,
 And steal the anguish from the martyr'd saint.

So potent is thy salutary sway,
 That want, oppression, sickness, grief and care,
 Strip't of their rigour, pass half-felt away,
 Or like the terrors of a dream appear.

'Tis guilt alone appals the human heart,
 Prompts the unpitied sigh, the incessant tear,
 That in such baleful poison dips the dart;
 A wounded spirit who could ever bear!

O may my soul direct her steps aright
 To find the path to man so kindly given,
 Thro' pleasures that allure, thro' pains that fright,
 By patient steadiness to climb to heaven.

C. J.

SOPHOC. ANTIG. attempted.

CHORUS. ACT III. SCENE III.

I.

LORD of the soul, almighty conqueror, hail!
 Who in the beamy light'nings of the eye,
 Or in the dimple smooth, or sunny vale
 Of virgin cheeks enshrin'st thy glorious deity.

II.

110. The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

II.

All hail, unconquer'd love! The boundless main
Bends to thy softer pow'r her hardy sons;
For thee of lowly cot the rural swain
In solitary groves the jovial gambol thuns.

III.

Thine too, great God, the blissful seats above!
If Heav'n's dread monarch feel th' unerring dart,
How shall frail sons of dust encounter love,
How fly the anxious sweet, or free a wounded heart?

IV.

By thee in tender ease serenely lull'd,
E'en watchful virtue melts to lazy vice;
For thee the warrior arms, and fondly bold,
Buys beauty's promis'd joys at life's unvalu'd price.

V.

From thee in winning beauty's golden smiles,
The love-sick hero courts his blest reward,
For thee he scorns stern war's unnumber'd toils,
And glorying in the flame, unsheaths the martial sword,

A. Z.

S I R,

Portsmouth, October 8, 1762.

I Find you have solicited the correspondence of gentlemen of the universities; and although this is a very singular university, I have made bold to send you a small original, which if you please to insert in your collection, if it deserves a place there, it is at your service.

Written

Written at Sea ; by the Author of the SHIPWRECK.

I.

A Nymph of ev'ry charm possess'd,
That native virtue gives,
Within my bosom all-confess'd,
In bright idea lives.
For her my tremb'ling numbers play
Along the pathless deep,
While sadly social with my lay
The winds in concert weep.

II.

If beauty's sacred influence charms
The rage of adverse fate,
Say why the pleasing soft alarms
Such cruel pangs create.
Since all her thoughts by sense refin'd,
Unartful-truth express,
Say wherefore sense and truth are join'd
To give my soul distress.

III.

If when her blooming lips I press,
Which vernal fragrance fills,
Thro' all my veins the sweet excess
In tremb'ling motion thrills.
Say whence this secret anguish grows,
Congenial with my joy ?
And why the touch where pleasure glows
Shou'd vital peace destroy ?

IV.

If when my fair, in melting song,
Awakes the vocal lay,
Not all your notes ye Phocian throng,
Such pleasing sounds convey.

Thus

112 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

Thus wrapt all o'er with fondest love,

Why heaves this broken sigh ?

For then my blood forgets to move,

I gaze, adore, and die.

V.

Accept, my charming maid, the strain

Which you alone inspire ;

To thee the dying strings complain

That quiver on my lyre.

O ! give this bleeding bosom ease,

That knows no joy but thee ;

Teach me thy happy art to please,

Or deign to love like me.

ROYAL-GEORGE,

August 2.

W. F.

An E L E G Y.

To CÆLIA in the COUNTRY.

WHILE nature's charms arise in grand array,
And vernal beauties deck the smiling year,

Fair Cælia wisely takes the rural way,

Where new delights in various dress appear.

In the sweet groves and the delicious vales

Her richest treasures lib'ral nature hides ;

There the cool riv'lets and the balmy gales,

And virtue there with solitude resides.

Not there ambition dwells, nor haughty pow'r,

Nor flattery fortune; treacherously kind,

True pleasure grows, nor fades the lovely flow'r,

For virtue cheers the self-possessing mind.

From

From field to field with fresh delight we pass,
While pure affections raise the sacred flame,
The wholesome herbage, and the pearly grass,
Exalt the mind, and tell their MAKER's name.

The rustic here no beauty can discern,
Without a thought he turns the fertile clod;
But Oh! would such of pious Cælia learn,
The rudest peasant were a man of God!

The early lark would join the singing swain!
With double bliss the thankful plough-boy feast!
Each heart a victim! every grove a fane!
Each clod an altar! and each boor a priest!

— Such were the scene, had Cælia drawn the lines,
For such the course her steady soul maintains,
Alike at friendship's board her virtue shines,
And treads alike the solitary plains.

And Cælia's walks an happy 'semblance tell
Of better realms in nobler worlds above,
Where kindred-souls in countless myriads dwell,
Compos'd of peace, of innocence, and love.

O. H.

To the Rev. Mr. HANBURY, of *Church-Langton*,
Leicestershire, on his PLANTATIONS.

WHILE vain pursuits a trifling race engage,
And virtue slumbers in a thriftless age,
Thy glorious * plan, on deep foundations laid,
Which aiding nature, nature's bound to aid,

* See Mr. Hanbury's Essay on Planting.

The wise man's study, tho' the blockhead's scorn,
Shall speak for ages to a world unborn.

Though topsy deride, for censure's still at hand
To damp the work she cannot understand,

Pursue thy project with an ardour fit;
Fools are but whetstones to a man of wit.

Like puling infants seem'd thy rising plan,
Now knit in strength, it speaks an active man.
So the broad oak, which from thy grand design
Shall spread aloft, and tell the world 'twas thine,
A strip'ling first, just peep'd above the ground,
Which, ages hence, shall fling its shade around.

Sent to a LADY, with a SEAL.

TH' impression which this seal shall make;
The rougher hand of force may break;
Or jealous time, with slow delay,
May all its traces wear away;
But neither time nor force combin'd,
Shall tear thy image from my mind;
Nor shall the sweet *impression* fade
Which CHLOE's thousand charms have made;
For spite of time, or force, or art,
'Tis seal'd for ever on my heart.

The HARE and PARTRIDGE.

A F A B L E.

THE sun had now retir'd to rest,
 The *Sportsman's* clam'rous Gun suppress'd;
 A *Partridge*, on an heath alone,
 Sat making melancholy moan.
 Full-oft she heav'd the deep-fetch'd sigh,
 When *Puffs* by chance came limping by,
 And kindly wish'd her to impart
 The grief that wrung her lab'ring heart;
 Herself, no stranger to distress,
 Wou'd pity, cou'd she not redress;
 Not she, like many an *human* elf,
 That has no feeling but for *self*;
 So mean a wretch to reason thus,
 "Thank heav'n! 'tis not so bad with *Puffs*."

Welcome, dear friend! she bird replies,
 A friend in need, — how rare a prize!
 Thy tender breast, full well I know,
 For ever melts at other's woe.
 And fain would heal thy neighbour's grief,
 But mine superior, mocks relief.
 Yet at thy instance, I will tell
 What sad disaster late befall.
 A tale it is that sure must make
 Any but *human* hearts to ache,
 Much more thy feeling sense to yearn,
 And sympathize with kind concern;
 This very morn our covey lay
 All basking in the sunny ray;
 I saw them all, transporting sight!
 Full-fledg'd and plump, in happy plight,

116 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

Their number full, tho' quite a score,
What could a parent wish for more !

But long before the setting sun,
They all fell victims to the gun.

Oh vile *unfeather'd two-legg'd* kind,
In cruelty alone refin'd !

Oh ! miserable *feather'd folk*,
Who groan beneath their iron yoke !

How long, how long shall the creation
Be harass'd with their usurpation !

She ceast and wept — the friendly hare
Mingled her unavailing tear,
Then thus — Thy sorrow must be great,
For truly piteous is thy fate —
But strive one moment to suspend
Thy grief, and listen to thy friend,
Haply some hint I may suggest
Will calm the tumult of thy breast.
But lest you say, we're prone to teach,
But not to *practise* what we *preach* ;
Your case is *mine* — the same our woes —
Partridge and *Hare* have common foes,
Long since, when *Sportsmen* thought it hard
To be from *Birds* by *Law* debarr'd,
'Twas then my Mate and young ones fell,
—— *That* mate —— *those* young —— I lov'd so well.

Haply I chanc'd to run away,
And live —— to run another day ——
Now what in such a situation
(You'll ask) cou'd give me consolation ?
I had no need, thank heav'n ! to fly
For comfort to *Philosophy*,
Ransack her moralizing lore,
And run her *Grief-specificks* o'er ;
For sample thus —— “ What can't be cur'd,”
The proverb says, “ must be endur'd !” ——

—— “ When

— “ When prudence can’t our ills redress,
 “ ’Tis patience only makes them less; ” —
 — “ ’Tis arrant folly to complain
 “ Of what dame nature’s laws ordain ” —
 — These *Laws in Theory* may please,
 When mind and body are at ease —
 But whether they will *stand the test*,
 — They, who have try’d ’em, know the best.

I us’d not *Apathy* — vile cant !
 Empiric, stoic, human rant !
 An admirable art of healing,
 To take away the *Sense of Feeling* !
 Such med’cine never was design’d
 For creatures of a *social* kind.
 In short — a remedy I found
 From the same hands that gave the wound —
 Behold — the silly human elves
 Making *worse Havock* of themselves ;
 ’Twixt *Man* and *Man* what ranc’rous strife ?
 More ranc’rous still — ’twixt *Man* and *Wife* —
 The ways and means they are pursuing
 To hasten on each other’s ruin
 So num’rous are, that to recite ’em,
 Would lead me on *ad infinitum*.

But should some *Tyrant, mad or drunk*,
 The *Slave* of an inveigling *Punk*,
 Some *Coxcomb*, fond of *laurel’d* fame,
Dupe to the whist’ling of a name ;
 Or should *Ambition*, monster fell,
 On earth the delegate of hell,
 ’Twixt nations kindle jealous jar,
 And rouse the furious flames of war,
 See fruitful fields to deserts turn’d ! —
 See glorious cities sack’d and burn’d !
 With human gore see rivers red !
 Plains pil’d with mountains of the dead !

118 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

Slaughter and famine hand in hand,
Stalk o'er the desolated land !

— Cease ! cease ! exclaims th' astonish'd bird,
Thy pupil, friend ! enough has heard
To silence *Sorrow's Discontent,*
And make *Revenge herself relent,*

Come let us seek the wonted plain,
I'll try to peck a little grain.

S. M.

ORIGINAL LETTER of SWIFT'S.

S I R,

Feb. 11, 1691.

IF any thing made me wonder at your letter, it was your almost inviting me to do so in the beginning, which indeed grew less upon knowing the occasion; since 'tis what I have heard from more than one in and about L——r, and for the friendship between us, as I suppose your's to be real, so I think it would be proper to imagine mine, until you find any cause to believe it pretended; though I might have some quarrel at you in three or four lines, which are very ill bestowed in complimenting me, and as to that of my great prospects of making my fortune, on which as your kindness only looks on the best side, so my own cold temper, and unconfined humour, is a much greater hindrance than any fear of that which is the subject of your letter. I shall speak plainly to you, that the very ordinary observations I made with going half a mile beyond the university, have taught me experience enough not to think
of

of marriage, till I settle my fortune in the world, which I am sure will not be in some years, and even then itself, I am so hard to please, that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world: how all that suits with my behaviour to the woman in hand, you may easily imagine, when you know that there is something in me which must be employed, and when I am alone, turns all, for want of practice, into speculation and thought, insomuch that these seven weeks I have been here, I have writ and burnt, and writ again upon all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in England, and this is it which a person of great honour in Ireland (who was pleased to stoop so low as to look into my mind) used to tell me, that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I would not give it employment. It is this humour that makes me so busy when I am in company, to turn all that way, and since it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common conversation, it is all alike. This is so common, that I could remember twenty women in my life, to whom I have behaved myself just the same way, and I profess without any other design than that of entertaining myself when I am very idle, or when something goes amiss in my affairs. This I always have done as a man of the world, when I had no design for any thing grave in it, and what I thought at worst a harmless impertinence; but whenever I begin to take sober resolutions, or, as now, to think of entering into the church, I never found it would be hard to put off this kind of folly at the porch; besides, perhaps in so general a conversation among that sex, I might pretend a little to understand where I am when I am going to choose for a wife; and though the cunning sharper of the town may have a cheat put on him, yet it must be cleaner carried than this which you think I am a going to top upon myself; and truly if you knew how metaphysical I am

I am that way, you would little fear I should venture on one who has given so much occasion to tongues: for though the people is a lying sort of beast, (and I think in L——r above all parts that I ever was in) yet they seldom talk without some glimpse of a reason, which I declare (so unpardonably jealous I am) to be a sufficient cause for me to hate any woman any farther than a bare acquaintance. — Among all the young gentlemen that I have known, who have ruined themselves by marrying (which I assure you is a great number) I have made this general rule, that they are either young, raw, and ignorant scholars, who, for want of knowing company, believe every silk petticoat includes an angel; or else these have been a sort of honest young men, who perhaps are too literal in rather marrying than burning, and entail a misery on themselves and posterity, by an over-acting modesty. I think I am very far excluded from lifting under either of these heads. I confess I have known one or two men of sense enough, who, inclined to frolics, have married and ruined themselves out of a maggot; but a thousand household thoughts, which always drive matrimony out of my mind whenever it chances to come there, will, I am sure, fright me from that; besides that, I am naturally temperate, and never engaged in the contrary which usually produces those effects. Your hints at particular stories I do not understand, and having never heard them but so hinted, thought it proper to give you this, to shew how I thank you for your regard of me, and I hope my carriage will be so as my friends need not be ashamed of the name. I should not have behaved myself after that manner I did in L——r, if I had not valued my own entertainment beyond the obloquy of a parcel of very wretched fools, which I solemnly pronounce the inhabitants of L——r to be; and so I content myself with retaliation. I hope you will

For OCTOBER, 1761. 122

will forgive this trouble; and for with my service to
your good wife,

I am, good Cousin,

Your very Friend and Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

To the Rev. Mr. John Kendall,
Vicar of Thornton, to be left
at Mr. Birkhead's, over against
the Free-School, in L——r.

To Mrs. C A R T E R.

WHY should I snatch from after-times
This pleasing theme of praise?
Why raise in CARTER's cheeks a blush
By new presented bays?

And shall then modesty, who lends
To genius half her grace,
Far from the nymph she help'd to deck
Each just admirer chafe?

To after-times to sound thy name,
Too weak indeed my strain;
Yet far too sensible of worth
My bosom, to refrain.

True —— should all praise who by thy works
Improv'd, enrapt have been,
More pens than ever GEORGE address'd,
Would hail thee verse's queen,

VOL. I.

R

Shall

222 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

Shall then each Briton o'er thy strains
In *mute* attention stand?

PHOEBUS and LITTLETON forbid
Such satire on our land.

This grateful task has Strephon here,
To you a stranger, chose:

A stranger, whom nor honour'd DEAL,
Nor high PARNASSUS knows,

Who dares, in spite of vulgar rules,
A living genius praise;
Nor for th' unconscious buff reserves
The destin'd wreath of Bays.

To heav'n thou lift'st the captive heart,
While strains impetuous roll.
Each sound an echo to the sense;
Each sentence to the soul.

In thee what manly strength of thought,
With female grace, is found!
How sweet harmonious virtue's notes,
Thus set to music, sound!

Still as I read, my pausing mind
Astonishment affails.
How vast I — Yet, on maturer thoughts,
My admiration fails.

For if to *our* Sex ev'ry muse
Has mighty favours shewn,
What wonder if the virgins smile
More freely on *their own*?

X. Y.

A PA-

A PARODY of the famous EPIGRAM of
POSIDIPPUS.

Πόσιν τις βίωται τάμει τριών, &c.

By FRANCIS, Lord VERULAM.

I.

THE world's a bubble, and the life of man
Less than a span ;
In his conception wretched, from the womb,
So to the tomb,
Curst from the cradle, and brought up to years
With cares and fears ;
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limmes the water, or but writes in dust.

II.

Yet since with sorrow here we live oppress'd,
What life is best ?
Courts are but only superficial schools
To dandle fools,
The rural parts are turn'd into a den
Of savage men.
And where's a city from all vice so free,
But may be term'd the worst of all the three ?

III.

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
Or pains his head.
Those that live single take it for a curse,
Or do things worse.
Some would have children, those that have them, none,
Or wish them gone.
What is it then to have or have no wife,
But single thralldome, or a double strife ?

Our own affections still at home to please,
 Is a disease:
 To cross the sea to any foreign soil,
 Perils and toil;
 Was with ther noise affright us: when they cease,
 We're worse in peace.
 What then remains? but that we still should cry,
 Not to be born, or being born, to die.

The above poem may perhaps have appeared before, but is, it is apprehended, so scarce, that we could not resist the pleasure of gratifying our correspondent, by laying it before the public.

The LIFE of RICHARD NASH, Esq.

AN author can never chuse a happier subject to exercise his genius upon, than the life of a notorious highwayman, a profess'd gamester, or a celebrated courtesan. The public are always curious to know the minutest actions of these *superior* beings, and are wonderfully improved by the more intimate knowledge of the world, which their philosophical biographers take every opportunity of displaying. The present HISTORIAN seems to have inherited the spirit of his hero, and in his account of that *Arbiter Lucubratorum*, that solemn adjuster of trifles, labours to entertain his readers with much frippery sentiment, and great parade of reflection. "There are few, says this author, who do not prefer a page of *Montaigne*, or *Colley Cibber*, to

" the

the memoirs and transactions of Europe." A bold assertion, and it is to be hoped, for the credit of our historians, not a true one. That such may be this writer's judgment, almost every page will testify by the close imitation of their foibles. There is an honesty in the vanity of *Montaigne*, that carries a pardon along with it for all his *Egotisms*; but if the life of *Colley Cibber* has its admirers, it is not for the pertness of his reflections, and telling us "what *HE* thought of the world, and the world of *HIM*," but for the excellent history of the stage, which is to be met with only in that work. When we are writing *our own* lives, *I*, may with some propriety stand forth

— "the little Hero of each Tale,"

But in the recital of the actions and adventures of another, the appearance of that *great* Personage (the *first* in the idea of every author) is as impertinent as insignificant. Neither will the introduction of an *Egotism* give an additional force or elegance to trifling observations. It may indeed shew the author's consequence to himself, but will give him none in the eyes of the judicious reader. Yet so barren of events is the *Life or History* (for so it affects to be called) of this *King of Bath*, that if the good-natured editor did not step in upon all occasions, the publick must have been contented with a pamphlet instead of a book. It were indeed no difficult matter to give a summary account of this *great* man's life from the materials before us, but as it has been done already in the public papers, that labour is happily unnecessary. Our Hero was, it seems, of too volatile a disposition to attach himself thoroughly to any profession. He was a college student, a gay ensign, a Temple beau, and professed gamester, and at length to complete all, *Beau Nash*, master of the ceremonies at *Bath* and *Tunbridge*, and prime minister of folly throughout all her dominions. His actions in this department, with some anecdotes of charity and benevolence,

volence, which do honour to his memory, are the subject of this account.

It would be unfair to make large extracts from this work, and by giving the reader the few stories contained in it, rob the book of its best recommendation. The reader therefore will be contented with one, and that not a long one.

“ At the conclusion of the treaty of peace at *Utrecht*, colonel *M——* was one of the thoughtless, agreeable, gay creatures, that drew the attention of the company at *Bath*. He danced and talked with great vivacity; and when he gamed among the ladies, he shewed, that his attention was employed rather upon their hearts than their fortunes. His own fortune, however, was a trifle, when compared to the elegance of his expence; and his imprudence, at last, was so great, that it obliged him to sell an annuity, arising from his commission, to keep up his splendor a little longer.

“ However thoughtless he might be, he had the happiness of gaining the affections of Miss *L——*, whose father designed her a very large fortune. This lady was courted by a nobleman of distinction, but she refused his addresses, resolving upon gratifying rather her inclinations than her avarice. The intrigue went on successfully between her and the colonel, and they both would certainly have been married, and been undone, had not Mr. *Nash* apprized her father of their intentions. The old gentleman recalled his daughter from *Bath*, and offered Mr. *Nash* a very considerable present, for the care he had taken, which he refused.

“ In the mean time, colonel *M——* had an intimation how his intrigue came to be discovered; and by taxing Mr. *Nash*, found that his suspicions were not without foundation. A challenge was the immediate consequence, which the king of *Bath*, conscious of having only done his duty, thought proper to decline.

“ As

“ As none are permitted to wear swords at *Bath*, the
“ colonel found no opportunity of gratifying his re-
“ sentment, and waited with impatience to find Mr.
“ *Nash* in town, to require proper satisfaction.

“ During this interval, however, he found his cre-
“ ditors become too importunate for him to remain
“ longer at *Bath*; and his finances and credit being
“ quite exhausted, he took the desperate resolution of
“ going over to the *Dutch* army in *Flanders*, where he
“ enlisted himself a volunteer. Here he underwent all
“ the fatigues of a private centinel, with the additional
“ misery of receiving no pay, and his friends in *Eng-*
“ *land* gave out, that he was shot at the battle of —.

“ In the mean time, the nobleman pressed his passion
“ with ardour; but during the progress of his amour,
“ the young lady's father died, and left her heiress to a
“ fortune of fifteen hundred a year. She thought her-
“ self now disengaged from her former passion. An
“ absence of two years had, in some measure, abated
“ her love for the colonel; and the assiduity, the merit,
“ and the real regard of the gentleman who still con-
“ tinued to solicit her, were almost too powerful for
“ her constancy. Mr. *Nash*, in the mean time, took
“ every opportunity of enquiring after colonel M—,
“ and found that he had for some time been returned
“ to *England*, but changed his name, in order to avoid
“ the fury of his creditors; and that he was entered
“ into a company of strolling players, who were, at
“ that time, exhibiting at *Peterborough*.

“ He now therefore thought he owed the colonel, in
“ justice, an opportunity of promoting his fortune, as
“ he had once deprived him of an occasion of satisfy-
“ ing his love. Our beau therefore invited the lady to
“ be of a party to *Peterborough*, and offered his own
“ equipage, which was then one of the most elegant in
“ *England*, to conduct her there. The proposal being
“ accepted, the lady, the nobleman, and Mr. *Nash*, ar-
“ rived in town just as the players were going to begin.

“ Colonel

“ Colonel *M*——, who used every means of re-
 “ maining *incognito*, and who was too proud to make
 “ his distresses known to any of his former acquaint-
 “ ance, was now degraded into the character of *Tont*
 “ in the *Conscious Lovers*. Miss *L*—— was placed in
 “ the foremost row of the spectators, her lord on one
 “ side, and the impatient *Nash* on the other; when the
 “ unhappy youth appeared in that despicable situation
 “ on the stage. The moment he came on, his former
 “ mistress struck his view, but his amazement was en-
 “ creased, when he saw her fainting away in the arms
 “ of those who sat behind her. He was incapable
 “ of proceeding, and scarce knowing what he did, he
 “ flew and caught her in his arms.

“ Colonel, cried *Nash*, when they were in some
 “ measure recovered, you once thought me your enemy;
 “ because I endeavoured to prevent you both from ruin-
 “ ing each other, you were then wrong, and you have
 “ long had my forgiveness. If you love well enough
 “ now for matrimony, you fairly have my consent, and
 “ d—n him, say I, that attempts to part you: Their
 “ nuptials were solemnized soon after, and affluence
 “ added a zest to all their future enjoyments. Mr.
 “ *Nash* had the thanks of each, and he afterwards
 “ spent several agreeable days in that society, which he
 “ had contributed to render happy.

In order to exalt Mr. *Nash*'s consequence; the editor has introduced also some letters from the *Dutchess* of *Marlborough*, written, as letters of such sort generally are, when not intended for publication; with little precision; neither the subject they are written upon, nor the person they are addressed to, being of that importance, as to demand any great attention from the writer, and certainly now totally uninteresting to the public. Mr. *Pope* also must be lugged in to do homage to our *Beau* and become the object of the dull ridicule of the editor. The reader that is at all conversant in Mr. *Pope*'s writings, will easily perceive that the application

to our poet on this occasion, could not have been agreeable to him; nor is it at all amazing that he should decline it.

But of all the curiosities in this work, the letter so strangely attributed to Mr. *Quin*, is the greatest. Bad spellers, it is observable, however unlike they make the words to the manner they ought to be written in, endeavour to bring them as near as possible to the common pronunciation. But this before us seems to be *artificially* ill spelt; and labouring to be wrong. Surely no person can suspect a letter of this kind to be original, from a man, of whom the FIRST PERSONAGES in the kingdom have condescended to become scholars, and learn to deliver themselves with strength and propriety. But the matter, the manner, the spelling, are equally absurd, and the letter carries its own refutation along with it.

To the EDITOR of the St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AS you have taken upon you a kind of literary jurisdiction, I must beg leave to lay an information before you against the Editor of the *Life of Richard Nash, of Bath, Esq.* — If you will give yourself the trouble of turning to page 161 of this book, you will there find a *supposed* letter from Mr. *Quin*, in which he makes interest to a *supposed* lord, to supersede Mr. *Nash*, as master of the ceremonies at *Bath*. Now, sir, can it possibly be *supposed* by any man of sense or common justice, that *Quin*, who quitted the stage at the height of his reputation, to be free from restraint, should endeavour to supplant poor *Nash* in his most troublesome and ridiculous employment? Or that *He*, who gave such force to *Shakespeare's* wit and humour, and

VOL. I. S sets

130 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

sets the table on a roar with his own, could be capable of writing such nonsensical stuff as that *supposed* letter contains?—These are the considerations which produced the following Epigram.

E P I G R A M,

To the EDITOR of NASH'S LIFE.

THINK'ST thou that *Quin*, whose parts and wit
Might any station grace,
Could e'er such ribbald stuff have writ,
Or wish'd for *Nash's* place.

With scorn we read thy senseless trash,
And see thy toothless grin,
For *Quin* no more cou'd sink to *Nash*,
Than thou can'st rise to *Quin*.

The HERMIT. A TALE.

Imitated from LA FONTAINE,

By Mr. CHARLES DENIS.

THE God of Love ne'er plays so sure a game,
As when hypocrisy blows up the flame.
Beneath the sanction of a friar's hood,
Cupid hoards up his choicest store;
All men are flesh and blood.
But monks are something more.
Have you a sister, daughter, wife that's fair?
Remember father *Girard* and *Cadiere*.

So much by way of prologue I indite;
Then read the tale, and judge if I am right.

In prime of years, with pious zeal inspir'd,
Young friar *Lucas* from the world retir'd:

He was so holy, by reputed fame,
That in the calendar a blank was left
To place in letters *red* his sainted name,
Soon as of mortal life bereft.

In quest of alms, had you but seen
His downcast looks, his humble mein,

A body would have thought
He had not e'en the manly grace
To look a female in the face:

But trust to that and you'll be caught.
No *Belmour* wrapt in pious *Spintext's* cloak,
With so much fire e'er shew'd so little smoke.

Not distant far from this good friar's cell,
A widow and her daughter chanc'd to dwell.

The girl was young and very pretty,

A virgin too — the more the pity,

So thought at least our holy hermit;

'Tis true, if she remain'd so still,

'Twas more simplicity than by good will;

She only waited for a permit.

With great good-nature, but with no address,

Knew little of the world, of lovers less;

In *Adam's* time a fortune she had been,

When those were wealthiest who had fairest skin.

But things are altered since those happy days,

Beauty's a joke, you must be rich to please,

Then love and *Hymen* joined the honest hands.

The priest and lawyer now must tie the bands.

Good *Lucas* took her case to heart,

'Twas his to act the friendly part;

But how to bring th' affair about

Not little puzzl'd our *Devout*.

At length occur'd a lucky thought,
Which way to get the thing he sought:
Cupid, like *Mars*, tries every mile
To gain his ends, by force or guile,
He took th' advantage of a night,
A night of horror and affright!
Whilst thunder roar'd, and light'ning flash'd;
But lust like love is never dath'd;
For thunder, light'ning, wind and rain,
Far from a curb his purpose to restrain
Were but accomplices the prize to gain.
Disguis'd he to their cottage stole,
And in the thatch contriv'd a hole;
Then thro' a horn with noise tremendous,
As if the time was come to end us,
He hoarsely sounded in their ear
(Whilst they lay almost dead with fear)
"Awake, awake, ye sleeping pair!
"You widow! and you virgin fair!
"Lissen, O listen to my voice,
"And you'll have reason to rejoice.
"Go to my servant *Lusus'* cell,
"And mind the things which he shall tell.
"For 'tis wrote down by heaven's decree,
"The maid must keep him company.
"And such will be her glorious lot,
"A POPE shall be by him begot;
"A POPE, O wonder! shall be born,
"Whose virtues will the world adorn.
"Haste, widow, to the cell repair,
"And leave your chosen daughter there."
"Fear not, set out by break of day;
"Be silent, happy, and obey.

The females, trembling in their bed,
Distinctly heard each word he said.
Fright and amazement for a while
Their lips seal'd up; when free from guile,

The simple maid the silence broke,
And thus in fault'ring accents spoke;
Ah, mother! must I really go
To friar *Lucas*! aye or no?
Good lack! what would he have of me?
I am not sure fit company

For such a holy man;
I shall not have one word to say;
Indeed you'd better let me stay,

And bring him cousin *Nan*,
She has more wit by half than I.
The mother smil'd, and made reply,
As for the lesson he's to preach,
You'll learn as fast as he can teach,
As well as *Nan*, or any other.

—If so, then let us haste, dear mother—
Hold, hold, in no such hurry, pray,
Who knows but 'tis some treach'rous play
To lead poor innocence astray;
For, if I understand aright
What would be at this nocturnal sprite,
Tho' fair his words, yet foul th' intent,
And more of devil than of saint.
Therefore let us, as 'tis but meet,
Be cautious, careful, and discreet.
Next day of nothing else they talk'd;
Whether it was a ghost that walk'd,
Or some foul fiend that's on the catch;
Howe'er 'twas fit to pray and watch;
For, if 'twas heaven's gracious will,
They should have notice of it still.

As soon as dark, to bed they went;
But scarce the midnight hour was spent,
When the same voice aloud roar'd out,
"O woman! woman, once devout,

"Who

" Who now neglects the voice of heaven,
 " O faithless ! when such hopes are given !
 " Haste with your daughter to the cell ;
 " You die for —— sure, if you rebel."
 Ah, mother ! cry'd the affrighted maid,
 Did you mind what the spirit said ?
 Let's hurry to the holy man,
 Indeed I'll do the best I can.
 I'll run for't till I'm out of breath ;
 So much, alas ! I dread your death.
 By break of day then up they rose,
 The last put on her Sunday cloaths ;
 Her neat straw-hat, her corset tight,
 Her new shoes black, and stockings white :
 She tript along with grace and ease,
 " The simplest girl is fond to please,"

Our hermit spy'd them at a distance,
 Approaching for his kind assistance.
 Intent on nothing but his prayer,
 He scarcely ey'd the bashful fair.
 The mother told what there had brought her,
 Whilst trembling stood her pretty daughter.
 What's this ! he cry'd, you would impart ?
 'Tis all the grand seducer's art,
 Avaunt temptation from my eyes !
 No pope from me shall e'er arise.——
 Why not from you ? Good brother, say,
 ——Never, O never ; fast and pray ;
 Go, go ; return from whence you came,
 In vain you strive my heart t' inflame.
 Then back they disappointed went ;
 Not knowing what the friar meant.
 Alas ! the daughter said, and sigh'd,
 'Tis for our sins we are deny'd.
 Some happier girl will be prefer'd.
 ——Next night the voice again was heard.

" To *Lucas*' cell return once more,
 " I've soften'd his obdurate heart,
 " Receive from his abundant store
 " The blessings which he will impart."

No longer on this theme to dwell,
 The mother brought her to the cell !
 Where she resign'd the willing lass,
 What happen'd after, we shall pass.
 So far the muse may dare to tell,
 She took her learning vastly well.

Five months with zealous warmth inspir'd,
 The pope-maker was almost tir'd.
 And now the mother took for granted,
 No further pious aids were wanted ;
 So went to fetch her daughter home,
 Big with the thoughts of what's to come.
 Thanks for all favours, curtsying low ;
 —But pray, your blessing e'er we go.—
 Take it, the holy man reply'd,
 And treasure up these words beside ;
 The pregnant burthen of her womb
 Shall wear the *triple crown* of ROME.
 Then O ! what honours, pomp and state
 Shall on your family await !
 When she shall prove *Signora Madre*
 To the expected *Santo Padré* !
 All pontiffs, neposses, and cousins,
 With dukes and cardinals by dozens.
 Town, palaces, and country-houses,
 To lodge their mistresses and spouses.
 Then smiling at their great simplicity,
 He pack'd them off with *Benedicite*

Now every day, betimes and late,
 The future POPE is all their prate.
 Mean while the baby things are making,
 And all's prepar'd for th' undertaking,

And

And now arrives the wish'd-for hour,
 For which impatiently they burn'd;
 When oh! an incident o'erturn'd,
 Their grandeur and their power.
 Deluding prospect! flatt'ring hope!
 In vain she practis'd what was taught her!
 Instead of bringing forth a pope,
 Alas! it prov'd a daughter.

The TWO FRIENDS.

From LA FONTAINE. By the translator.

AXIOCUS and *Alcibiades*
 Together held in common
 One bed, one board, one woman.
 Folks were not then so nice as now-a-days,
 A charming girl in time their mistress brought;
 But which of them the father was unknown;
 Yet each was proud to be so thought.
 But now that she's a beauty grown,
 And fit for marriage as her mother,
 They neither will the daughter own,
 But fix the child upon each other.
 Nay, fie for shame, my friend, said one
 'Tis incest if you thus go on;
 The girl is your's, I'll safely swear—
 Not mine, indeed; I'm not the least a-kin,
 She is your picture to a hair,
 Well, quoth the first, give me the fair,
 I'll run the hazard of the sin.

To the EDITOR of the St. JAMES's MAGAZINE.

OLD FRIEND,

AS you have publicly given hints, that you have expectation of some scribble from me, I look upon it as a sort of duty to prove that your expectation is not wholly vain. I have therefore thrown together what follows.

Yours, &c.

B. T.

Vivimus tanquam morituri non simus. SENECA.

"HE has as many lives as a cat," said a gentleman the other day in company, speaking of his friend, who had run through a perpetual course of riot and debauchery, and had just recovered from a violent fever, occasioned by his intemperance. The thought struck me, that too many, indeed, seem to be as regardless of their present existence, as if they imagined they could die more than once. I pursued the thought still further, and concluded, that the greatest part of mankind, were they even possessed of as many lives (we will say) as a cat, would be indifferent to them all; at least, they would wantonly throw away the eight, however careful and studious some of them might be to preserve the last.

Suppose a man then to have as many lives as a cat: let us see what glorious use he would make of this extraordinary privilege. Must it not be a great incitement to him to hazard them repeatedly upon honourable and virtuous occasions? I grant it; and it must likewise be granted to me, that they would be equally lavished away upon trivial, dishonourable, and wicked occasions.

Alexander, had he had nine times nine lives to lose, would have risked every jot of them, to conquer as

VOL. I.

T

many

many worlds. Let me ask, whether the king of Prussia, or the marquis of Granby, would not as cheerfully run the same hazard? But would——, and ——, (O that Englishmen could not fill the blank up!) have done the same? Perhaps they might have ventured some portion of their precious lives; perhaps they might have poured out some part of the vapid mixture drop by drop, still careful of the last dregs: they perhaps, like the miser, who plays for gain, might have been tempted to stake a little of their fortune, but could never have been prevailed on, like the bold and generous gamester, to throw for the whole. They, in fine, would scarcely have set (to borrow, an expression of *Shakespeare*) “even one of their nine lives on the hazard of the die.”

On the other side, let us take a view of these brethren of the blade, to whom the one life, which is sparingly bestowed on us mortals, seems scarce worth the having. I suppose it to appear so to them, from their readiness to resign it themselves, or to take it away from others, upon any occasion; or, if you will, (in the *Hibernian* phrase) upon no occasion at all, at all. One instance shall serve for all. Suppose there are eighteen lives between us. I tread upon your toe. Satisfaction is demanded, and is honourably given, by your firing at my brains, which are missed. We have lives enough to spare; and you have a nose left for me to pull: I handle it—— In consequence, I fire at your brains, and can't hit them. What then is to be done? Why nothing is to be done. Only you are to kick me, that's all. I turn about, draw my sword, and, like men of honour, we must each of us lose one of our nine lives, before we part friends. I am, indeed, sensible, that the punctilios of nice honour would induce the professors of it to ask the gentleman-like question, before the engagement, Pray, sir, how many lives have you to lose? and there is no doubt, upon a disparity, but that the
seconds

seconds would take care, the principals should be so far upon an equality, that the longest-to-be liver should be first put to death as often as was necessary, till the combatants were in that respect at par.

It must undoubtedly be allowed me, where the antagonists are equal, or made equal by the foregoing method, that one or other of the parties would nine times kill, or nine times be killed, provided he has reason to cry out with Othello,

“ Though all his hairs were lives,

“ My great revenge has stomach for them all.”

The bravery of a man fighting a duel with himself; without second or antagonist, vulgarly called self-murder, is frequently manifested even in our present state of existence, where we have but one life to lose. It must therefore be granted, on the supposition of our lives being multiplied to nine, that suicide would become a general fashion amongst us; though, in eight instances out of nine, it would betray a meanness of spirit. We should never be induced to believe a man was tired of himself in real earnest, though he had got rid of himself ever so often; except he fairly sent himself out of the world for the ninth and last time.

Let us suppose, for instance, that a man of quality has had a run of ill luck at the hazard-table, to be sure, he would shoot himself through the head directly. Upon his reviving, he tries his fortune a second time, and is reduced to the necessity of running himself through the heart. After his recovery, he is obliged repeatedly to make use of the same, or other methods, that the losses of his lives may be even with the losses of his estate. Would not this unhasty behaviour shew a love for his precious lives, since he would not put an end to all nine of them directly, one after another?

To prove such behaviour to be quite mean and vulgar, let us farther suppose, that a cobbler jerks his awl up

between the third and fourth rib. (I kill my heroes with the same precision as is used by *Homer*.) A barber takes a clean stroke just under the chin. A taylor "makes his *quistus* with a bare bodkin." I shall have my shoes heel-priced, my beard shaved, and my doublet mended notwithstanding. The allusion is too obvious about the *end* and the *last* : but I hope to be indulged, on this subject, in considering my taylor, not without propriety, as only the ninth part of a man.

Many, many instances might be thought of to evince, that a man endowed with the lives of a cat, would get quit of the incumbrance of the supernumerary ones as fast as possible. Take a lover for example. Without a metaphor, he would be so much enamoured, as literally to die many times for the same, or some other mistress. We will suppose (what is mere supposition) a constant Enamorato. Upon the least slight or indifference, such as a frown or a box on the ear, my swain hurries away to *Rosamond's* pond. After drowning, he rises up tolerably cooled. On another occasion, he surveys the trees in the dark walk at *Vaux-Hall*, picks out a stout branch, and with the leisure of your true lover's melancholy, unties his garters ; at last he tucks himself up, and dangles till an happy pair comes his way, and he is cut down. The lady, after all this proof of his affection, is still stony-hearted. He dies, and dies on for her ; and having put himself out of eight of his existences, can he be blamed, if he reserves the precious one, still remaining, for a beauty, or a fortune, or a woman of quality, — or his maid ?

Suppose again (for there can be no end of such-like suppositions) that I am an author, my works indeed, I flatter myself, will live after me ; but, though I had all the lives of a cat, through each of them I might lead the life of a dog. My garret (we will say) has inspired me to soar so high as to attempt a sublime Ode, or Epic Poem. I am let down by its want of sale. The beam
across

across my chamber is very sminking; and at least the bed-cords are remaining. I am afterwards lowered to humble prose. My publisher will not afford me even small-beer; and I chuse to have my fill of water, by a plunge into the river *Thames*. After sinking and floating (we will suppose) for eight times alternately, I at last sit down contented in a jail, to supply copy, scrap by scrap, as the printer's little shop calls for it: since, as the proverb has it, "he must needs go, whom the Devil drives."

I shall say very little of the bold methods, which Bucks and Bloods would take delight in, to shorten their lives, were they ever so many: for these are obvious, and continually practised, even in the present narrow space of their existence. How often would a choise spirit (for example) be literally dead drunk? Would he scruple to lay his lives down, one after the other, under the table, as long as he could be certain he should rise up, and stand upon his legs again? The debauchee of every character, would doubtless be as hasty to get rid of his load of lives, as he is at present neglectful in preserving his single one.

Upon this principle, of each individual enjoying a multiplicity of lives, let us further consider, how a nation, or society, or community of them might exist. It may, I know, be urged, that *P——* himself, and all the sitting a——n put together, would not be sufficient to support the police. A man, you will say, would risk being hanged, eight different times, for eight different capital offences, resolving to be very honest afterwards for the remainder of his lives. Granted. But, in such a case, it is most probable, the wisdom of the legislature would direct, that a convict should be sentenced "to be hanged like a cat, "till he were dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, "dead, dead, dead."

I went

I went to bed, after having written thus far, reflecting, that no man should be entitled to a second existence (I mean, in our mortal state) without having made a proper use of his first. This reflection was so strongly impressed upon my mind, that I am able to employ the succeeding morning in setting down the particulars of a dream occasioned by it.

"I imagined, that every one was indulged with a
 "privilege after death of having his existence re-
 "newed; but with this restriction, that he could prove
 "he had not forfeited his former life by not setting a
 "proper value on it. I accordingly conceived myself
 "in a sort of court of claims; where a number of us
 "were brought by death, in order to be examined
 "about our pretensions to be revived. The sight of
 "the crowd struck me with horror. Some appeared to
 "be covered with blains and blotches; some quite
 "emaciated; and some with bloated carcasses. One
 "bore the marks of a tight knot under the left
 "ear; another had his skull shattered to pieces; and
 "another had a great gash in his side. *Milton's* de-
 "scription of a lazaret-house, falls far short of what I
 "then thought I saw.

"Truth and justice were the examiners: and the
 "candidates for a new life underwent a strict scrutiny.
 "The first, that I observed was called before them;
 "stept up with a bold air, and claimed a new ex-
 "istence, on account of his having died for his country.
 "The plea was not approved of: for a common
 "soldier, who had fallen in the same battle, deposed,
 "that he himself shot him in an engagement, where
 "the enemy was inferior, at the instant that this
 "commander had ordered a retreat. The soldier was
 "directly reinstated into life.

"A jolly personage was next examined; and he
 "pretended, that he was accidentally choaked by a
 "turtle-sin: though the news-papers had falsely attri-
 "buted

“buted his death to an apoplectic fit. It being proved
“upon him, that he had dined the day before, and eat
“heartily, upon turbot and venison; and that he had
“drank plentifully of old hock and claret, the court
“decreed, that he died of a surfeit, and refused to in-
“dulge him in any more good living.

“A mere skeleton crawled up next, and declared,
“that he only wished to be made alive again for the
“service of the fair sex. From his examination it was
“manifest, that he had spent his life in and about
“*Covent-Garden*. He was adjudged, upon his own
“plea, unfit to exist again.

“The next was an old decrepit figure; seemingly
“worn down with age and cares. His suit for the
“renewal of his life was, in compassion to him, re-
“jected; because it plainly appeared, that he had al-
“ready dragged out a most miserable one, and had
“actually died of want in the midst of abundance.
“His son put in a petition for re-existence at the same
“time; setting forth, that he was reduced, by the
“mean spirit of his father, to die an untimely death at
“*Tyburn*. The compassion of the court, in not suf-
“fering him to live again, was also extended to the
“young gentleman, on account of his tender years;
“there being little doubt, but that he would come to
“the same untimely end; let his lives be renewed ever
“so often.

“A blunt fellow, not less than six feet high, next
“insisted upon being restored to life. Another, of the
“same make, and for the same reason, insisted upon
“the like. They had each of them, in the honourable
“way, put each other to death. It was determined,
“upon hearing both parties separately, that neither of
“them should run the risk of being put to death again,
“as neither of them would allow, that the other de-
“served to live.

And

“ An honest spectacle next presented itself: He most earnestly requested to enjoy again that being, which he confessed he had sadly and despotately got rid of. His request was not granted; because it was, contain, that the same would be repeated, upon the slightest occasion.

“ I observed, in imagination, even some ladies of quality, who wished to have their beauty renewed together with their lives. Most of them had died of public places, where they went for the recovery of their health.

My dream was put an end to all of a sudden, by being myself summoned up, to give a reason, why I should be glad to exist again. I pleaded guilty; and I awaked, upon sentence being pronounced, that I should live again; as an author.

A D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN

AN ACTOR and a CRITIC,

By way of PROLOGUE to the *English* Opera, call'd the
T E M P E S T.

Which was Spoken, but never Printed.

WORMWOOD and HEARTLY.

Worm. I Say it is a shame; Mr. Heartly—and I am amaz'd that you let your good-nature talk thus, against the conviction of your understanding.

Heart. You won't let me talk, Sir—if you would but have patience, and hear reason a little—

Worm. I wish I could, Sir—but you put me out of all

all patience, by having no reason to give me—I say that this frittering and sel-fa-ing our best poets, is a damn'd thing—I have yet heard no reason to justify it, and I have no patience when I think of it.

Heart. I see you have not—

Worm. What! are we to be quiver'd and quaver'd out of our senses?—Give me *Shakespear*, in all his force, vigour, and spirit!—what! wou'd you make an eupuch of him? No, *Shakespearelli's* for my money.—

Heart. Nay but, dear Sir, hear me in my turn; or the Truth, for which we are, or ought to be, so warmly fighting, will slip thro' our fingers.

Worm. Will you hold it when you have it?—I say, Mr. Heartly, while you let your good-nature—

Heart. And I say, Mr. Wormwood, while you are to be influenc'd and blown up by paragraphs in newspapers, and insinuations in coffee-houses, we can never come to a fair debate—They who write upon all subjects, without understanding any, or will talk about music, without ears or taste for it, are but very indifferent judges in our dispute.

Worm. Well, come on, Mr. *Sal-fa*, then—Let you and I fight it out—or, to speak in the musical phrase, let us have a *Duette* together; I'll clear up my pipes, and have at you—Hem, hem—

Heart. With all my heart, tho' I'm afraid you'll make it a *Solo*, for you have not yet suffered the second part to come in.

Worm. Ho! play away, Sir—I'll be dumb.—

Heart. Let us calmly consider this complaint of your's—If it is well founded, I will submit with pleasure—If not—you will.

Worm. Not submit with pleasure, I assure you—I never do—

Heart. You will at least have this satisfaction, that the sentence which will be given, whether for or against you, will be as indisputable, as it will be just.

Worm. I don't know what you mean—Nothing's indisputable, that I please to contradict, and nothing's just, that I please to call in question.

Heart. Look round *upon* the court, and if you can reasonably except against any one of the jury, I will give up the cause before trial.

Worm. O, ho! what you are bribing the court before-hand, with your flattery, are you?

Heart. There you are out again—our countrymen in a body, are no more to be *flatter'd*, than *bully'd*, which I hope their enemies (who can do both) will be convinc'd of before they have done with them—But I wander from the question—To the point, sir—what are your objections to this night's entertainment?

Worm. I hate an *Opera*.

Heart. I dislike tye-wigs; but should I throw your's into the fire, because I chuse to wear a bag?

Worm. Woe be to your bag if you did.

Heart. You hate music, perhaps?

Worm. Damnably, and dancing too.

Heart. But why, pray?

Worm. They pervert nature—Legs are made for walking, tongues for speaking; and therefore capering and quavering are unnatural and abominable.

Heart. You like Shakespear?

Worm. Like him! adore him! worship him! There's no capering and quavering in his works—

Heart. Have a care.

“ The man that has not music in himself,

“ Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,

“ Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils;

“ The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

“ And his affections dark as Erebus :

“ Let no such man be trusted.

Worm. Fit for treason!—dull as night!—not to be trusted!—so you have proved me both a blockhead and a rebel—Don't provoke me, Mr. [Heartly, Shakespear never

never wrote such stuff as that, 'tis foisted in by some fidler or other.

Heart. You pay the fiddlers (as you call them) a very great compliment.

Worm. Did I—I'm sorry for it—I did not mean it—were I to pay 'em—crabstick's the word.

Heart. For shame, Mr. Wormwood!—Let me ask you a question; would you chuse that your country should be excell'd in any thing by your neighbours?

Worm. In manufactures—no—from the casting of cannon, to the making of pins; from the weaving of velvets, to the making of hop-sacks; but your capering and quavering only spoil us, and make us the jests, who *shou'd* be the terrors of Europe.

Heart. But English music, Mr. Wormwood—

Worm. English music, or any music, enervates the body, weakens the mind, and lessens the courage.

Heart. Quite the contrary.

Worm. Prove that, and I'll learn the Gamut immediately; nay, bespeak me a pair of pumps, and make one at the dancing academy for grown gentlemen.

Heart. Let us suppose an invasion!

Worm. Ha, ha, ha!—an invasion! music and an invasion!—they are well coupl'd truly!

Heart. Patience, Sir—I say, let us suppose ten thousand French landed.

Worm. I had rather suppose 'em at the bottom of the sea.

Heart. So had I—but that ten thousand are upon the coast.

Worm. The devil they are!—What then?

Heart. Why then, I say, let but *Britons strike home*, or *God save the king*, be sounded in the ears of five thousand brave Englishmen, with a protestant prince at the head of 'em, and they'll drive every monsieur into the sea, and make 'em food for sprats and mackrel.

Worm. Huzza!—and so they will!—'egad you're in the right—I'll say no more—*Britons strike home!*—You have warm'd me and pleas'd me—nay, you have converted me—I'll get a place in the house, and be as hearty as the best of 'em for the music of Old England!—sprats and mackrel!—ha, ha, ha! that's good!—excellent! I thank you for it—music for ever—*Britons strike home! God save the king!*

Heart. The last thing I have to say will touch you as nearly, Mr. Wormwood—

Worm. You have touch'd me enough already—say no more—I am satisfy'd—I shall never forget sprats and mackrel.

Heart. We may boast, sincerely boast, of many excellent English composers; and would not you permit your countrymen to have the same encouragement as foreigners?

Worm. Encouragement! why I'll encourage 'em myself, man.

Heart. Where can they shew their talents, unless upon the English stages?—and, if the managers of them will not give up a few nights to encourage English music, our musical countrymen, Mr. Wormwood, would be of the number of those persons of merit, who are undeservedly neglected in this kingdom.

Worm. But they shan't—I'll support 'em—I'll never more happen to your club-speeches, and your dissertations, and news-paper essays.—I see my error—but I'll make amends—Let us meet after it is over, and take a bottle to sprats and mackrel, eh, master Heartly, at the Shakespear.—I'll be with you—*Britons strike home.* [Exit singing.]

Heart. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Wormwood is now as much too violent in his zeal, as he was before in his prejudice.—We expect not, Ladies and Gentlemen, that this night's performance should meet with success, merely because it is *English*. You would be as incapable

incapable of conceiving, as we of urging, such false and contracted notions; yet, on the other hand, let not our musical brethren be cast off, because fashion, caprice, or manners, too refin'd, may have given you prejudices against them.

Music is the younger sister of poetry, and can boast her charms and accomplishments——suffer not the younger then to be turned out of doors, while the elder is so warmly and deservedly cherished.

If worthy, you'll protect her, tho' distressed,
'Tis the known maxim of a British breast,
Those to befriend the most, who're most oppress. }

To the EDITOR of the St. JAMES's MAGAZINE.

— *Movet cornicula risum*
Furtivis mudata coloribus.

HOR.

MODERN Poets have been frequently detected, not only in borrowing particular sentiments and expressions, but in transcribing whole sentences in the very words of their brethren into their own works, without the least mention to whom they are indebted: and this kind of pilfering has justly been stigmatized by the odious appellation of plagiarism. We should, indeed, in this point, be cautious of pronouncing at once against an author's reputation, as a similar way of thinking may naturally produce a similarity of expression: but where the theft is so glaring, that this similitude could not possibly be the effect of mere chance, nor have happened otherwise than from mean copying, 'tis a justice that we owe to the character of the plundered, to proclaim the plagiarism openly to the whole world.

If this practice can admit of the least shadow of excuse in any one, it may in Mr. *Dryden*, whose necessities,

cessities, we know, obliged him to descend to such meannesses, as his genius would otherwise have disdained : but when I observe him so servilely copying of *Milton*, I am apt to suspect that his pride, or his envy, would not suffer him to confess it. He has transcribed many whole passages of the *Samson Agonistes* into his *Aureng-Zebe*, allowing for the difference between blank verse and rhyme. Yet in the preface to his tragedy, we do not find that ingenuous acknowledgment as might be expected, and was incumbent on him to make. I shall set down those passages, which immediately occurred to me in the reading.

In *Milton's* tragedy, you have the following beautiful lines in *Samson's* reply to *Delilah*.

Out, out Hyæna ; these are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman, false like thee ;
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse ;
Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
His virtue or weakness which way to assail :
Then with more cautious and instructive skill,
Again transgresses, and again submits.

Dryden has thus abridged them in his *Aureng-Zebe*.
To so perverse a sex all grace is vain ;
It gives them courage to offend again ;
For with feign'd tears they penitence pretend,
Again are pardon'd, and again offend ;
Fathom our pity, when they seem to grieve,
Only to try how far we can forgive.

Again in the same play, *Dryden* says,
Unmov'd she stood, and deaf to all my prayers
As seas and winds to sinking mariners :
But seas grow calm, and winds are reconcil'd :
Her tyrant beauty never grows more mild.

And

And this is directly transcribed from *Milton's* tragedy.

I see thou art implacable; *more deaf*
 To pray'rs than winds and seas; yet winds to seas
 Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:
 Thy anger, *unappeasable*, still rages
 Eternal tempest, never to be calm'd.

Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, makes *Adam* thus speak
 of God's formation of woman;

————— *At least on her bestow'd*
 Too much of ornament; in outward shew
 Elaborate; of inward, less exact.

And in *Samson Agonistes* the Chorus passes this severe
 censure on the whole sex:

Is it, for that such outward ornament
 Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
 Were left for haste unfinish'd; judgment scant;
 Capacity not rais'd to apprehend,
 Or value what is best
 In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong?
 Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
 Of constancy no root infix'd,
 That either they love nothing or not long?

Can we doubt of the origin of the following lines in
Aureng-Zebe?

Ah sex, invented first to damn mankind!
 Nature took care to dress you up for sin;
 Adorn'd without, unfinish'd left, within.
 Hence by no judgment you your loves direct,
 Talk much, ne'er think, and still the worst affect:
 So much self-love's in your composition mix'd,
 That love to others still remains unfix'd.

These passages, which I have already set down, are
 sufficient to shew, that *Dryden* has been rather too free
 with his rival: but there are many others, too short,
 indeed, to engage our notice by themselves, though
 they can hardly escape the censure of plagiarism, when
 joined

joined to such striking instances. Thus, in *Aureng-Zebe*,

———— I from this hour

Assume the right of man's despotic pow'r.

Man is by nature form'd your sex's head.

Which is palpably taken from *Samson Agonistes*.

Therefore God's universal law

Gave to the *man despotic pow'r*

Over his female in due awe ;

Nor from that right to part an hour.

I may perhaps appear too minute in my observations,
when I place this line of *Dryden's* tragedy :

That present service, which you vaunt, afford —

In comparison with the following from *Milton's* ;

Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but do

What then thou would'st. —

But the sameness of the expression, as well as of the
thought, plainly point out the imitation in the following :

AURENG-ZEBE.

Quite otherwise my mind foretells my fate :

Short is my life —

These thoughts are but your melancholy's food.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,

And I shall shortly be with them that rest. —

Believe not these suggestions, which proceed

From humours black.

Nor can it be doubted but that *Milton's* simile,

———— *with head declin'd,*

Like a fair flow'r *furcharg'd with dew*, she weeps,

Gave *Dryden* the hint of his :

Your head declin'd (as hiding grief from view)

Droops like a rose furcharg'd with morning dew.

In this same play, *Dryden* somewhere calls wives
" *cleaving mischiefs* ;" an expression no where made use
of, as I remember, but in *Milton's* tragedy.

T H E

St. James's Magazine.

For NOVEMBER, 1762.

The EPHESIAN MATRON, A T A L E.

Imitated from LA FONTAINE, in which his Measure
and Manner are attempted,

By Mr. C. DENIS.

IF ever tale was hackt about,
Grown obsolete, almost worn out,
'Tis that which now I undertake;
Then why, for good APOLLO's sake,
Must we be dinn'd with it again?
Th' attempt's as foolish as 'tis vain,
Methinks I hear the critics roar,
To what do you pretend?
Can you say more
Than gay PETRONIUS said before?
Or dare presume to mend
The charming easy LA FONTAINE?
I'll make them no reply,
For there would be no end.
To strike out something new I'll try.

VOL. I.

X

For

For as my guide and master somewhere writes,
'Tis not the tale, but how 'tis told, delights.

At EPHEsus a matron liv'd,

Her name we are not told ;

But if PETRONIUS is believ'd,

Dame nature cast her in perfection's mold.

Picture each virtue, every grace,

That can adorn the mind and face,

And something more, as may be guest,

To make her happy husband blest.

The honey-moon, nay moons were o'er,

And yet with pleasure still they bore

Love's sweet connubial chain ;

That sacred, dreaded, necessary tye,

Which links mankind to constant joy,

Or everlasting pain ;

In vulgar phrase as one would tell,

That marriage is or heav'n or hell,

'Twas heav'n here,

And people flock'd from far and near

To see a sight so very rare,

A husband and a wife that lov'd so well:

But oh ! this bliss was soon o'er-cast ;

For cruel fate with keenest blast

Nipp'd all their budding Joys.

The flow'r that blooms at morn, at evening dies,

So far'd it with our loving pair ;

Each was the other's only care.

This man, adorn'd with graceful ease,

So pleasing, and so fond to please,

Who doated on his wife to death,

All on a sudden yields his breath.

Whether it was by draught or pill,

The doctor or disease,

Imports us not ; he dy'd ; and in his will

Left comfort much : could wealth repair

The loss of spouse so very dear ;

But

But all this goodness heighten'd more
Her grief, and wound it to despair.
Tho' many a widow tears her hair,
And yet abandons not her store,
Wetting each guinea with a tear,
As prudently she counts them o'er.
Such sighs she fetch'd, such trickling drops she shed;
Might soften rocks, but not recall the dead.
To offer comfort or relief,
Was like a hone to sharpen grief.
Beauty shines most, when she appears
In all the pensive state of tears;
For sorrow loves to make a shew,
And sweet dejection is the pomp of woe.
'Tho' those who talk so much about it,
Give reason for some folks to doubt it,
That grief to me seems most sincere,
Which only drops a silent tear.
Our matron's ran so very high,
'Twas not enough her loss to mourn,
For nothing now will serve her turn
But with her dear to die.
It was resolv'd, and down she went
Beneath the dreary monument.
Mark what effects from custom flow;
A favourite maid attempts to prove
The force of sympathising woe:
Into the vault she too must go
And die for friendship, as her dame for love;
At least she fancied so;
As often happens in such plight,
Not having yet examin'd quite
Whether she could or no.
At first she let her lady rave,
Nor strove the torrent to resist;
Thinking the flood, or soon or late
Must needs of course abate:
But here her aim was miss.

For oh ! no comfort will she have,
 Only to find out means and ways
 To end her wretched wretched days,
 And join her lord within the grave.
 The way was easy to be found,
 She might have poison'd, hang'd, or drown'd,
 But that were doing things in haste ;
 So it was fixt no food to taste ;
 She only would regale her sight
 With the poor sad but dear remains
 Of what was once her whole delight,
 Leaving the lamp unoil'd to waste,
 Till friendly hunger gnaw'd her from her pains,
 The morning past, the evening came,
 Still resolution held the same ;
 Still to the fatal purpose true,
 She raves again, again runs thro'
 The litany of grief.
 'Twas stars, and fate, and all that stuff,
 And tears, and sighs, and sobs enough.
 But to be brief,
 She did her part e'en to excell ;
 If true distress can act so well.
 Not distant far from where our mourners wept,
 Another corpse was kept ;
 But in a different shape :
 For this was dangling high in air.
 Whether it was some state affair,
 Or only murder, or a rape,
 That brought him there,
 Is not my business to declare.
 In chains he hung, a terror to all those
 Who dare the laws oppose.
 Yet this affords us no relief ;
 For on each road experience shews
 Such spectacles may frighten crows,
 But never scar'd a thief.

A guard

A guard well paid, with watchful eye,
 Was order'd to stand centry by.
 And 'twas enacted by the state,
 If friend, or surgeon, or his mate,
 Should from the tree the body steal,
 The soldier's must supply its place.
 The law seems hard, but in this case,
 'Twas deem'd of moment to the public weal,
 The man whose guard it was that night,
 Perceiving in the tomb a light,
 Hastes thitherwards, in hopes to know
 The cause of this unusual sight,
 And ventures in the house of woe.
 Struck with the melancholy scene,
 And scarce recov'ring his surprise
 Alas! he cry'd, what can this mean?
 Why flow the tears from those bright eyes?
 And why this strange duette of groans?
 But choak'd with grief, they utter'd no reply;
 He might as well harangue the stones.
 The corpse indeed, that lay just by
 Spoke plain enough the reasons why
 They vented thus their moans.
 The maid turn'd up a weeping eye,
 And said, — but first she drew a sigh,
 Oh leave us, sir, to our sad fate,
 For we have made a vow to die,
 And never, never more must drink or eat.
 The guard, tho' no great clerk, as you shall see,
 In CUPID's school had taken his degree.
 He knew, by nature, more than art,
 The way to gain a woman's heart;
 And shrewdly undertook to prove
 The sweets of life, by those of love.
 The lady listen'd to the lure,
 And faintly rais'd her drooping head
 Oh no! she cry'd, there is no cure
 For me, till number'd with the dead.

To whom the soldier thus again,
 There is much greater virtue sure,
 And much more merit to endure,
 Than put a coward end to pain.
 Such reason stagger'd their intent.
 Hunger and time, or rather both,
 Began to work : on death if you are bent,
 Pursu'd he still, and if your oath
 Forbids, alas ! that you should eat,
 Let me at least so far prevail,
 Only to see me take a meal.
 In short, he gain'd his point, and brought his meat.
 The maid first cast a wishful look,
 And in her mind the dire resolve forsook.
 Madam, said she, and then she wept
 As if her throbbing heart would burst,
 Pray do you think your spouse had kept
 So strange a vow, had *you* died first ?
 — Not he indeed ; — then why should you ?
 'Tis mighty well, if *Indian* wives,
 For custom sake, will sacrifice their lives ;
 But in a christian land 'twill never do.
 To heaven's decrees resign we must ;
 Your grief, no doubt, is very just,
 For he was wond'rous good ;
 Yet now alas ! he is but dust,
 And we are flesh and blood.
 Why will you cast away those charms
 Which bounteous nature gave ?
 Fitter to bless a monarch's arms,
 Than moulder in the grave.
 Must all this beauty fade before its time ?
 And will you quit the stage just in your prime ?
 For my part, tho' not apt to brag,
 Yet I some charms may boast ;
 I'd rather live a wrinkled hag
 Than be the fairest ghost.
 She said ; and left him to go on.

But

But O beware!
 Uncautious fair,
 If to th' enchanting voice of flatt'ry
 You only lend an ear,
 Depend upon't, you are undone
 As when attack'd from Cupid's batt'ry,
 The fort which parleys, is as good as won;
 No wonder then, besieg'd by both,
 Tho' to surrender mighty loath,
 She did at last submit.
 The god who blind, yet never miss a hit,
 In that same moment lanc'd a dart,
 Which scratch'd the dame's, and pierc'd the soldier's
 heart.
 Our matron, as 'twas said before,
 Had charms of ev'ry kind in store;
 Such sweetness grace and ease,
 The man in life
 Most difficult to please,
 Might wish with her to spend his days,
 E'en tho' she was his wife.
 Historic truth commands our tale,
 Or here I fain would drop the veil.
 For now her pulse with new emotion beats,
 The poison runs thro' ev'ry part,
 And from the ear attains the heart.
 She looks, she likes, she eats,
 And now he clasps her to his breast —
 But LOVE himself must tell the rest.
 In short she yields to his embrace,
 And all before the husband's face.
 While thus they toy the night away
 In amorous sport and wanton play,
 Some folks, who long had watch'd,
 The lucky moment catch'd,
 And stript the gibbet of its prey.

The noise was heard, and to his post
 With speed he runs, but oh ! too late,
 The thing was done ; he knew his fate ;
 But 'twas not that which griev'd him most :

It is to part with you, he cry'd,
 My ever charming loving bride.
 Then at my lot shall I repine,
 Since while I live you still are mine ?
 Then fate and fortune I defy ;
 Once more to taste the rapturous joy,
 In those dear arms carest,
 A thousand thousand times I'd die
 To be again so blest.

The maid who all this while was by,
 Ready to succour the distressed,
 Had an expedient in her eye ;

For as she knew the cause,
 She knew what balsam to apply :
 And without either hums or haws,
 The lovers thus address'd.

Why all this fuss, and all this pother ?
 Since your dead man is stol'n away,
 Let's hang up our's in lieu of t'other.
 He'll dangle ev'ry whit as well ;
 And who shall find it out, I pray,
 If we ourselves don't tell ?

Say what is your intent ?
 Time is too precious to be lost :
 Determine quick, or to your cost
 You quickly will repent.

The widow sigh'd, and look'd consent.
 O woman, woman ! frailty, shame !
 Is virtue then an empty name,
 And constancy a shew ?

But after all, where lies the blame ?
 Frown not ye prudes, for well ye know
 You all had done the same.

What

What meant then good PETRONIUS by this tale?
Methinks, 'mongst friends, the moral is but stale.

It might indeed a wonder raise

In his old fashion'd fusty days,

To see a woman change.

But had he known our modern ways,

He ne'er had thought it strange.

Then in all this

What did our matron do amiss?

Nothing: for when our course is run,

What signifies a lifeless lump of clay?

Whether in parent dirt it rots away,

Or shrivels in the sun?

For me, I think she acted right;

She fav'd a second husband by't.

And all consider'd, it was wisely said,

Better a living cur, than lion dead!

SISTER JANE. From LA FONTAINE.

By the Same.

WHEN *Sister JANE*
Her egg had lain,

She liv'd a life devout;

Still night and day

Would fast and pray,

And never once stirr'd out.

Her sisters all,

Both great and small,

Took no example by her;

But soon and late

Were at the grate,

And seldom in the choir.

162 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

One day the mother *Abbe's* cry'd,
By sister JANE be edify'd;

Shew me another such.
To which they quick reply'd,
We all shall be
As good as she;
When we have done as much.

The Author of the *Way to keep him*, a piece originally performed in three Acts, has assured the reader that he took the hint of writing a comedy upon that subject, from a little poem of *Swift's*; the following translation of the *New School for Women*, will perhaps give the world a hint whence this reading writer borrowed his plot, characters, and sentiment.

The New SCHOOL for WOMEN,

A COMEDY, of three Acts.

From the French of Mr. DE MOISSY.

Sir GEORGE CARELESS,	MELISSA.
Sir NOVELTY FASHION,	LAURA.
JEREMY.	PHYLLIS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment of MELISSA'S.

JEREMY. PHYLLIS.

AND JEREMY.
AND *Phyllis*, absolutely will not hear me?

PHYLLIS.

No — go along — to your *Lisetta*.

JEREMY.

J E R E M Y.

Lord, I have no *Lisetta*! none but my dear *Phyllis*, whom I love most sincerely.

P H Y L L I S.

Yes — as your master loves my mistress. Just so, isn't it?

J E R E M Y.

What a comparison? You do me great injustice — My master is a fashionable husband, who neglects his wife for his mistress; that is the simple truth of the matter: and I am a tender and respectful lover, who neglect every thing for my dear *Phyllis*.

P H Y L L I S.

Yes, to be sure. If I was to listen to you, no doubt but you would always be in the right. Yet would I lay a wager you say just as much to *Lisetta*, every time you go to her mistress along with your perfidious master. However, sir, be assured I am not your dupe.

J E R E M Y.

There you wrong me again: Sir *George* pays his visits to the beautiful *Laura*; I, as his confidant, am obliged to attend him. He goes first, I follow. He is admitted to the lady; I desire to know what hour he proposes to return at. He tells me. I walk haughtily across the room, scarce casting a single look upon *Lisetta*. I run back hither full speed, to dedicate all the time my master employs with *Laura*, to my *Phyllis*. I return to fetch him, always later than he has ordered me, yet always before he has finished his visit; for he has never done. Then do I wish him at the devil, for having made me dance attendance for nothing. — Now tell me, in your own conscience, do you think I can behave myself better?

P H Y L L I S.

To be sure you can. You are sir *George's* privy-counsellor. You know the uneasiness his conduct gives

my poor lady. Ought not you to employ all the influence which you have over the humour of your master, to reclaim him, and bring him back to a wife, the most tender and amiable of her sex? — Monster! — You act the direct contrary part. — You applaud the inconstancy of your master, you assist him in the execution of his designs, and you would have me be in love with you. — You would make me believe —

J E R E M Y.

Softly, softly, my dear! you really lose yourself in displaying my qualifications. I am but his servant. I have some influence over his mind, it is true; but can that extend so far as to dispose of his heart? Do you think, in love affairs, that a servant can change his master's inclinations as he pleases, and bring them back again just where he likes? And to whom pray? to his wife! stuff! mere nonsense! my dear, mere nonsense!

P H Y L L I S.

But, at all events, why not make the experiment?

J E R E M Y.

Because it is a ridiculous enterprize. If the matter in question were to provide another new mistress for him, that I might undertake. He is of an easy disposition, and readily believes me; but to endeavour to make him quit a lady, whom he passionately loves, that he may return to a wife, whom he loves no longer, — fye, fye, this is a strange way of ordering matters indeed, not fit to be mentioned. And I should deserve to be turned out of doors for a fool, if I had the impertinence to give such advice.

P H Y L L I S.

Mighty well, sir! If these are things not fit to be mentioned, I desire you will trouble me no more with your impertinent love.

J E R E M Y.

But why so, my dear?

PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS.

Because I have ordered it so,——that *Phyllis* shall never be *Jeremy's*; if *Mr George* does not return to *Melissa*.

JEREMY.

A pretty alternative truly ! In the mean time I am in a sweet situation on one side —— But yonder's *Melissa*. By her melancholy air, I suppose she is coming hither to bewail the loss of her husband's heart. This is his hour of going out. And so, you little plague, you, whom the devil himself inspires to make me the most distracted of all lovers, good b'ye t'ye !

PHYLLIS.

As you like it ; but remember 'tis my last word.

JEREMY.

Be it so —— I'll go then and see what will be mine.

[Exit Jeremy.]

SCENE II.

Enter MELISSA.

MELISSA.

Reach me that chair —— Was not that *Jeremy* I saw with you ?

PHYLLIS.

Yes, madam.

MELISSA.

Did he tell you where he was going ?

PHYLLIS.

To his master, madam, who is just going out.

MELISSA.

He is going out ! then certainly 'tis to *Laura*. Ah !
Phyllis !

PHYLLIS.

PHYL LIS.

Ah! madam, why will you give yourself this uneasiness for a perfidious husband, who is not worthy a single sigh? — for I understand —

MELISSA.

If you do, grieve for me, but spare your counsel, for I am in no condition to profit by it.

PHYL LIS.

What a strange notion! really, madam, your grief is unreasonable. Listen to me, and if I don't work an absolute cure, I will at least bring you some comfort.

MELISSA.

Well, e'en say what you will.

PHYL LIS.

Is it possible, then, madam, at your age, with all the additional graces which your beauty is possessed of, with the knowledge of the world you already have, is it possible that you can suffer yourself to languish and pine to death with grief? for whom? a husband! Indeed, madam, in the age we live in, your condition is hardly credible; if one should examine it nearer, to believe it, one should have no suspicion of your heart, but rather of your understanding: and this weakness would pass for a piece of simplicity scarce tolerable in such a fine young lady as you are.

MELISSA.

They might take my weakness for what they pleased, Phyllis, but I can't help it; that's my excuse.

PHYL LIS.

Can't help it! — rather say you will not help it — You do not try to help it.

MELISSA.

What would you have me do? I am tir'd of all the world, and all the world is tir'd of me. My griefs are the

the only things which affect me, and in those alone —
But Sir George will one day perhaps do me justice.

PHYLLIS.

Ah, madam! don't wait for that; rather from this day do him justice yourself. Do all women that are in your case die for grief? If that was the fashion, Lord, what a desolation there would be? what a terrible confusion would *Paris* be in, if all the gentlemen husbands who give themselves airs like your's, were to make such moping melancholy creatures of their wives, that they should resolve immediately to shut themselves up from the world, as your ladyship has done for these two months? The houses of the first fashion would be abandon'd, the finest city in *Europe* would become a downright desert: but happily they do not all think as you. No, no, reason and good sense manage things better.

MELISSA.

If they lov'd with as much affection as I do, they would entertain the same sentiments.

PHYLLIS.

Once more! Believe me, madam, we cannot be very fond of a man that is not fond of us. I am far from giving you bad advice against a husband, who neglects you without reason. But if I was in your place —

MELISSA.

Why, what would you do?

PHYLLIS.

Certainly every thing that I could, which might prevent me from perceiving his inconstancy. How do you know but that might be a means of reforming him? more than one or two husbands have been brought back to their duty by this method, as common as it is. But here comes Sir *Novelty Fashion*; add his advice to mine, and you will find that your disease is not totally incurable.

MELISSA.

MELISSA.

What advantage can I expect from the advice of the man in the world I most despise? He is the only cause of all this alteration in my husband. Before he came hither, Sir George loved me tenderly, I was happy. — Sir Novelty is a monster whom I detest.

PHYLLIS.

True, but a monster, of the most insinuating and dangerous kind.

S C E N E III.

SIR NOVELTY FASHION, MELISSA, PHYLLIS:

SIR NOVELTY.

What, always *tête à tête* with *Phyllis*, madam! Is it from a perfect hatred of mankind, madam? or are you deeply engaged together on some inexhaustible subject?

PHYLLIS.

You are in the right, sir, we were upon your panegyric.

SIR NOVELTY.

My panegyric — O then I think I may be admitted to the conference. — In order to compleat it — suffer me to furnish you with some anecdotes of my private life, some particularities in my way of thinking, which will give you a better idea of me, than you are as yet possessed of.

MELISSA.

I hope, sir, you will not forget, among those excellent anecdotes, the great pains you have taken to estrange a husband from me, and make him fly from pleasures to pleasures, at the expence of every duty which he owes me.

SIR

SIR NOVELTY.

Ha! what are we there! what a strange opinion now must you have of me? You will never get it out of your head, but that I have run away with your husband. But I believe, madam, *fir George* is so much master of himself, as to do whatever he thinks proper. He is fond of gaiety and pleasure — what can be more rational? Is it my fault if you don't do as much on your part; if you take a delight in moping over your uneasiness, which is downright folly and nonsense? Indeed, indeed, for a pretty woman, you are the strangest dupe to I don't know what sentiment, some low, old fashion'd prejudice, really like nothing at all, — yes, 'Egad, like nothing in nature; and which has such a strong hold upon you, that you yourself will be like nothing in nature, if you don't take great care. Live! madam, live! enjoy the happy occasion of liberty which your husband affords you, and then you will become like all other amiable ladies, who share at least one half in the pleasures they give us.

PHYLIS.

Did not I say so, madam? *Sir Novelty* knows what he does; he perverts the husbands, but it is only for the sake of comforting their wives.

MELISSA.

After the pernicious counsel you have given *fir George*, fir, I desire no advice from you: and if I condescend even to speak to you, it will be only to load you with the bitterest reproaches.

SIR NOVELTY.

Reproaches! Ha! I understand you. You would speak of his attachment to the beautiful *Laura*. Madam, it will be no difficulty to justify myself to your ladyship in this particular, and when you know how this affair has happened — I find, I must, in spite of my teeth,

176 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

explain the truth of this business. That I am a man of gallantry, must be confessed; allow that, madam. But I shall tell some disagreeable truths, which I would have eternally hid, lest they might shock your delicacy — but you will have it — The story then is this.

S C E N E IV.

Sir GEORGE CARELESS, MELISSA, Sir NOVELTY FASHION, PHYLLIS, JEREMY.

SIR GEORGE.

Ah! what are you there, sir *Novelty*! I have been waiting for you this hour. I had almost resolv'd to go without you — but before I went, I was willing, madam, to enquire after your health. Good-morrow, *Phyllis*.

MELISSA.

No, sir *George*, 'tis to sir *Novelty* I owe this visit, 'twas him you came to look for. Whatever other reasons of complaint I may have against him, here I must confess an obligation.

SIR GEORGE. [To Sir Novelty.]

Shall I set you down any where?

SIR NOVELTY.

Me, my dear, my chariot's at the door, and I have a thousand places to call at.

SIR GEORGE.

Well, as you will, I too have business — So I leave you with the lady [*Goes out, and returns*] A propos, [*To Sir Novelty*] you won't fail in the evening?

SIR NOVELTY.

What, sir *George*?

SIR GEORGE.

Have you forgot already? Hark'e [*To Melissa*] With your leave, madam,

MELISSA.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1762. 171

MELISSA. [*While he is whispering Sir Novelty.*]

What occasion is there, Sir George, for all these little finesses to conceal your route from me? I can but too easily interpret —

SIR GEORGE.

The whole affair, madam, was only concerning a party at the opera.

MELISSA.

Which is to be follow'd by an entertainment at Laura's.

SIR GEORGE.

That is not yet determin'd, madam.

SIR NOVELTY.

No, no. But women always love to let their imagination wander farther than it should do. It is a hard piece of work to avoid giving them uneasiness, they are so ready to create it to themselves.

PHYLIS.

Sir Novelty does not love that any one should interpret too shrewdly.

JEREMY.

Sir Novelty is in the right, 'tis that which raises all the disturbance in the world; your shrewd suspicions, nothing more nor less.

SIR GEORGE.

To shew you, madam, how much you deceive yourself, I'll sup at home this evening, if it will be any pleasure to you.

MELISSA.

You know, Sir George, what pleasure that would give me; but you are also well assured, I desire it no longer than it shall be reciprocal.

SIR GEORGE. [*Somewhat confused.*]

I understand, madam, all the delicacy of that turn of thought, but — you are engaged to sup abroad perhaps, and I should but disconcert —

MELISSA.

Yes — sir — disconcert! — not at all — I know the price of all your attentions.

SIR GEORGE.

I am expected at my lawyer's, to finish an affair which concerns you, *Melissa*. I can neglect nothing in which you are at all interested. If I leave you, 'tis to serve you; at this time sure I am excusable.

SIR NOVELTY. [*Clapping Sir George on the shoulder.*]

Upon my soul, madam, some trifles apart, you must allow sir *George* to be the very best husband in all the world.

SIR GEORGE.

I take my leave; and madam, if contrary to my inclination, I am the cause of any uneasiness to you, do me the justice however to believe, that I am always your very sincere friend. Spare nothing for your entertainment; you know that 'tis my intention — *Sir Novelty*, remember the evening, *I am my follow me.*

SIR NOVELTY.

MELISSA, SIR NOVELTY FASHION, PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS.

Bon Voyage — [*To Melissa.*] This is all you are likely to have till to-morrow morning. He has however performed something extraordinary to-day, 'Tis a long time since he has said so much to you.

MELISSA.

Well, sir, don't you think you have laid me under an unpeakable obligation, in having thrown my husband

For NOVEMBER, 1762. 173

husband into this train of dissipation, which makes him live for every other person rather than me?

SIR NOVELTY.

Pray madam, not so fast, let us return to the story I was going to tell you, and you will soon see whether 'tis on me or on him that you should fasten your attack.

MELISSA.

Well, sir, pray proceed.

SIR NOVELTY.

Excuse me, madam, if I mention some things which may displease.

MELISSA.

No matter—Now, sir, tell me, who is this *Laura*? you know her.

SIR NOVELTY.

Know her! Oh yes, madam, intimately.

MELISSA.

I believe it. Well.

SIR NOVELTY.

Well, madam, *Laura* is a person whom the elegance of figure, sprightliness of wit, and variety of talents, have placed in that rank of the world, which, tho' not absolutely her title, can never be refused her. A nobleness of nature, an easy politeness, a decency of behaviour; these, madam, set her on an equality with ladies of the first fashion, and bring down on their knees before her all the *noblesse* both of town and country.

MELISSA.

Softly, sir, I beseech you. Admire your *Laura* as much as you please, but let it not be at the expence of ladies, whose situation in life sets them greatly above such a parallel. *Laura* is amiable, has fine talents, allows it. But *Laura* is now young, mistress of an elegant house; lives at large expence, sees only men of
the

the first fortune and the first rank, is not marry'd. —
You know better than I what that means.

SIR NOVELTY,

I know as well as you do, that very innocent con-
nexion are often misinterpreted; and that is the very thing
has happened now, by a strange presupposed opinion.

MELISSA.

Another trifling prejudice perhaps — prove that, I
entreat you —

SIR NOVELTY

Nothing in nature more easy.

PHYLLIS

Courage, fir, courage, make out this vestal to us;
a vestal of your making must be a pleasant character.

SIR NOVELTY.

I don't know, *Phyllis*, but at least she'll never believe
the ill which she don't see. [*To Meliss.*] To satisfy you,
madam, let us proceed. What do you object to *Laura*?
She is amiable, you say, is not that her happiness?
And can you, madam, reckon that quality a fault in
her, which you yourself are so eminently possessed of?

MELISSA

I thank you, fir, for your gallantry, but I beg no
comparison.

SIR NOVELTY.

She has fine talents, true, but they are not debased
by an improper use of them. It is for the happiness of
those that know her, that with her, Art has learnt
to set off nature. *Laura* is young: a great fault I
own, but the only one women will pardon, because
they know 'tis of short duration. *Laura* lives at large
expence, and keeps a noble house. True, but then she
is rich, and her riches are not the fruit of dishonour.

A very

A very wealthy old bachelor, who was upon the point of marrying her, died without relations, and left his mistress all the estate, which but eight hours later he had left his wife. How long is it since Love has been forbid to be as generous as *Hymen*? *Laura* sees only men of the first fortune and first rank. Without doubt 'tis with such she can place her fine qualities in the best light. She is indeed a finish'd picture that deserves the attention of connoisseurs. And lastly, she is not married; what a check do you put upon happiness, if you cannot honourably enjoy some years of your life without the loss of your liberty?

M E L I S S A.

You have indeed justify'd her in general, but I return to what affects me in particular. How will you justify her in her connection with sir *George* for these two months past, inasmuch that he exists only for her? If she pretends to the esteem of sir *George*, can she have any pretension to his wife's too?

P H Y L L I S.

Oh, no doubt, that gives her a great deal of disturbance.

N O V E M B E R.

Now, madam, we are come to the critical point of what I had to disclose, and you will yourself do *Laura* justice, when you know that, which for your own quiet sake, you ought not to ask.

M E L I S S A.

This is but a way to make me the more solicitous to enquire.

S E E N O V E M B E R.

Well then, madam, to prepare you. Know that *Laura* has neither the refinement of coquetry, nor the artifices of infidelity, nor the blackness of perfidy. Liberty, love, and philosophy, with her go hand in hand. She has a noble mind, yet full of sensibility, which

which enters with decency and moderation into all the vivacity of taste, and which knows how to join the dignity of the most exalted sentiments, to an appearance perfectly easy and gallant.

M E L I S S A.

You have drawn me a being of reason, instead of a portrait of any real resemblance; but I could wish it were so — Where does this lead?

S I R N O V E L T Y.

To persuade you that *Laura* is incapable of forming any connection with one, who she knows has already formed any elsewhere.

M E L I S S A.

What! would you persuade me that she is ignorant of sir *George's* being married?

S I R N O V E L T Y.

Yes, madam, she is ignorant of it; and I dare engage, as soon as she shall know it, you will no longer have any cause of complaint.

M E L I S S A.

Not know that he is married? could sir *George* then have the weakness —

S I R N O V E L T Y.

I am in some measure the cause: observe how it happened. I was at the opera, in *Laura's* box; sir *George*, who only knew her by sight, join'd us, stay'd some few moments, too long indeed, since he desired the favour of me to introduce him to *Laura* the next morning. I lov'd *Laura*, I flatter'd myself not unsuccessfully. But I could not, consistent with friendship, refuse sir *George* a favour, the consequences of which I did not then foresee. I did more, I even serv'd him against myself, in advising him to pass for a bachelor before *Laura*. Sir *George* comply'd, contrary to his own

own inclination. I owe him that justice, and that fatal visit, began only from curiosity, produc'd two mischiefs at once, in alluring the heart of your husband from you, madam, and *Laura's* from me. — When my complaisance for my friend has caus'd your uneasiness, judge if I have not reason to complain. I, who desir'd only to give you proofs of the most respectful and tenderest esteem, I, who would, at the expence of my life — [*She rises.*] But now, madam, tho' I am the most culpable, yet as our griefs are equal, we should mutually agree in our endeavours to allay them.

M E L I S S A.

And how pray, sir?

S I R N O V E L T Y.

Do you do me justice for an unconstant mistress, and I will do you justice for a perfidious husband, who has at once betray'd the bonds of marriage, love and friendship.

M E L I S S A.

You take my cause too much to heart, sir; I thank you for your confidence in the relation of *Laura's* story. I will not abuse it either to my husband or her; but I take the charge of remedying my grief on myself alone.

S I R N O V E L T Y.

How, madam, when every thing authorises us to make mutual complaint!

M E L I S S A.

Once more, sir, our interests are so opposite in this affair, that I beg very seriously you will trouble me no more. Leave the care of my consolation to myself, and provide for your own elsewhere.

S I R N O V E L T Y.

Well, madam, I leave you then, notwithstanding the part I take in it, in the same cruel state. But for

S C E N E VII.

Enter JEREMY.

M E L I S S A.

Oh, *Jeremy*, come hither—Where's your master?—
But speak truth.

J E R E M Y.

My master, madam—he's at your lawyer's—won't be
back these two hours.

M E L I S S A.

Then you're sure he's not at *Laura's*?

J E R E M Y.

No, 'pon honour, madam, he is not to be there till
his usual time, six o'clock.

M E L I S S A.

This is the most lucky opportunity, *Phyllis*. I'll about
my project immediately.

P H Y L L I S.

I wish you success, madam; but 'tis a very singular
one.

J E R E M Y.

May I know it?

P H Y L L I S.

Peace.

J E R E M Y.

I am instructed.

END of ACT the FIRST.

[*To be continued.*]

Mr.

Mr. POPE. To Lord OXFORD.

MY LORD,

Sept. 22, 1732.

I T was a grief to me not to be able to snatch one day more to be happy with you before you left the town; and it added to the vexation, when I found myself, within a week after, obliged to do that for business, which I could not for pleasure; for I was kept four days there, *multa gemens*! I am extremely sensible, my lord, of the many and great distinctions you have shewn me, the original of all which, I attributed to your piety to your father, for whom my respect was too sincere to be expressed in poetry: and if, from the continuance of your good opinion, I may derive some imagination, that you thought me not a worse man than a poet; it is a greater obligation to me personally, than even the other. I hope my having taken an opportunity, the only way my poor abilities can, of telling all men, I no less esteem and love the son, will not be ungrateful to you, or quite displeasing. If any objection to the manner of it occurs to your lordship, I depend upon you, both as a friend and a judge, to tell me so. Otherwise I will interpret your silence as a consent to let me acquaint every body that I am, what I truly feel myself,

My Lord,

Your very affectionate,

And ever oblig'd humble servant,

A. POPE,

P. S. My lady and lady Margaret don't know how much I am their's, unless your lordship will tell them you believe it of me, and my poor old woman *heartily (tho' feebly) expresses her service to you all.

* His mother,

BUXTON VERSES. TO MYRA.

WHEN *Myra* on the margin stood
Where other nymphs securely play'd,
Struck with the horrors of the flood,
Strange tremblings seiz'd the modest charming maid.

Still more dismay'd, and more she seems,
When, led by such unusual charms,
Forth came the NAIAD of the streams,
And clasp'd th' affrighted favourite in her arms.

Fondly she gaz'd upon the fair,
And gently bad her cease to weep;
Dispell'd each gloomy horrid fear,
Then both together plung'd into the deep.

The tepid stream, of her possest,
With more than usual virtue flows;
Till with new health, new beauty blest,
Forth from the bath the *Buxton* Venus rose.

The drops, as on a couch she lay,
Down from her beauteous temples ran;
The Naiad kiss'd them thrice away,
Embrac'd the lovely nymph, and thus began:

" Learn, *Mira*, from this visit learn,
" Oh nymph, most virtuous as most fair;
" Tho' some few ills you chance to mourn,
" Merit, like your's, is heaven's peculiar care.

" Oh may you ne'er a sorrow know
" More keen than from this gentle wave;
" But trust me, come what will of woe,
" Some guardian power will fly like me to save.

" When

“ When Hymeneal rites invite,
 “ Some prudent fears perhaps may press,
 “ The god his brightest torch shall light,
 “ And lead the way to perfect happiness.

“ For who so savage can be found
 “ Unmov’d, that cou’d behold your care;
 “ Oh! who cou’d bear with grief to wound
 “ A mind so gentle, and a form so fair!

“ What tho’ too oft maternal woe
 “ In that soft breast must find a place,
 “ Some hand unseen will ward the blow,
 “ And guard from ills the little prating race.

“ Ee’en when the hand of fate is near,
 “ And all that beauty needs must die,
 “ Then will a heav’nly host appear,
 “ And waft your spirit to its native sky.”

“ There will it find the sweetest rest,
 “ Free from those ills which once it fear’d;
 “ Completely, and for ever blest.”——
 She spake, then headlong plung’d, and disappear’d.

P R O L O G U E.

At the Opening of the Season at BUXTON, in 1759.

Spoken by Mr. M——R, the Chaplain.

TO war with ev’ry pale, acute disease,
 To give distress’d, afflicted nature ease,
 For this our *Buxton* streams were taught to flow,
 Health to the limbs, and balm to ev’ry woe,

Well

184 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE.

Well may that sage's genius be our theme,
 Who first disclos'd the virtues of the stream:
 But oh! more bless'd, more honour'd be that hand,
 At whose all-good, all-merciful command,
 Pleas'd the indulgent order to obey,
 Thro' various rocks, the water found a way:
 Oh! may each son of sickness, as they raise,
 The heavenly draught, the God that gave it, praise!

How have I seen th' afflicted cripple wait,
 For kind assistance at th' accustom'd gate,
 Impatient, till the hand of pity show
 The spring, where streams of health for ever flow;
 Charm'd with the sight, he rais'd his drooping head,
 And for a time at least, his sorrows fled:
 He tasted, and I saw with glad surprize,
 New health, new vigour, sparkling in his eyes;
 But when amidst the streams he dar'd to range,
 Oh! heavens, how quick; how wonderful the change!
 We heard him, e'er two moons were worn away,
 Laugh with the young, and frolick with the gay.
 No pangs afflict him, and no cares annoy,
 Grateful he prais'd his God, and leap'd for joy:
 So when *Elisba*, by divine command,
 Bad *Naaman* depart to *Jordan's* land,
 Convinc'd by mighty wonders he had seen,
 The leper went, he wash'd, and he was clean.

Nor think alone corporeal health to find,
 This place contains a med'cine for the mind;
 Soon may the curious eye of reason see,
 In *Buxton*, the great world's epitome;
 The wise may learn, from crowds that visit here,
 What most men are, from what they would appear;
 Who can continue on from day to day
 See all his friends pass one by one away,
 And not a serious, solemn truth apply,
 And learn both how to live, and how to die?

Of every choicest blessing thus possess,
 Who will not dare to prophesy the rest?
 What may not *Britain's* sons expect to see,
 When patroniz'd, great *Devonshire*, by thee?
 Perhaps, where now yon hills assail the skies,
 New towns and loftier palaces may rise;
 Perhaps fresh streams salubrious may be found,
 And other baths thy honour'd name resound,
 Springs rise in springs, as in a general flood,
 A copious, fasting, universal good:
 Nations unborn be taught to praise their name,
 And *Bath*, and *Bristol*, yield to *Buxton's* fame.

The following letter, written by a lady to her very young correspondent, has in it that particular ease, which distinguishes the epistolary stile of the female world, from that clumsy affectation of wit, so visible among the letter-writers of our sex. Trifling as the subject may appear, the manner cannot fail of giving entertainment.

DEAR HEBE,

I HAVE been so accustomed to your mamma's laziness, and her extreme ease about breaking a promise, where she thinks there is no sin in the matter, that I was very little surpris'd at her not writing; but I know not how to account for you, whom I expected to be more punctual. Has *London* such charms, as to make you forget *Thisbe*, *Io*, *Primrose*, &c? I will not believe it; and as it is the first fault I can charge you with, I shall pass it over with great indulgence, and proceed to acquaint you with some particulars of your above-named friends in the country.

Thisbe, for the first week, was not to be comforted; she took possession of your chamber, where she indulged a kind of sullen grief, and could be prevailed with to touch nothing but a little warm milk, prepared by *Betsy*. The following week she gave birth to three sons and a daughter, of whom she was so excessively fond, that I have reason to think your absence never occurred to her; but alas! she has been already deprived of her sons; *Polly*, having the good of her country at heart (and from whose decree *Thisbe* could not appeal) thought proper to send them all to sea, leaving it entirely to their own choice what voyage to take, and what course to steer — Whether they will be the better for the *Spanish* war, time can only discover. *Tib's* care is now confin'd to her daughter, with whom she passes her whole time; and of so little importance is she in this vulgar neighbourhood, that I am the only person who has visited her on this occasion.

As for *Jo* and *Primrose*, if they are under any concern for their absent mistress, they are prudent enough to hide it; to me they seem to enjoy the green pastures with the most excelling pleasure; but of all your favourites, none is in deeper distress, or has your memory more at heart, than poor *Bbb. Red-breast*; I was yesterday in the grove that hangs over *C. H. H. H.*, and among a variety of exquisite musicians, I could observe *Robin* at some distance, express himself as follows,

Ye birds, who cheerful on the spray,
Your swan-like airs prolong,
No more shall *Robin* join the lay,
Nor add his artless song,

Distinguish'd lately, o'er these plains
As *HEBE's* fav'rite bird,
When she to all your boasted strains
My simpler notes prefer'd.

Of

Of all the feather'd race I thought
Not one so blest as I,
I envy'd not the blackbird's note,
Nor lark that soars so high.

When winter o'er the barren land
His hoary form had spread;
Securely from her bounteous hand
Each happy day I fed.

That this was once my glorious lot,
Now fills me with despair;
For gentle HEBE has forgot
Her little pensioner.

In vain I seek her in the glade,
Or to the grove repair,
I haunt the bowers wood-bine shade,
But find no HEBE there.

Ah me! in other vales she strays,
Where, in her list'ning ear,
Some happier *Robin* pours his lays,
And I am all despair.

You see, my dear, *Robin* is but a very indifferent poet, which you must overlook in so simple a bird, and consider only his gratitude. He has not been seen at your window at all, which *Polly* foolishly thinks is owing to the fine weather, but it is plain he disdains to feed from any hand but HEBE's.

If you would know any thing of my family, *Rose-bud*, *Jo*, *Columbine*, *Tulip*, and the rest, are all well; and if they knew of my writing to you, I believe they would beg to be remembered. My little garden makes a fine appearance, but you never saw any thing so improved as the sweet-briar upon *Bell's* grave, of ever gentle memory; and really the fields about C——t H——y

188 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

with the espaliers, and flowers in the garden, flourish
as gaily, and breathe the same perfume, as if you were
at home, which I think a great pity, for now

————— They blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness in the desert air.

When you are at *M——e*, at *Vauxhall*; at the play,
every where, even at prayers, remember

Your affectionate

PASTORAL

To the EDITOR of the St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE.

OLD FRIEND,

GIVE me leave to congratulate your readers on
the improvement which you made in your last
Magazine, in not retailing stale paragraphs of news,
but supplying their place with original matter; though
by so doing, you imposed upon yourself a further task
of providing materials for another half sheet. I am
sensible of the difficulty you must naturally encounter,
in being obliged to furnish such a quantity of copy for
the printer every month: it is therefore incumbent on
your friends and well-wishers, to ease you in some
measure of the burthen. One part of your plan, indeed,
is admirably calculated for this purpose, and might prove
a great saving to you, if properly attended to. Though
we cannot all of us be writers, we may yet contribute
greatly to the success as well as merit of your un-
dertaking, by communicating such originals, as must
raise attention from the very names of their authors.

Many

Many such are undoubtedly preserved in the private cabinets of the curious, and in the public libraries and repositories. For my own part, I cannot approve the selfishness of hoarding up a treasure, which would lose nothing of its value by being spread abroad; nor can I conceive, that my own satisfaction would be a whit lessened, though ten thousand others were permitted to enjoy the same.

For these reasons, I have herewith sent you two very valuable curiosities; and I hope that my example will be followed by those, who happen to be possessed of any relicts (never before printed) of our most famous writers. The political principles of Mr. DRYDEN, in the latter part of his life, are sufficiently known. His zeal for the cause of JAMES the second, transported him so far, as even to induce him to turn apostate from his religion. His ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL, ANNUUS MIRABILIS, the MEDAL, and other poems of the same nature, were avowedly written in support and defence of this monarch. Upon the revolution, we may naturally suppose it became unsafe for Mr. DRYDEN to vent his exceptionable writings publicly; but he was encouraged by the friends to the STUART family, to level his satires against the revolutionists, which, though they could not appear in print, were handed about privately in manuscript. I am well informed that endeavours were used to get them printed in HOLLAND; but the natural influence of King WILLIAM was so great in that country, that no Dutch printer could be prevailed on to usher them into the world. Two of these manuscripts were preserved in a family, that had been remarkably attached to the STUART line. You will therefore excuse my not being more particular, though your readers need not doubt of the authenticity of them. Indeed the argument, the style, the negligence of measure, as well as the strength and boldness of the sentiment and expression throughout, are so many internal proofs, that they must be

196 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

be the composition of DRYDEN, and DRYDEN only,
Any one acquainted with the history of those times,
will easily see the force of the satire, and discover the
characters at which it is levelled.

I am Your's very heartily, &c.

B. T.

TULLIUS and TARQUIN.

By MR. DRYDEN.

IN times when princes cancell'd nature's law,
And declarations which themselves did draw
When children us'd their parents to dethrone,
And gnaw their way, like vipers, to the crown;
Tarquin *, a savage, proud, ambitious prince,
Prompt to expel, yet thoughtless of defence,
The envied scepter did from *Tullius* † snatch,
The *Roman* king, his father by the match.

To form his party, histories report,
A sanctuary was open'd in his court,
Where glad offenders safely might resort.
Great was the crowd, and wondrous the success,
For those were fruitful times of wickedness:
And all, that were obnoxious to the laws,
Flock'd to prince *Tarquin*, and embrac'd his cause,
Mongst these a pagan priest ‡ for refuge fled;
A prophet deep in godly faction read;
A sycophant, that knew the modish way
To cant and plot, to flatter and betray,
To whine and sin, to scribble and repent,
A shameless author, and a lustful saint.

* King William. † James II. ‡ Bishop Burnet.

To serve all times he cou'd distractions join,
 And with great ease flat contradictions join:
 A traitor now, once loyal in extreme,
 And then obedience was his only theme;
 He sung in temples the most passive lays,
 And wearied monarchs with repeated praise;
 But manag'd awkwardly that lawful part;
 To vent foul lyes and treason was his art,
 And pointed libels at crown'd heads to dart.
 This priest, and others learned to defame,
 First murder injur'd *Tullius* in his name;
 With blackest calumnies their sov'reign load,
 A poison'd brother, and dark league abroad;
 A son unjustly top'd upon the throne,
 Which yet was prov'd undoubtedly his own;
 Tho', as the law was there, 'twas his behoof,
 Who dispossest the heir, to bring the proof.
 This hellish charge they back'd with dismal frights,
 The loss of property and sacred rights,
 And freedom, words which all false patriots use,
 As surest names the *Romans* to abuse.
 Jealous of kings, and always malecontent,
 Forward in change, yet certain to repent.
 Whilst thus the plotters needles fears create,
Tarquin with open force invades the state.
 Lewd nobles join him with their feeble might,
 And atheist fools for dear religion fight.
 The priests their boasted principles disown,
 And level their harangues against the throne.
 Vain promises the people's minds allure,
 Slight were their ills, but desperate the cure.
 'Tis hard for kings to steer an equal course,
 And they who banish one, oft gain a worse.
 Those heav'nly bodies we admire above,
 Do e'ry day irregularly move;
 Yet *Tullius*, tis decreed, must lose the crown,
 For faults, that were his council's, not his own.

He

He now in vain commands ev'n those he pay'd,
 By darling troops deserted and betray'd,
 By creatures which his generous warmth had made.
 Of these a captain * of the guards was worst,
 Whose memory to this day stands accurst.
 This rogue, advanc'd to military trust
 By his own whoredom, and his sister's lust,
 Forsook his master, after dreadful vows,
 And plotted to betray him to his foes ;
 The kindest master to the vilest slave,
 As free to give, as he was sure to crave.
 His haughty female, who, as books declare,
 Did always toss wide nostrils in the air,
 Was to the younger *Tullia* † governess,
 And did attend her, when, in borrow'd dresses,
 She fled by night from *Tullius* in distress.
 This wretch, by letters, did invite her foes,
 And us'd all arts her father to depose :
 A father, always generously bent,
 So kind, that e'en her wishes he'd prevent.
 'Twas now high time for *Tullius* to retreat,
 When e'en his daughter hasten'd his defeat ;
 When faith and duty vanish'd, and no more
 The name of father, and of king he bore :
 A king, whose right his foes cou'd ne'er dispute ;
 So mild, that mercy was his attribute ;
 Affable, kind, and easy of access ;
 Swift to relieve, unwilling to oppress ;
 Rich without taxes, yet in payment just ;
 So honest, that he hardly could distrust ;
 His active soul from labours ne'er did cease,
 Valiant in war, and vigilant in peace ;
 Studious with traffick to enrich the land ;
 Strong to protect, and skilful to command ;

Liberal

* *John Churchill*, afterwards the great duke of *Marlborough*.

† *Queen Anne*.

Liberal and splendid, yet without excess;
 Prone to relieve, unwilling to distress;
 In sum, how godlike must his nature be,
 Whose only fault was too much piety!
 This king remov'd, th' assembled states thought fit
 That *Tarquin* in the vacant throne should sit;
 Voted him regent in their senate house,
 And with an empty name endow'd his spouse,
 The elder *Tullia* *, who, some authors feign,
 Drove o'er her father's corpse a rumbling wain:
 But she more guilty numerous wains did drive
 To crush her father and her king alive;
 And in remembrance of his hasten'd fall,
 Resolv'd to institute a weekly ball.
 The jolly glutton grew in bulk and chin,
 Feasted on rapine, and enjoy'd her sin;
 With luxury she did weak reason force,
 Debauch'd good-nature, and cram'd down remorse;
 Yet when she drank cold tea in liberal sips,
 The sobbing dame was maudling in her cups.
 But brutal *Tarquin* never did relent,
 Too hard to melt, too wicked to repent;
 Cruel in deeds, more merciless in will,
 And blest with natural delight in ill.
 From a wise guardian he receiv'd his doom
 To walk the change, and *not* to govern *Rome*,
 He swore his native honour to disown,
 And did by perjury ascend the throne.
 Oh! had that oath his swelling pride repress'd,
Rome had been then with peace and plenty blest.
 But *Tarquin*, guided by destructive fate,
 The country wasted, and embroil'd the state,
 Transported to their foes the *Roman* self,
 And by their ruin hop'd to save himself.

* Queen Mary.

Innumerable woes oppress'd the land,
 When it submitted to his curs'd command.
 So just was heaven, that 'twas hard to tell,
 Whether its guilt or losses did excell.
 Men that renounc'd their God for dearest trade,
 Were then the guardians of religion made.
 Rebels were faint'd, foreigners did reign,
 Outlaws return'd, preferment to obtain,
 With frogs, and toads, and all their croaking train. }
 No native knew their features in their birth,
 They seem'd the greasy offspring of the earth.
 The trade was sunk, the fleet and army spent;
 Devouring taxes swallow'd lesser rent;
 Taxes impos'd by no authority;
 Each lewd collection was a robbery.
 Bold self-erecting men did statutes draw,
 Skill'd to establish villainy by law;
 Tyrannic drivers, whose unjust careers
 Produc'd new ills exceeding former fears.
 Yet authors here except a faithful band,
 Which the prevailing faction did withstand;
 And some, who bravely stood in the defence
 Of baffled justice and their exil'd prince.
 These shine to after-times, each sacred name
 Is still recorded in the rolls of fame.

S U U M C U I Q U E.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

WHEN lawless men their neighbours dispossess,
 The tenants they extirpate or oppress;
 And make rude havoc in the fruitful soil,
 Which the right owners plough'd with careful toil.

The

The same proportion does in kingdoms hold,
 A new prince breaks the fences of the old !
 And will o'er carcasses and deserts reign,
 Unless the land its rightful lord regain.
 He gripes the faithless owners of the place,
 And buys a foreign army to deface
 The fear'd and hated remnant of their race.
 He starves their forces, and obstructs their trade ;
 Vast sums are given, yet no native paid.
 The church itself he labours to assail,
 And keeps fit tools to break the sacred palé.

Of those let him * the guilty roll commence,
 Who has betray'd a master and a prince ;
 A man, seditious, lewd, and impudent ;
 An engine always mischievously bent ;
 One who from all the bands of duty swerves ;
 No tie can hold but that which he deserves ;
 An author dwindled to a pamphleteer ;
 Skillful to forge, and always insincere ;
 Careless exploded practices to mend ;
 Bold to attack, yet feeble to defend.
 Fate's blindfold reign the atheist loudly owns,
 And Providence blasphemously dethrones.
 In vain the leering actor strains his tongue
 To cheat, with tears and empty noise, the throng,
 Since all men know, whate'er he says or writes,
 Revenge or stronger interest indites,
 And that the wretch employs his venal wit
 How to confute what formerly he writ.

Next him the grave *Socinian* claims a place,
 Endow'd with reason, tho' bereft of grace ;

* Bishop Burnet.

A preaching pagan of surpassing fame;
 No register records his borrow'd name.
 Oh, had the child more happily been bred,
 A radiant mitre would have grac'd his head;
 But now unfit, the most he should expect,
 Is to be enter'd of T—— F——'s sect.

To him succeeds, with looks demurely sad,
 A * gloomy soul, with revelation mad;
 False to his friend, and careless of his word;
 A dreaming prophet, and a griping lord;
 He sells the livings which he can't possess,
 And farms that fine-cure his diocese.
 Unthinking man! to quit thy barren see,
 And vain endeavours in chronology,
 For the more fruitless care of royal charity.
 Thy hoary noddle warns thee to return,
 The treason of old age in *Wales* to mourn;
 Nor think the city-poor will loss sustain,
 Thy place may well be vacant in this reign.

I should admit the booted prelate † now
 But he is even for lampoon too low:
 The scum and outcast of a royal race;
 The nation's grievance, and the gown's disgrace.
 None so unlearn'd did e'er at *L—nd—n* sit;
 This driveler does the sacred chair besh—t.
 I need not brand the spiritual parricide,
 Nor draw the weapon dangling by his side;
 Th' astonish'd world remembers that offence,
 And knows he stole the daughter of his prince.
 'Tis time enough, in some succeeding age,
 To bring this mitred captain on the stage.

The/s

* *Flydd*, Bishop of Worcester. † *Compton*, Bishop of London.

These are the leaders in apostacy,
The wild reformers of the liturgy,
And the blind guides of poor elective majesty;
A thing which commonwealth's men did devise,
Till plots were ripe, to catch the people's eyes.

Their k—ng's a monster, in a quagmire born,
Of all the native brutes the grief and scorn;
With a big snout, cast in a crooked mould,
Which runs with glanders and an inborn cold.
His substance is of clammy snot and phlegm;
Sleep is his essence, and his life a dream.
To *Caprea* this *Tiberius* does retire,
To quench with catamite his feeble fire.
Dear catamite! who rules alone the state,
While monarch dozes on his unpropt height,
Silent, yet thoughtless, and secure of fate.
Could you but see the fustian hero led
By loathing vassals to his noble bed!
In flannel robes the coughing ghost does walk,
And his mouth moates like cleaner breech of hawk.
Corruption, springing from his canker'd breast,
Furs up the channel, and disturbs his rest.
With head propt up the bolster'd engine lies;
If pillow slip aside, the monarch dies.

AN ELEGY.

I.

SCARCE yet a boy I felt love's tickling dart,
And all my youth with secret wounds was sore:
Fair, black, brown beauties sway'd my captive heart,
Some still alive, and some alas! no more.

II.

Blest be the shades of those I lov'd so well,
And blest be they who yet in life remain :
With tears I thank you, wherefoe'er you dwell,
I thank you for sweet joys and charming pain.

III.

At last (that ought so sweet should ever fade !)
The best of passions left my forlorn breast,
Tir'd with the various frolicks youth had plaid
And with unpleasing vulgar cares oppress'd.

IV.

But would I ne'er had felt that dull suspense !
Or that its dead'ning power possess me still !
For a new fever rages in my veins,
Again my nerves with tender tumults thrill.

V.

From a slight wound, scarce felt, and soon forgot,
Th' unfailling poison stole into my frame ;
Long unperceiv'd the fly destroyer wrought,
That now devours me with resistless flame.

VI.

The fatal shaft a guiltless foe let fly,
Who knows not with what secret fires I waste :
For on a morn of smiling *May*, as I,
With gallant *Florio*, the gay circle trac'd,

VII.

'Twas said that from the fairest in that grove,
A question came which something might imply. —
Laugh not ye little wanton powers of love,
If of a doubtful hint I fondly die.

VIII.

VIII.

Alas ! (but poets ever will be vain)
 What flattering meaning could that question bear ?
 When youth is fled with all its blooming train,
 What hope remains to smite the tend'rest fair ?

IX.

'Tis like she meant, who that sad figure was,
 So faint with climbing fate's steep slippery hill ;
 And thro' unlucky lineaments could trace
 A wretch devoted to misfortune still.

X.

Perhaps she saw me mark'd with tender woes,
 Fit to be tortur'd o'er and o'er again.
 Forgive, if ought unjustly I suppose,
 But beauty oft delights in lover's pain.

XI.

But if from nature's caprice, and the law
 That bids us all be mad, she meant me grace ;
 Oh, if she was the pleasing third I saw,
 Curse on the day I miss'd so sweet a chace !

XII.

Go plaintive lines, find this enchantress out,
 Cause of my grief, my torture, and despair :
 Conjure her to resolve this painful doubt,
 And end, however cruelly, this care.

XIII.

Tell her with what a life-consuming smart
 I pant to see her charms once more appear ;
 How I could give her all a tender heart,
 And leave the world to live and die with her.

XIV.

XIV.

Alas ! she hears not. Death alone can bid
This restless breast forget its teazing woe.

The sweet occasion, if 'twas one, is fled ;
And if she meant ought kind, she scorns me now.

TO the EDITOR of the St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE:

AN Aurora Borealis has lately appeared about the regions of *Parnassus*, to the great surprize of the inhabitants in those parts. It has long lain hid under *Caledonian* snow, till called forth into light by the gracious influence of this age; so propitious to every thing that can boast its original on the other side the *Tweed*. The great encouragement that this northern meteor has met with, hath induced one of my countrymen to undertake a translation of our *British Homer*, *Taliesin*, who, I am tempted to think, will, in an *English* dress, appear a more than rival to the so celebrated *Ossian*. To promote the subscription, which will shortly be opened for the above work, I have translated a little poem from the famous *Lomarch*; which may serve as a specimen of the elegance and simplicity of the genuine *British* muse. *Lomarch* flourished in the sixth century, and wrote a much admired poem on the various kinds of hunting. The inclosed is a kind of episode interwoven in the poem: where his mistress laments his absence in the chase, under the feigned name of *Cadwal*: it is a name, which I find *Lomarch* has in several places appropriated to himself, just as your *Spenser* has that of *Colin-Clout*. In the original, which will be left with Mr. *Flexney* for the satisfaction of the curious, the reader

will

will find that this guttural language, is, by a kind of poetical magic, melted down into the liquid flow and softness of *Italian* numbers: which shews the amazing compass and variety of a language, naturally so harsh as the *Welsh*, and at the same time capable of so much sweetness and harmony. As to the translation, I will only observe, that it is as literal as I could possibly make it; preserving, at the same time, as I have endeavoured to do, somewhat of the *rythmus* and cadence of the original.

Light-streaming orb of the day,
Where is the youth of my love?
Where does thy bright bold eye
Behold the deer-footed *Cadwal*?
Climbs he the brow of *Plenhwelin*? ———
Light-fit thy streams on his short-breathing breast:
Or laves he his snowy limbs in the stream? ———
Warm his cold clear haunts in the liquid *Egdeor*.

Reclin'd beneath the wide-spreading arms of an ash,
The eye of my mind sees the youth of the graceful locks;
Three dogs of the thace couch around him;
His feather'd reeds lie by his side:
Bear me, ye light-wing'd gales,
Bear my song, to sweeten the repose
Of my lovely toil-worn *Cadwal*.
Soft at eve falls the drizzly dew,
Refreshing the sun-parched plain;
So soft let the cooling gales descend,
And refresh the toil-worn *Cadwal*.

But why so long sleeps the light of my soul? ———
Why is the youth so long in coming?
From the high-crested hill roves my eye,
But no eye sees the frisking dogs bound before him:
I seem to see him in his loveliness afar;

202 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

But it is fancy sports, and th' illusion fades,
Like a pleasing dream of the night.

Spirits of love, that people the air,
That ride on the white-reined winds,
Wake, gently wake him; and speed the youth
To the longing arms of his love.
Spirits of love, guard his slumbers
From the wolf with the glaring eye;
'Tend him, ye faithful dogs of the chace,
Nimble-footed Llwyn, and Traeth with the wakeful eye;
So shall ye eat of the kid,
Fed by the hands that stroaks you,
The hand of the maid of the trembling heart.
Perish the polish'd bow,
Perish the dogs of the chace,
Perish whate'er retards
The steps of regardless *Cadwal*!

Did he not say in his love,
Ere the shadows begin to lengthen,
His yellow locks flowing loose on his neck,
Like the skirt of a sun-tinged cloud,
With a deer of the high-branching head,
Will *Cadwal* return in his speed?

Beneath the treacherous embers
The live-fire sleeps conceal'd,
But the heedless foot that ruffles its rest
Wounds with red tooth vengeful and sharp;
So lurks beneath the tufted grass
The tooth of the sharp-bitten snake;
Spare, beauteous snake, oh spare the youth of my love!
His arrow flies not against
The painting of thy vest:
And thou too, direful thorn,
With pointed spikes beset,

Like

Like the spears in my *Cadwal*'s hall,
Spare the youth with the graceful locks :
Spare, hostile briar, oh spare his legs of snow !
How many dangers threat the youth of the polish'd bow !
Perish the polish'd bow,
Perish the dogs of the chase,
Perish what'er retards
The steps of loitering *Cadwal* !

S.

To his W I F E.

NEW-YEAR'S-DAY, 1762.

HAIL to the new-born year ! — What boon from
heaven ;
What shall I ask, so much already given ?
Rich to content, I seek no added store
Nor form one wish, so truly blest, for more.
So blest my hope, my only hope is this,
Not to increase, but to preserve my bliss.
O ! may the coming months be like the past,
May this year flow, as sweetly flow'd the last.
And sure it must — while clear the springs remain,
The issuing waters glide without a stain.
And dear to think, my *Margaret*'s steady flame,
Cheers like the sun, another, yet the same.
The same her lovely form, and pleasing air,
Her mind the same, and every virtue there.
Tho' young, sage prudence decks her decent youth
With friendship's wreath, and with the robe of truth.

Refin'd her sense, her reason form'd mature,
And sweetest temper, charm each fleeting hour.
In her at once their varying virtues blend,
The sprightly mistress, and the serious friend.

Thus amply blest'd, I praise the powers divine,
Secure of bliss, while lovely *Margaret's* mine.
This dawning year attests my grateful strain,
When the next comes, I'll hail it thus again.

Z.

S O N G.

THOUGH winter its desolate train
Of frost and of tempest may bring,
Yet *Flora* steps forward again,
And nature rejoices in spring.

Though the sun in his glories decreas't,
Of his beams in the evening is shorn,
Yet he rises with joy from the east,
And repairs them again in the morn.

But what can youth's sunshine recall,
Or the blossoms of beauty restore?
When its leaves are beginning to fall,
It dies, and is heard of no more.

The spring-time of love then employ,
'Tis a lesson that's easy to learn,
For *Cupid's* a vagrant, a boy,
And his seasons will never return.

The

The two RUBRIC POSTS.

A DIALOGUE.

by Rob. Weyd

IN *Russel-Street*, ensued of late,
Between two posts a strange debate.

— Two posts — aye posts — for posts can speak,

In *Latin, Hebrew, French or Greek.*

One Rubric thus address'd the other :

- “ — A noble situation, brother,
- “ With authors lac'd from top to toe,
- “ Methinks we cut a *taring* show,
- “ The *Dialogues* of famous dead,
- “ You know how much they're bought and read.
- “ Suppose again we raise their ghosts,
- “ And make them chat through us two posts ;
- “ A thing's half finish'd well begun,
- “ So take the authors as they run.
- “ The list of names is mighty fine,
- “ You look down this, and I that line.
- “ Here's POPE and SWIFT, and STEELE and GAY,
- “ And CONGREVE, in the modern way.
- “ Whilst you have those, I cannot speak,
- “ But found most wonderful in *Greek*.
- “ — A Dialogue — I should adore it,
- “ With such a show of names before it.”

“ Modern, your judgment wanders wide,”

The antient Rubric strait reply'd.

- “ It grieves me much, indeed, to find
- “ We never can be of a mind,
- “ Before one door, and in one street,
- “ Neither ourselves nor thoughts can meet,
- “ And we, as brother oft with brother,
- “ Are at a distance from each other.

Suppose

" Suppose among the *letter'd* dead,
 " Some author should erect his head,
 " And starting from his Rubric, pop
 " Directly into *Davies'* shop,
 " Turn o'er the leaves, and look about
 " To find his own opinions out ;
 " D'ye think one author out of ten
 " Would know his sentiments agen ?
 " Thinking your authors differ less in
 " Than in their manner of expressing.
 " 'Tis stile which makes the writer known,
 " The mark he sets upon his own.
 " Let CONGREVE speak as CONOREVE writ,
 " And keep the ball up of his wit ;
 " Let SWIFT be SWIFT, nor e'er demean
 " The sense and humour of the DEAN.
 " E'en let the antients rest in peace,
 " Nor bring good folks from *Rome* or *Greece*
 " To give a cause for past transactions,
 " They never dreamt of in their actions.
 " I can't help quibbling, brother poet,
 " 'Twere better we should lay the ghost,
 " But 'twere a task of real merit
 " Could we contrive to raise their *Spirit*.

" Peace, brother, peace, tho' what you say,
 " I own has reason in its way,
 " On Dialogues to bear so hard,
 " Is playing with a dangerous card ;
 " Writers of rank are sacred things,
 " And crush like arbitrary kings.
 " Perhaps your sentiment is right,
 " — Heav'n grant we may not suffer by't.
 " For should friend DAVIES overhear,
 " He'll publish our's another year.

A B A L L A D.

HARK, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb,
 Come, *Lucy*, it cries, come away,
 The grave of thy *Collin* has room
 To rest thee beside his cold clay.
 I come, my dear shepherd, I come,
 Ye friends and companions adieu,
 I haste to my *Colin's* dark home,
 To die on his bosom so true.

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
 When *Lucy*, sad *Lucy*, arose;
 And forth to the green turf she sprung,
 Where *Colin's* pale ashes repose.
 All wet with the night's chilling dew,
 Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
 While stormy winds over her blew,
 And night-ravens croak'd all around.

How long, my lov'd *Collin*, she cry'd,
 How long must thy *Lucy* complain?
 How long shall the grave my love hide?
 How long ere it join us again?
 For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd;
 With thee o'er the world would she fly;
 For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd;
 For thee wou'd she lie down and die.

Alas! what avails it how dear
 Thy *Lucy* was once to her swain!
 Her face like the lilly so fair,
 And eyes that gave light to the plain.
 The shepherd that lov'd her is gone;
 That face and those eyes charm no more;
 And *Lucy* forgot, and alone,
 To death shall her *Collin* deplore.

While

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
 And mourn'd to the echoes around,
 Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
 And thunder shook dreadful the ground.
 I hear the kind call, and obey,
 Oh, *Collin* receive me, she cried,
 Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
 She hung on his tomb-stone and died.

N,

L O V E.

TH E bargaining, with heaps of gold,
 To purchase hearts that can't be sold;
 Visits, where truth has little share,
 In formal courtship to the fair;
 Letters of flames, of darts, and sighs,
 Of bleeding hearts and killing eyes,
 With oaths by all the Gods above,
 And compliments — Ye are not love.

But for the charming maid to burn,
 Where love can hardly hope return;
 To tell, with blush and awkward shame,
 The passion which we cannot name;
 To flutter with strange awe before
 The nymph with ardour we adore;
 This, This is love; where love is true,
 And this the love I feel for you.

N,

On

On the Paper Shadows round a LADY's Room.

IF on this wainscoat, lovely maid,
 You read these accents of my shade,
 Which to th' original is true,
 And with sweet pleasure looks on you ;
 Deem it not strange this shade shou'd reach
 The great prerogative of speech ;
 What I am form'd of, oft has told
 What tongues have faulter'd to unfold.

No wonder these dark forms presume
 To haunt my lovely fair one's room.
 They're but the trophies of her reign,
 And shades of lovers she has slain.

N.

S O N G.

THO' his passion in silence the youth would conceal,
 What his tongue will not utter, his eyes still reveal ;
 And by soft stol'n glances unwillingly prove,
 That they are the tell-tales of *Celadon's* love.

To the grove, to the green, to the dance, to the fair,
 Wherever I go, my blith shepherd is there.
 I know the fond youth by his blush, by his smile ;
 And surely such looks were not made to beguile.

210 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

Though indifferent the subject, whatever it prove,
He insensibly turns the discourse upon love.
If he talks to another, with pleasure I see,
Though his words are to Her, yet his looks are on Me,

Sometimes I command him his speech to restrain,
But alas my resolves! I command it in vain;
For when the dear theme he'll no longer pursue,
I forget my commands, and resume it anew.

When he talks, if alone, I am ever in fear:
He should speak what I dread, and yet wish most to hear.
Should he mention his love, tho' my pride wou'd deny,
My heart whispers, *Celia*, fond *Celia*, comply.

B,

A B S E N C E.

An E L E G Y.

O 'ER brighten'd fields see azure Ether sheds
Refulgent beams of all enliv'ning light;
The rosy-footed Spring now blithsome treads
Her flow'r-besprinkl'd way; groves, hills, and meads,
Where'er the eye gay roving fancy leads,
Swell with fresh verdure on the raptur'd sight.

See where, with full-arm'd laughing plenty crown'd,
The silver-stream again begins to stray
Through wonted paths of velvet-turfy ground,
Where late the North, keen whistling all around,
The limpid rill in icy fetters bound,
And furlily forbad its bubbling way.

Fain

Fain would the muse, whom blithest numbers charm,
 Like this blest time to pleasure wake the soul;
 Fain would she ev'ry foe to peace disarm,
 Fain chase each present thought that can alarm,
 Each mournful presage of impending harm,
 With all that can heart-easing mirth controul.

The task how pleasing! — but the wounded hearts
 Wounded by absence from the nymph ador'd,
 Will be indulg'd to mourn the poignant smart,
 Will force the muse her labour to impart,
 In all the soothing of poetic art,
 To try what ease complaining can afford.

Complaint alone is left, where'er I stray,
 If through our wonted well-till'd fields I rove,
 Or to the upland lawn I take my way,
 Where oft with her I've heartsome pass'd the day.
 In vain does nature all her charms display,
 Each view encreases but my grief and love.

Thy once lov'd shades, O *Woodcote* *, must encrease
 Each keen remembrance of fond pleasures past;
 From the tall beech no weather can efface
 Her much lov'd name, which there I strove to trace,
 Which (like my love) no time can e'er erase,
 But yearly growing, will for ever last.

Smiling she view'd (that smiles so sweet should wound!)
 Nor check'd the hand which mark'd the yielding rind,
 Full well she knew, as since I oft have found,
 Each time I lonely trod this conscious ground,
 That name would ev'ry wav'ring thought confound;
 Endearing symptom of her yielding mind!

* The seat of lord *Baltimore*.

212 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

Oh cease my muse ! nor dare to trace from hence,

The blissful periods of that sign's encrease,
How keen the thought ! how painful is the sense
Of bliss ! now dwindl'd into dire suspense,
When ev'ry fond remembrance can dispense,

But heart-felt grief, or fear, which knows no ease.

Far from the busy town, and noisy court,
Wherever fancy guides her wandering feet ;
If she in S——'s shades seeks rural sport,
Or gaily treads Southampton's crouded port,
May smiling peace there fix her blest'd resort,
And make my Stella's breast her fav'rite seat.

C. J.

On the Fall of a CHINA QUART.

Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori. MART.

I.

WHEN e'er the cruel hand of death
Untimely stops a favourite's breath,
The Muses plaintive numbers tell,
How lov'd he liv'd, how mourn'd he fell ;
Catullus wail'd a sparrow's fate,
And Gray immortaliz'd his cat ;
Thrice tuneful bard ! cou'd I but chime so clever,
My quart, my honest quart, shou'd live for ever.

II.

How weak is all a mortal's pow'r
T'avert the death-devoted hour !

Nor

Nor can a shape or beauty save
From the sure conquest of the grave;
In vain the *Butler's* choicest care,
The master's wish, the parson's pray'r;
For when life's lengthen'd to its longest span,
China itself must fall, as well as man.

III.

Can I forget how oft my quart,
Has cool'd my cares and warm'd my heart;
When barley lent his balmy aid,
And all his liquid charms display'd;
While orange, and the nut-brown toast,
Swam mantling round the spicy coast;
The sparkling deep I view'd with pleasing eyes,
Nor envy'd *Jove* the nectar of the skies.

IV.

The side-board, on that fatal day,
When you in glittering ruin lay,
Griev'd for thy fall — in guggling tone,
Decanters poured out their moan;
A dimness hung on ev'ry glass,
John wonder'd what the matter was;
Corks self-extracted freed the frantic beer,
And sympathizing tankards dropt a tear.

V.

Where are the flow'ry wreaths, that bound,
In rosy rings, thy temples round?
The azure stars, whose smiling rays
Promis'd a happier length of days?
The trees that on thy borders grew,
And blossom'd with eternal blue?
Trees, stars, and flowers lie scatter'd on the floor,
And all thy brittle beauties are no more.

VI.

Hadst thou been form'd of coarser earth,
 Had *Nottingham* but given thee birth,
 Or had thy variegated side,
 Of *Stafford's* sable hue been dy'd,
 Thy stately fabric had been found;
 Tho' tables tumbled on the ground.
 But choicest mould the soonest will decay.
 Hear this, ye fair ! for you yourselves are clay.

The POETRY PROFESSORS.

OLD ENGLAND has not lost her pray'r,
 And GEORGE (thank heav'n !) has got an heir.
 A royal babe, a PRINCE of WALES.
 — Poets ! I pity all your nails —
 What reams of paper will be spoil'd !
 What *graduses* be daily soil'd
 By inky fingers, greasy thumbs,
 Hunting the word that never comes !

Now *Academics* pump their wits,
 And lash in vain their lazy tits ;
 In vain they whip, and lash, and spur,
 The callous jades will never stir ;
 Nor can they reach *Parnassus'* hill,
 Try every method which they will.
 Nay, should the tits get on for once,
 Each rider is so *grave* a dunce,
 That, as I've heard good judges say,
 'Tis ten to one they'd lose their way ;
 Tho' not one wit bestrides the back
 Of useful drudge, ycleped hack,
 But fine *bréd things* of *mettled blood*;
 Pick'd from *Apollo's* royal stud.

Greek,

Greek, Roman, nay Arabian steeds,
 Or those our mother country breeds :
 Some ride ye in, and ride ye out,
 And to come home go round about,
 Nor on the green sward, nor the road,
 And that I think they call an Ode.
 Some take the pleasant country air,
 And smack their whips and drive a pair,
 Each horse with bells which clink and chime,
 And so they march — and that is rhyme.
 Some copy with prodigious skill
 The figures of a *buttery-bill*,
 Which, with great folks of erudition,
 Shall pass for *Coptic* or *Phœnician*.
 While some, as *patriot* love prevails,
 To compliment a prince of *Wales*,
 Salute the royal babe in *Welsh*,
 And send forth *gutturals* like a belch.

What pretty things imagination
 Will fritter out in adulation !
 The *Pagan* Gods shall visit earth,
 To triumph in a *Christian's* birth.
 While *classic* poets, pure and chaste,
 Of *trim* and *academic* TASTE,
 Shall lug them in by head and shoulders,
 To be or *speakers*, or *beholders*,
 MARS shall present him with a lance,
 To humble *Spain* and conquer *France* ;
 The GRACES, buxom, blith, and gay,
 Shall at his cradle dance the *Hay* ;
 And VENUS, with her train of LOVES,
 Shall bring a thousand pair of doves
 To bill, to coo, to whine, to squeak,
 Through all the *dialects* of *Greek*.
 How many *swains* of *classic* breed,
 Shall *deftly* tune their *oaten* reed,

And

And bring their *Doric* nymphs to town,
 To sing their measures *up* and *down*,
 In notes *alternate* clear and sweet,
 Like *Ballad-singers* in a street.
 While those who grasp at reputation,
 From *imitating imitation*,
 Shall hunt each cranny, nook, and creek,
 For *precious* fragments in the *Greek*,
 And *rob the spital*, and the *waste*,
 For sense, and sentiment, and taste.

What Latin *bodge-podge*, Grecian *hash*,
 With Hebrew *roots*, and English *trash*,
 Shall academic cooks produce
 For present show and future use !
 FELLOWS ! who've soak'd away their knowledge,
 In *sleepy* residence at college,
 Whose lives are like a stagnant pool,
 Muddy and placid, dull and cool ;
 Mere drinking, eating ; eating, drinking ;
 With no impertinence of thinking ;
 Who lack no farther erudition,
 Than just to *set* an imposition
 To cramp, demolish, and dispirit,
 Each true begotten child of merit ;
 Censors, who, in the day's broad light,
 Punish the vice they act at night ;
 Whose charity with *self* begins,
 Nor covers others venial sins ;
 But that their feet may safely tread,
 Take up hypocrisy instead,
 As knowing that must always hide
 A multitude of sins beside ;
 Whose rusty wit is at a stand
 Without a *freshman* at their hand
 (Whose service must of course create
 The just return of sev'n-fold hate)
 Lord ! that such *good* and *useful* men
 Should ever turn to books agen.

YET matter must be gravely plann'd,
 And syllables on fingers scann'd,
 And racking pangs rend lab'ring head,
 Till lady Muse is brought to-bed :
 What hunting, changing, toiling, sweating,
 To bring the useful epithet in !
 Where the cramp measure kindly shows
 It *will* be verse, but *should* be prose.
 So, when its neither light nor dark,
 To 'prentice spruce, or lawyer's clerk,
 The nymph, who takes her nightly stand
 At some fly corner in the Strand,
 Plump in the chest, tight in the beddice,
 Seems to the eye a perfect goddess ;
 But canvass'd more minutely o'er,
 Turns out an old, stale, batter'd whore.

Yet must these sons of GOWNED EASE,
 Proud of the plumage of *Degrees*,
 Forsake their *APATHY* a while,
 To figure in the *Roman* stile,
 And offer incense at the shrine
 Of *LATIN POETRY Divine*.

Upon a throne the goddess sits,
 Surrounded by her *bulky* wits ;
 FABRICIUS, COOPER, CALEPINE,
 AINSWORTHUS, FABER, CONSTANTINE ;
 And he, who like DODONA spoke,
 DE SACRA QUERCU, HOLYOAKE ;
 These are her counsellors of state,
 Men of much words, and wits of *weight* :
 Here GRADUS, full of *phrases* clever,
 Lord of her *treasury* for ever,
 With liberal hand his bounty deals ;
 SIR CENTO KEEPER of the *Seals*.

220 The St. JAMES's MAGAZINE,

Twang with a sweet pronunciation;
The flow'rs of bold imagination.
MACPHERSON leads the flaming van,
LAIRD of the *new* Fingalian clan;
While JACKY HOME brings up the rear,
With new-got pension, neat and clear
Three hundred *English* pounds a year.
While sister PEG, our *ancient Friend*,
Sends MAC's and DONLD's without end ;
To GEORGE awhile they tune their lays,
Then all their choral voices raise,
To heap their panegyric wit on
Th' illustrious chief, and our NORTH BRITON.

Hail to the THANE, whose *patriot* skill
Can break all nations to his will ;
Master of sciences and arts,
MÆCENAS to all men of parts ;
Whose soft'ring hand, and ready wit,
Shall find *us* all in places fit ;
So shall thy friends no longer roam,
But change to meet a settled home.
Hail mighty THANE, for SCOTLAND born,
To fill her almost empty horn :
Hail to thy antient glorious *stem*,
NOT THEY *from Kings*, BUT KINGS FROM THEM.

The D R E A M.

W H E N *favourites* their parties make
To play the royal game of goose,
Tho' *they* should answer each mistake,
Their master hardly 'scapes abuse ;

And

And those who hold unworthy honour,
Though grac'd themselves, disgrac'd the donor.

A mile or rather more from town,
There liv'd a *Squire* of peerless rank ;
Tir'd of my walk, I laid me down,
And fell asleep upon a bank.
It wou'd a crime in fancy seem,
If poets slept without a dream.

A *Lilly* held the regal power,
(*Good-folks*, I've had a precious dance,
To find this same imperial flower,
You see it in the arms of *France*)
This *Fleur-de-lys* was brave and young,
The darling theme of ev'ry tongue.

When (*from I know not what affection*)
The *Thistle* grew in favour great,
Had the king's ear, and whole direction
Of all the officers of state.
Fired with the fame of his renown,
Brier and *bramble* came to town,

And at the court on public days,
'Twas difficult to get along,
So doubly lin'd were all the ways,
With this same *scrubby*, *prickly* throng.
FAMINE, you know, with hollow eye,
Can't bear that PLENTY shou'd be by.

And our new minister of state,
Resolv'd to triumph o'er his foes :
The *Thorn* and he were wond'rous great,
But he cou'd not abide the *Rose*.
Pleas'd with the new-got toy of pow'r,
He turn'd out this, and t'other flower.

Banish'd

Banish'd the *Laurel* with disgrace,
 And what made many people sport,
 To fill the *Laurel's* vacant place,
 Came broad-leaf'd cousin *Dock* to court.
 BARDANA then with saunt'ring pace
 Came simp'ring up to thank his GRACE,
 When a daman'd fly upon my nose,
 Which surely ow'd me no good-will,
 Wak'd me at once, and as I rose,
 Whom thou'd I see but DOCTOR HILL,

From the NORTH-BRITON.

An O D E.

Addressed to the rebellious HIGHLANDERS;

Written in the Year 1745. By a SCOTCHMAN.

I.

WHAT dæmon breath'd this fury forth?
 Whence this new madness in the *North*?
 What does the rash infatuate race pursue?
 No sooner *Scotia* rears her state,
 Than you, her sons, conspire her fate,
 And the slow labours of an age undo.

II.

Better some bark, with fatal store
 Of pestilence, had touch'd your shore,
 Or lightning swept you from the blasted earth.
 Oh! that an earthquake in the deep
 Had overwhelm'd your mountains waste and steep,
 When first they teem'd with such a monstrous birth!

III.

In vain has nature kindly rent
 Her *Albion* from the continent,

And

And pour'd the ocean round her happy seat;
 If you, the cancer of our isle,
 In civil strife the land embroil,
 And plume vain *Gaul* with *Albion's* self-defeat.

IV.

'Tis but by arts of civil feud
 That *France*, by *England* twice subdu'd,
 Could e'er revenge her ill-disseml'd wounds:
 For big with death the navy roars,
 Dread of all seas, dread of all shores,
 And her own thunders guard *Britannia's* hallowed
 bounds.

V.

Could *Gaul* brave *Vernon's* watch beguile,
 And land her legions on this soil,
 To them 'twere landing on th' infernal coast;
 While fearless *Cumberland* leads on
 The troops at *Tournay* too well known,
 More dreadful in retreat than many a conquering host.

VI.

But could your impious arms succeed,
 What hope you from a tyrant breed?
 What gratitude expect you from a throne? —
 Back to the mountains whence you came!
 Your desarts will be still the same,
 Whatever lord those idle desarts own.

Written in a LADY's PRAYER-BOOK.

AS you to heav'n, I pray to you;
 And much I want to know,
 Why faith and zeal, and love so true,
 Must unrewarded go? —
 But if *your* pray'rs have no effect,
 The cause I plainly see;
 For how can you that grace expect
 Which you deny to me?

To Mr. JOHN GILL, of NEWPORT, ISLE of WIGHT,
with an *Essay on Public Spirit*.

*Tout ce que nous n'avons pas, à notre naissance & dont
nous avons besoin étant grands, nous est donné par
l'éducation.* ROSSEAU. Emilie.

GILL, born in BRITAIN's fairest age to take
The care of youth, and discipline them well;
Whose talents fit thee, and whose virtuous zeal
Would all that's fair improve, or great awake;

Receive this simple page, that fain would spread
That gen'rous spirit, and that practice pure,
Which public freedom, public blifs sustain:
For not the opulence of boundless trade,
Nor frequent vict'ries on the field or main,
From BRITAIN's praise, or matchless frame secure.

And heed it well. Not all the praise
Of classic wit, or tuneful lays,
Or manly argument's persuasive tongue,
Weigh much in awful reason's scale;
Will aught to happiness avail,
Unless this spirit free, direct the heart and song.

Should the rich rose a poison'd breath exhale,
What were the merit of her crimson hue?
What beauty's where its conqu'ring charms prevail,
If certain ruin its embrace pursue?

Cherish these truths; and while thro' life
Friendship and peace, my friend, are thine,
Thy breast shall know no anxious strife
On pomp's proud eminence to shine.
And oft the future virtuous race,
By arms who shield, or arts who grace
BRITANNIA's realms, shall speak thy well-earn'd praise;
And proudly boast 'twas GILL that form'd their early
days.

T H E

St. James's Magazine.

For D E C E M B E R, 1762.

A FAMILIAR LETTER of RHIMES to a LADY.

YES—I could rifle grove and bow'r
And strip the beds of every flow'r,
And deck them in their fairest hue,
Merely to be out-blush'd by you.
The lily pale, by my direction,
Should fight the rose for your complexion;
Or I could make up sweetest posies,
Fit fragrance for the ladies' noses,
Which drooping, on your breast reclining,
Should all be withering, dying, pining,
Which every songster can display,
I've more authorities than GAY;

VOL. I.

G g

Nay,

Nay, I could teach the globe its duty
 To pay all homage to your beauty,
 And, wit's creative pow'r to show,
 The very *fire* should mix with *snow*;
 Your eyes, that brandish burning *darts*
 To scorch and singe our *tinder* hearts,
 Should be the *lamps* for lover's ruin,
 And light them to their own undoing;
 While all the *snow* about your breast
 Should leave them hopeless and distressed.

For those who rarely soar above
 The art of coupling *love* and *dove*,
 In their conceits and amorous fictions,
 Are mighty fond of contradictions.
 Above, in air; in earth, beneath;
 And things that do, or do not breathe,
 All have their parts, and separate place,
 To paint the fair one's various grace.

Her cheek, her eye, her bosom show
 The rose, the lily, diamond, snow.
 Jet, milk, and amber, vales and mountains,
 Stars, rubies, suns, and mossy fountains,
 The poet gives them all a share
 In the description of his fair.
 She *burns*, she *chills*, she pierces hearts,
 With locks, and bolts, and flames, and darts.
 And could we trust th' extravagancy
 Of every poet's youthful fancy,
 They'd make each nymph they love so well,
 As *cold* as snow, as *hot* as ———.

—— O gentle lady, spare your fright,
 No horrid rhyme shall wound your sight.
 I would not for the world be heard,
 To utter such *unseemly* word,

Which

Which the politer parson fears
To mention to politer ears.

But, could a female form be shown,
(The thought, perhaps, is not my own)
Where every circumstance should meet
To make the poet's nymph compleat,
Form'd to his fancy's utmost pitch,
She'd be as ugly as a witch.

Come then, O muse, of trim conceit,
Muse, always fine, but never neat,
Who to the dull unfated ear
Of *French* or *Tuscan* SONNETEER,
Tak'st up the same unvaried tone,
Like the *Scotch* bagpipe's favourite drone,
Squeezing out thoughts in ditties quaint,
To poet's mistress, whore, or saint ;
Whether thou dwell'st on every grace,
Which lights the world from LAURA's face,
Or amorous praise expatiates wide
On beauties which the nymph must hide ;
For wit affected, loves to show
Her every charm from top to toe,
And wanton fancy oft pursues
Minute description from the muse,
Come and pourtray, with pencil fine,
The poet's mortal nymph divine.

Her golden locks of classic hair,
Are nets to catch the wanton air ;
Her forehead ivory, and her eyes
Each a bright sun to light the skies,
Orb'd in whose centre, Cupid aims
His darts, protect us ! tipt with flames,
While the fly god's unerring bow
Is the half circle of her brow.

Each lip a *ruby*, parting, shews
 The precious *pearl* in even rows,
 And all the loves and graces sleek
 Bathe in the dimples of her *cheek*.
 Her *breasts* pure *snow*, or white as *milk*,
 Are *ivory* apples, smooth as *silks*,
 Or else, as fancy trips on faster,
 Fine *marble* hills or *alabaster*.

A figure made of wax wou'd please
 More than an aggregate of these,
 Which though they are of precious worth,
 And held in great esteem on earth,
 What are they, rightly understood,
 Compared to real flesh and blood?

And I, who hate to act by rules
 Of whining, rhiming, loving fools,
 Can never twist my mind about
 To find such strange resemblance out,
 And simile that's only fit
 To shew my plenteous lack of wit.
 Therefore, omitting flames and darts,
 Wounds, sighs and tears, and bleeding hearts,
 Obeying, what I here declare,
 Makes half my happiness, the Fair,
 The favourite subject I pursue,
 And write, as who would not, for you.

Perhaps my muse, a common curse,
 Errs in the manner of her verse,
 Which, slouching in the doggrel way,
 Goes tittup all her easy way.
 Yes — an Acrostic had been better,
 Where each good-natured prattling letter,
 Though it conceal the writer's aim,
 Tells all the world his lady's name.

But

But all Acrostics, it is said,
Shew wond'rous pain of empty head,
Where wit is cramp'd in hard confines,
And fancy dare not jump the lines.

I love a fanciful disorder,
And straggling out of rule and order ;
Impute not then to vacant head,
Or what I've writ, or what I've said,
Which imputation can't be true,
Where head and heart's so full of you.

Like TRISTRUM SHANDY, I could write
From morn to noon, from noon to night,
Sometimes obscure, and sometimes leaning
A little sideways to a meaning,
And unfatigu'd myself, pursue
This civil mode of teasing you.
For as your folks who love the dwelling
On circumstance in story telling,
And to give each relation grace,
Describe the time, the folks, the place,
And are religiously exact
To point out each unmeaning fact,
Repeat their wonders *undesired*,
Nor think one hearer can be tired ;
So they who take a method worse,
And *prose* away, like me, in *verse*,
Worry their mistress, friends or betters,
With satire, sonnett, ode, or letters,
And think the knack of pleasing follows
Each jingling pupil of APOLLO's.
— Yet let it be a venial crime
That I address you thus in rhyme.
Nor think that I am *Phœbus*' bit
By the *Tarantula* of wit,
But as the meanest critic knows
All females have a knack at prose,

And

236 The St. JAMES's MAGAZINE,

And letters are the mode of writing
The ladies take the most delight in;
Bold is the man, whose saucy aim
Leads him to form a rival claim;
A double death the victim dies,
Wounded by wit as well as eyes.

—— With mine disgrace a lady's prose,
And put a nettle next a rose?
Who would, so long as taste prevails,
Compare St. *James's* with *Versailles*?
The nightingale, as story goes,
Fam'd for the music of his woes,
In vain against the artist try'd,
But strain'd his tuneful throat —— and died.

Perhaps I sought the rhiming way,
For reasons which have powerful sway.
The swain, no doubt, with pleasure sues.
The nymph he's sure will not refuse,
And more compassion may be found
Amongst these goddesses of sound,
Than always happens to the share
Of the more cruel human fair;
Who love to fix their lovers pains,
Pleas'd with the rattling of their chains,
Rejoycing in their servant's grief,
As 'twere a sin to give relief.
They twist each easy fool about,
Nor let them in, nor let them out,
But keep them twirling on the fire
Of apprehension and desire,
As cock-chafers, with corking pin
The school-boy stabs, to make them spin.

For 'tis a maxim in love's school,
To make a man of sense a fool;

I mean

I mean the man, who loves indeed,
And hopes and wishes to succeed ;
But from his fear and apprehension,
Which always mars his best intencion,
Can, ne'er address with proper ease
The very person he would please.

Now poets, when these nymphs refuse,
Strait go a courting to the muse.
But still some difference we find
Twixt goddesses and human kind ;
The muses' favours are ideal,
The ladies' scarce, but always real.
The poet can, with little pain,
Create a mistress in his brain,
Heap each attraction, every grace
That should adorn the mind or face,
On *Delia*, *Phyllis*, with a score
Of *Phyllisses* and *Delia's* more.
Or as the whim of passion burns,
Can court each frolic muse by turns ;
Nor shall one word of blame be said,
Altho' he take them all to bed.
The muse detests coquetry's guilt,
Nor apes the manners of a jilt.

Jilt ! O dishonest hateful name,
Your sex's pride, your sex's shame,
Which often bait their treacherous hook
With smile endearing, winning look,
And wind them in the easy heart
Of man, with most ensnaring art,
Only to torture and betray.
The wretch they mean to cast away.
No doubt 'tis *charming* pleasant angling
To see the poor fond creatures dangling,

Who

232 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

Who rush like gudgeons to the bait,
And gorge the mischief they should hate,
Yet sure such cruelties deface
Your virtues of their fairest grace:
And pity, which in woman's breast,
Should swim at top of all the rest,
Must such insidious sport condemn,
Which play to you, is death to them.

So have I often read or heard,
Though both upon a traveller's word,
(Authority may pass it down,
So, *vide* TRAVELS, by ED. BROWN)
At METZ, a dreadful engine stands,
Form'd like a maid, with folded hands,
Which finely dress'd, with primmest grace,
Receives the culprit's first embrace;
But at the second (dismal wonder!)
Unfolds, clasps, cuts his heart asunder.

You'll say, perhaps, I love to rail,
We'll end the matter with a tale.

~~A Robin~~ once, who lov'd to fray,
And hop about from spray to spray,
Familiar as the folks were kind,
Nor thought of mischief in his mind,
Slight favours make the bold presume,
Would flutter round the lady's room,
And careless often take his stand
Upon the lovely *Flavia's* hand.
The nymph, 'tis said, his freedom sought,
— In short, the trifling fool was caught;
And happy in the fair one's grace,
Would not accept an *Eagle's* place.
And while the nymph was kind as fair,
Wish'd not to gain his native air.

But

But thought he bargain'd to his cost,
To gain the liberty he lost.

Till at the last, a fop was seen;
A *parrot* dress'd in red and green;
Who could not boast one genuine note,
But chatter'd; swore and ly'd——by rote.
“ Nonsense and noise will oft prevail;
“ When honour and affection fail.”
The lady lik'd her foreign guest,
For novelty will please the best;
And whether it is lace, or fan,
Or silk, or china, bird or man,
None sure can think it wrong, or strange;
That ladies should admire a change.
The *Parrot* now came into play,
The *Robin*! he had had his day,
But could not brook the nymph's disdain;
So fled —— and ne'er came back again.

O.

The SCHOOL for WOMEN.

[Continued from our last.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Laura's Dressing-room.

Enter Laura and Lisetta.

L A U R A.

C O M E, prithee, child, let's have done with this
dressing, away with the toilet, for it begins to
grow fatiguing.

VOL. I.

H h

LISSETTA.

L I S E T T A.

How can I possibly have done, if your ladyship is singing all the time?

E. A U R A,

Well! and what would you have me do? sir *George* has sent me some charming words, set to the prettiest tune in the world. Oh, I will absolutely learn it against he comes; it is his composition, and deserves that attention.

[Sings.] In the ways of love mysterious,

Don't you think sir *George* is mighty agreeable?

L I S E T T A.

Oh, yes, madam, but why don't you tell me at once that you are in love with him?—It would be all one, since I must know it.

E. A U R A.

Not so fast, *Lisetta*; I distinguish him from the herd, and that is all. He has a softness of manners, a cheerfulness of disposition, an easy and agreeable address, and many winning ways to captivate a heart. I think him the prettiest fellow in the world, and really, if ever I should play the fool and marry, I should wish to find all the qualities in my conqueror, which are to be found in sir *George*.

L I S E T T A.

If your ladyship pleases, not so fast too. Sir *George* has a desire, and makes it his aim to please; to that, perhaps, all his good qualities are reducible. You have not known him long enough, to be certain, whether all this merit is intrinsic and his own. Don't you know, madam, that men are always charming, when they take it into their head to appear so——but how long does that last?——The time which is necessary to deceive

deceive us — So that — but — Why, madam, what I have been saying is of more consequence than your song, and yet you don't attend.

[*Laura sings.*] In the ways of Love mysterious,
You wou'd real bliss attain.

[*Looking in the glass.*] Upon my word, child, you have said a great many pretty things, but as I am acquainted with them a great deal better than you; and as I do not know this song, that claims the preference in my attention;

Smooth the brow and wrinkle serious,
Love, and be belov'd again.

[*Rises.*] I made a vast many reflexions this morning, *Lisetta*. They would really have given me the vapours, if possible. [*Sits down on a sofa, and sings the following air:*

Must our liberty be lost,
When there's nothing sweet without it,
Still be cruel to our cost,
Due to make a fuss about it?

Happy in our beauty's reign,
To be flatter'd and be vain,

[*Returns to her toilet.*

L I S E T T A.

And pray, madam, may one know the result of your ladyship's reflexions?

L A U R A.

Lisetta, I think I have some inclination towards matrimony.

L I S E T T A.

O heavens! are you weary of being happy?

H h 2

LAURA.

- L A U R A . -

Happy! Why, am I? Yes, to be sure, in many respects; but does my conduct, honourable and justifiable as it is, persuade me to enjoy an entire unsullied reputation? The public opinion, *Lisetta*, is something. These men now, who come to pay their court to me, merely for their amusement, have not they the air of pretending to my heart? How do I know how far those, who only know me by name, may misconstrue my love of liberty, while those indeed, who visit me, despise me, perhaps, most respectfully, and entertain the false idea, that one of them is more happy than all the rest?

- L I S E T T A . -

These are melancholy reflexions, upon my word, but to destroy them with one word, which a husband shall claim a property in you, will you never see any body else?

L A U R A .

Oh, *Lisetta*, I love the world, and marriage will never alter my taste.

L I S E T T A .

Ah, madam, people will say the same things then, you seem so apprehensive of now; and you will have gained nothing by the bargain, but the disagreeable necessity of giving an account of yourself to a master, who may, whenever he pleases, sacrifice you to a scandalous story, or false representation.

L A U R A .

You have set me quite at rest, *Lisetta*. I don't think any more about it.

L I S E T T A .

Not think about it? Oh, madam, you deceive yourself.

L A U R A .

Deceive myself! How!

L I S E T T A .

L I S E T T A.

Yes, I would venture a wager, when this idea of marrying came so suddenly into your head; you thought of Sir George.

Very good. You would persuade me that I'm in love with him.

L I S E T T A.

I can't tell — but you take a great deal of pains to appear amiable to him, and that is certainly one of the most sincere declarations of love.

L A U R A.

Again — really, *Lisette*, you go extravagant lengths. No more of your ridiculous stuff — something the *Italian* duet I taught you.

L I S E T T A.

Italian! that's the grand specific to all your ladyship's vapours.

S C E N E II.

Enter a Footboy, dressed as a Huffer.

B O Y.

A lady, madam, desires to know if she may speak with you in private?

L I S E T T A.

What, has the lady no name?

B O Y.

Most likely she has, but she would not tell it me.

L A U R A.

What sort of a person is she?

B O Y.

She is not quite so handsome as your ladyship, but not far behind. — But she is a lady of fashion, for she came

came out of a handsome chariot, which is to call for her again.

L A U R A.

Shew her up.

L I S E T T A.

But your head-dress, madam.

L A U R A.

I'll know this lady's business, and finish that afterwards.

S C E N E III.

Enter MELISSA, LAURA, LISETTA.

M E L I S S A.

Madam, I am not known to you, but your reputation, and a very particular reason of a personal nature, have made me determine to hazard this visit; and I hope your politeness will excuse the unseasonable interruption—

L A U R A.

Visits, madam, from persons like you, can never be unseasonable, but always confer an honour on those they are made to. Can I have the happiness of serving you in any thing?

M E L I S S A.

Yes, madam, and most essentially serving me, in an affair, in which the quiet of my whole life depends. I come to you, to consult you on the means of procuring it, to you, madam, who are the only person in whose power it is, by your good advice, to do me that service.

L A U R A.

In that case, madam, as far as it depends on me, you shall be perfectly satisfy'd.

L I S E T T A.

For DECEMBER, 1762. 239

L I S E T T A. [*Reaching two chairs.*]

What do you think of this introduction, madam?

L A U R A.

I am already interested — This lady has prejudiced me in her favour, and to remove all uneasiness from her, I desire you will leave us. — Madam, pray be seated. *Lisetta*, leave us.

S C E N E IV.

Enter MELISSA and LAURA.

M E L I S S A.

No doubt, madam, but I hazard the making myself appear very ridiculous, in recounting my particular uneasiness. I have a husband, by whom I had the happiness of being lov'd, as much as heart could wish. For these two months past, I find in him only fashionable complaisance, the distant ceremonies, civilities of friendship, which can hardly be called the last ruins of love. The justness of my reproaches, and my inseparable affection to him, far from reclaiming, do but estrange him the more from me, and I have the daily unhappiness to find, that his indifference makes no alteration in my tenderness.

L A U R A.

And your husband, madam, has an attachment elsewhere, then?

M E L I S S A.

Alas, madam, I have but too much reason to fear so.

L A U R A.

So much the better for you, madam.

M E L I S S A.

How?

LAURA.

L A U R A.

Yes, madam, so much the better. It will advance your purpose the more easily. Had he left you without having any love, any attachment abroad, his heart; from an habitude of thinking, would become incapable of that return you so much desire. A wild, and perhaps low dissipation, might have stifled every principle of tenderness—There is no returning from that state, and you would then have the mortification of seeing yourself abandon'd for nothing. Whereas now he is engag'd with some other object, 'tis but a momentary preference, to which he cannot sacrifice you for any long time, and it is your part to manage in such a manner, that it may be as short as possible.

M E L I S S A.

Ah, madam, you have already satisfy'd me in a point which has caused me much unhappiness.

L A U R A.

The confidence you repose in me, whatever idea you may conceive of me, madam, interests me so much in your behalf, that I cannot help telling you sincerely all I have to say upon the subject. A heart that loves virtuously, always draws along with it a real esteem. 'Tis from this opinion, madam, since you desire it, that I am ready to communicate all my thoughts to you, with the few reflexions I have made.

M E L I S S A.

I have great need of them, madam, for though I have been married these two years, I have very little study'd that lesson, so necessary to be learnt in the world, to make the best advantage of the situation we are in. I have always let my heart act without the guidance of reason. This it is, which perhaps at this time makes me a victim to a sensibility which I cannot get the better of.

LAURA.

LAURA.

That sensibility ought to render you adorable in the eyes of a husband, if men were more perfect than they really are. But that is not sufficient, and such is the imperfection of their nature, that we must have recourse to art to please them. Nature is too simple for hearts, which, from a weakness, loves variety, even in happiness itself. — I would wager, that the object which has stole the heart of your husband from you, without having all your good qualities, may not even equalling you in beauty, has engaged him by some art you have not learnt, or neglected to employ.

MELISSA.

But — it may be —

LAURA.

Do you know this person who has wrong'd you?

MELISSA.

Oh yes, madam, and the graces, both of her person and mind, are the subject of all my fears.

LAURA.

Is she so formidable? What kind of woman is she?

MELISSA.

She has been describ'd to me as a most charming person, whose happy talents embellish the gaiety of her disposition. I thought the portrait flatter'd her, and I had the curiosity to see my rival; far from finding her inferior to the commendation, I had the mortification to find qualities in her still more to be valued. An open and generous carriage, a mind enlighten'd with a most excellent understanding, a soul full of generosity; and, in short, every thing that could make me despair of recovering the heart I am in search after. Ah, madam, I see but too well my misfortunes have no remedy.

L A U R A.

That's a strange idea, madam; I am of a very different opinion. You have every advantage requisite to force from any rival, or at least dispute, a heart which you pursue. But it is plain you do not make use of them. Attack him with the same weapons, employ the same magic; and so far from her having the ascendant over you, you will have one thing greatly above her, the power of virtue, which will weigh down the scale at once, tho' she were equal in every other point. You would be much amaz'd, if, instead of blaming your husband for his inconstancy, I should prove that you yourself are the cause of it.

M E L I S S A.

I have examin'd myself, madam, I can reproach myself with nothing, and my conduct is above suspicion.

L A U R A.

'Tis not your virtue that I mean, 'tis to your want of art and address I attribute it; a fault which has been the bane of many women of the first merit.

M E L I S S A.

Go on, madam, I attend with pleasure.

L A U R A.

'Tis less difficult, madam, to gain a heart, than to preserve it. A woman thinks she has nothing to do but to be affectionate, soft, easy, and faithful. So far, indeed, she is right, these qualities ought to be the foundation of her character, they will not fail to gain her esteem in the world; but it is not so in our manners, if she desires to fix the heart of her husband, she must have address, a little management, a spirited gayety on occasion, intermixed with a little humour and caprice.

M E L I S S A.

Madam, you are, I believe, in the right, but how is that to be acquired, when one naturally —

LAURA.

L A U R A.

Get the better of your disposition, master your bias, quit that mournful plaintive tone, which makes your husband desirous of looking abroad for chearfulness. Make your own house agreeable to him, your company amusing, cast variety into your method of pleasing, try to be in his eyes many women at once, and multiply, if I may so say, rather than annihilate yourself in the heart of the man you love.

M E L I S S A.

You have given me excellent advice on many things, and I plainly perceive the consequence a woman may draw from them; but, madam, the practice will be difficult; and if, together with your just theory, I could see any striking example before my eyes of the art, both you I think so necessary, I might then——

L A U R A. [*Rises.*]

I beg pardon, madam, I hear a coach at the door. Perhaps you would not chuse to be known. I'll enquire if it is to me.

M E L I S S A.

How obliging is your attention!

S C E N E V.

L A U R A.

See who that is, *Lifetta*.

L I S E T T A.

'Tis sir *George Careless*, madam.

L A U R A.

What do you propose to do, madam? 'tis a gentleman who often does me the favour of a visit; a gentleman of very agreeable qualifications.

M E L I S S A.

Dear madam — He may perhaps know — and I should be in the utmost distraction, if any one — I don't know —

L A U R A.

A thought has immediately come across me, may prove serviceable to you. You say you would be glad to have an example join'd to the theory I have laid down. This visit of *Mr. George's* is directly your affair. He has some pretensions to my heart; as I believe his views are honourable, I cannot say I am displeased with him; but I treat him in such a manner, as not to cure him too soon. Retire into that closet, madam, where you may hear all, and draw some profit from the method I shall pursue in my behaviour to him.

M E L I S S A.

Nothing can be better imagin'd, I'll promise you, I will not lose a single word of the conversation.

L A U R A.

Your just complaints, madam, have put me out of humour with every thing that bears any relation to a husband. He shall immediately pay for the behaviour of your's, and I hope from this example, you will have resolution hereafter to work a correction yourself. — Oh, here he is, *Lisetta*, conduct the lady.

M E L I S S A.

I am sorry you should trouble yourself so on my account.

L A U R A.

Let me proceed, madam, and do you endeavour to profit by it. I fancy I know better what is necessary in this case, than you do.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter LAURA and Sir GEORGE.

LAURA. [*At her toilet, adjusting her hair.*]

Oh, sir, are you come? I am extremely glad to see you. — The key of your box is I find not to be obtained.

SIR GEORGE.

I have done myself the pleasure of bringing it with me.

LAURA.

Done yourself the pleasure of bringing a key, that is indeed creating a pleasure in every thing. — But is this an hour to go to a new opera?

SIR GEORGE.

'Tis but half an hour after five, and you never go till six.

LAURA.

True, sir, but I had a mind to go precisely at the time this evening.

SIR GEORGE.

And in order to be ready, the business of the toilet is not yet dispatched.

LAURA.

By that ironical tone, sir *George*, you would insinuate, I suppose, that I want common sense.

SIR GEORGE.

What an idea, my charming *Laura*, can any one have a better conviction of your's, than I have?

LAURA.

And why should your proof, your knowledge in that respect, be superior to any others? Have I understanding
only

only for you? or do you think yourself the only person capable of forming that judgment?

SIR GEORGE.

Nor one, nor t'other, madam; but I am sure no one is so interested as I am, and 'tis that which makes me distinguish your good qualities better than any other person.

L A U R A.

Oh, mighty well! this compliment stands you in great stead. Men are most admirable things, they throw out a pretty turn of epigrammatical wit upon us, and think every thing is accommodated with great ease, and we are mightily content. Sir, pray keep your compliment for a better occasion, and your box for some other day.

SIR GEORGE.

Then you don't go to the opera, madam!

L A U R A.

Why not, sir, is there no other box but your's?— I can have the baron's, who, more observant than you, sent to offer it me this morning.

SIR GEORGE.

And you have accepted it, madam?

L A U R A.

Why not?

SIR GEORGE.

Only the baron is a happy man, madam; could I have imagin'd you had any doubt of my punctuality, you should have had the key of my box yesterday. So that the baron's—

L A U R A.

Well, well, this dispute about the keys makes my head ache. Let's have done with it.

SIR

SIR GEORGE.

With all my heart. I know your sincerity. Now come own, tell me honestly, was not you a little out of humour, when I first came hither, and you have honoured me with the preference in venting it?

LAURA.

And pray why not? Certainly you should look upon that as a particular favour. Should you have been pleased, now, if I had kept it for any other. — But perhaps you would be more agreeably entertained, to hear me sing the air you sent me. The words are modest and simple. You see how fond I am of them.

SIR GEORGE.

They are such as you inspir'd into my heart; for the wit of them, I must beg your indulgence. You are charming, madam, whenever you please.

LAURA.

Mere author's flattery; because he has made the words. — But really I believe I am so now and then.

[Sings.] In the ways of love mysterious,
Would you real bliss attain,
Smooth the brow, and wrinkle serious,
Love and be belov'd again.

SIR GEORGE.

Your voice improves every day.

LAURA.

I have acquir'd a little more art in my way of singing, that's all; but I can't reach your excellence, sir *George*, tho' perhaps I may arrive at it hereafter.

SIR GEORGE.

Was I not well acquainted with you, I should take that modest speech of your's for irony.

LAURA.

L A U R A.

I do you but justice. You shall see I will sing the duet you gave me last.

S I R G E O R G E.

With all my heart.

L A U R A.

Come, sit you there then.

[*Here follows a Duet.*]

L A U R A.

Apropos, favours, sir George! have you never thought of partaking those favours, by a mutual connexion under the influence of *Hymen*?

S I R G E O R G E.

Oh yes, madam, I can hardly have liv'd so long, without having entertain'd that agreeable idea.

L A U R A.

Tell me now, sir George, tell me honestly, what scheme of matrimony have you form'd.

S I R G E O R G E.

What scheme, madam? That's a very delicate question.

L A U R A.

I have my reasons for putting it.

S I R G E O R G E. [*Afide.*]

Surely she does not know——

L A U R A.

That agreeable idea, to use your own expression, notwithstanding all my philosophical fortifications against it, has made great incursions into my mind. Now, I should be glad to know, if your thoughts on that subject suit with mine at all.

S I R

SIR GEORGE. [*Embarassed.*]

Madam, all I can say is, that I am a man, made like the rest, to follow the fashion, and not trouble myself much with reflexion.

L A U R A.

What, would you take the oath requir'd on such an occasion, with a determin'd design of never keeping it? Come, come, sir *George*, you don't think at all.

SIR GEORGE.

When I say this, madam, 'tis not from any sensation that I have within, that I should ever act unconformable to the rules of honour. But what is marriage after all? an union from the motives of interest and decency, with a woman we can't get rid of. In spite of whatever happens, they are link'd to each other for life. The certainty of which, as it is mutually abused on both sides, makes them neglect even the endeavour of pleasing; from hence proceeds a coolness and indifference, each sticks to their own party, follows the torrent of the world, and ends by being totally careless of each other, as far as the world will permit them, which requires no more than an external complaisance.

L A U R A.

How, sir! And is all the happiness marriage is susceptible of, reduc'd to this point?

SIR GEORGE.

I beg your pardon, madam, I forgot to mention one consequence, which is children, necessary indeed to preserve estates to us, which, without them, we might be oblig'd to restore.

L A U R A.

You speak to me surely of people who come together without any principle of affection. But how would you behave yourself to an amiable lady, whose beauty and talents could engage your affections, and who should make your happiness her first pleasure?

SIR GEORGE.

Madam, I should adore her. Fashion then could have no power over me.—But do wives commonly dedicate their excellent and agreeable talents to their husbands, for any continuance?

L A U R A.

If she neglects them in his eyes, 'tis because he appears to be no longer affected with them, and that others, less indifferent, behold her with more justice.

SIR GEORGE.

No, madam, I know ladies of the strictest virtue. I have seen more than one dressed up with every grace, and adorned with every excellent qualification the evening of her marriage, and yet eight days after throw aside all those qualities she possessed, which might please her husband. The husband, you will think, perhaps, has no right to complain; she does no more for another than for him; but she does not endeavour to please him more than any other. In short, this very man, with the best disposition in the world towards loving his wife passionately and sincerely for his whole life, finds this very wife so little attentive to exert the faculties she has to appear amiable, that a distaste arises in his mind against his will, and from one, the best calculated to honour, love and marriage, in the same object, he becomes the most dissipated and inconstant in the whole world.

L A U R A.

Now, sir, from the lively and animated way you have expressed your sentiments, one might almost guess you yourself had been in the case of one of these husbands.—But that I know is impossible.

SIR GEORGE.

A little knowledge of the world, madam, will teach us as much from the example of others, as from our own experience.

LAURA.

L A U R A.

Oh, that's not always true. However I am glad to see we are so well agreed. Let's drop the argument. I am afraid this serious tone grows tiresome. — I think you had e'en better go to the opera.

S I R G E O R G E.

Can any conversation with you, madam, ever become tiresome?

L A U R A.

I always take great care to change it before that moment can happen. I love my friends for themselves. Make yourself easy, sir George, the baron's box was mere pleasantry: I shall be at home, and shall expect you to bring me the news from the opera.

S I R G E O R G E.

On that condition, madam, I take my leave. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E . VII.

Enter LAURA, MELISSA, LISETTA.

L A U R A.

Come, madam, he's gone — have not you been tired of your prison?

M E L I S S A.

No, madam, your conversation has given me great pleasure.

L A U R A.

You have now heard, in as short a time as possible, the method we should take to amuse ourselves, and engage the men. Shifting by turns from caprice to gaiety, gaiety to reason, reason to sentiment; that's the whole secret, and that's the train every woman, who wishes to please, should follow.

K k 2

MELISSA:

MELISSA.

I have so well comprehended the lesson, that I desire nothing more towards reclaiming my husband ; and really I begin to reproach myself for my own inconstancy. I must sure have been very insipid, but I will put your receipt to the tryal this very evening.

LISETTA.

You have a scholar, madam, which does you honour, for she has heard every thing with attention.

LAURA.

I was extremely glad to question sir *George* on the subject of matrimony. His advice cannot be suspected, and he has owned honestly he should behave like the rest of the husbands, if he had a wife who neglected all the means of pleasing him. Yet as he is a gentleman, of probity and honour, I make it a particular case to him.

MELISSA.

I think as you do, madam, from the justness of his answers.

LAURA.

You delight me exceedingly — The good we hear others speak of those we love, inhances the opinion we have already conceiv'd of them. As your confidence in me, renders you deserving of mine in return, I will not conceal from you, that I design to unite myself with him in a lawful alliance ; he will make any woman who deserves him, happy, if she will be at the pains of endeavouring to please him. — But, bless me, you change colour, madam ! I am surpriz'd —

MELISSA.

'Tis nothing at all, madam, only a little faintness, that will soon be over.

LISETTA.

The lady has been so long confin'd, without daring hardly to breathe, or speak a single word, perhaps that constraint has overpowered her.

MELISSA.

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I believe 'tis that indeed.

LAURA.

No, madam, pardon my indiscretion, I suspect you have only open'd your mind by halves. You would hardly have come to consult me, but from some very pressing reason. You will run no hazard in acquainting me with the secret, and there may be some danger in concealing it.

MELISSA.

What, madam, you suspect? —

LAURA.

Yes——madam——the motive of your visit——that sudden emotion at the name of *Mr. George*, the agreement of the time for which you accuse your inconstant, with my acquaintance with him; every thing in short, assures me, that you are come hither to reclaim the heart of *Mr. George*; that he is your husband, or at least your lover. It is absolutely necessary to inform me who he is, if you do not wish that I should marry him.

MELISSA.

Ah, madam, you force a secret from me, I had form'd a strong resolution never to divulge. *Mr. George* had some disposition towards me, and my visit to you, innocent as it is, might perhaps, in his sight, appear a forwardness, which would only make me odious.

LAURA.

Fear nothing, madam, I should be too much a sufferer myself, if I abus'd your confidence. I restore *Mr. George* to you, under whatever denomination he belongs to you. But trust me, and from my advice learn THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

LISSETTA.

Ladies are not all so generous in their resignations now adays.

MELISSA.

254 The St. JAMES's MAGAZINE,

M E L I S S A.

Your noble way of acting, madam, deserves all my esteem.

L A U R A.

The action recompenses itself. Confess, madam, that women would save themselves much uneasiness, if they would be less studious to estrange themselves from their perfidious husbands, and trust more to the natural and particular rights they have over them. Then perfidy would wear its proper countenance, and become a vice in its real colours, and so many gallant gentlemen, who drive the trade, would not have it in their power to play so scandalous a game at our expence.

M E L I S S A.

Knowing your manner of thinking, I dare rely on your discretion, and will, from this moment, put in practise that art, whose utility you have so plainly proved to me.

L A U R A.

Be assur'd, madam, that your secret shall be my own.

M E L I S S A.

Madam, your servant. Let what will happen, I can never forget my obligations.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Laura and Lisetta.

L A U R A.

And so, my fine sir *George*, you would pass for a single man, and have a beautiful lady to your wife, whom you neglect. These perfidious husbands, however, don't make others so.

L I S E T T A.

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Thus it is, madam, that these treasons, when discovered, go unpunish'd. Was I in your place, I would make an example.

L A U R A.

His wife is too deserving, to be made unhappy in any thing; she desires to fix him, and I wish her success with all my heart.—But for that——

L I S E T T A.

I admire your generosity, madam. But if all ladies of strict virtue take example from this, consider that you will have to reproach yourself with the ruin of I know not how many charming and honourable ladies, who have establish'd their own fortune on the quarrels of families, and inconstancy of husbands.

L A U R A.

Whatever agreeable airs their wives may put on, *Lisetta*, there will be but too many husbands, whose inconstancy will be proof against my remedy. But I expect sir *George* after the opera, and without betraying a secret I have engag'd to keep, I'll tell him enough at least to make him understand I will never see him more. See where I should have been, had I lov'd—Villain—Ah, *Lisetta*! sincere and affectionate wives have but too much reason for complaint in these days.

L I S E T T A.

But these are faults, ladies in general take great pains to get rid of.

L A U R A.

However I much approve of them, to this end I employ myself at present. Ill fortune to the man who dares give himself the airs of making his address to me.

END of ACT the SECOND.

[*The last ACT in our next.*]

LOVE

L O V E and T I M E.

AN ALLEGORICAL TALE:

Imitated from ROUSSEAU: By Mr. CHARLES DENIS.

THAT VENUS, queen of love and beauty,
 Was oft found tripping in her duty ;
 'Tis no great wonder, you will say ;
 But that th' old wife of th' oldest god,
 Should at her sober time of day,
 With a young stripling go astray,
 Methinks 'tis very odd !
 What ! granny OPS, MATER DEORUM,
 Be guilty of such indecorum !
 She, of all ancient prudes the pattern,
 Behave like any modern flattern !
 'Twas even so : She took a boy,
 The beardless ATYS, for her toy.
 Her husband, SATURN, *alias* TIME,
 (A more convenient word for rhyme)
 Together caught this pair of lovers ;
 There's nothing but what TIME discovers,
 No need to tell what noise he made ;
 'Twas am'rous puffs, and lech'rous jade ;
 And harsher names which he bestow'd,
 Much unbecoming of a God.
 But Gods, we know, as well as men,
 Had most unruly passions then.
 Then *vice versa* th' ancient goddess,
 Vex't to be found without her boddice,
 Set all his ribbaldry at nought,
 And gave as good as what he brought.
 Weak, fumbling fool, and stupid log,
 That only set the will agog,
 Then stop't the wheel, for want of water ;
 As he by long experience taught her,

When

When Gods grew old, and past their labour,
'Twas natural t'employ a neighbour.

And after all, what did she more
Than other heav'nly dames?

For she cou'd quote above a score
.. Conyicted of unlawful flames.

E'en chaste DIANA had ENDYMION;

And if report says true,

The wise MINERVA too,

Was not without her minion.

Thus as she gave her tongue full sway,

SATURN had not a word to say;

When CUPID, always niddy-noddy,

Like MARPLOT, in the busy-body,

Without being ask'd, sat up for judge

(For which TIME then first ow'd a grudge)

Not minding plaintiff or defendant,

Resolv'd at once to make an end on't.

Fool that he was, in case of strife,

To thrust his oar 'twixt man and wife.

For tho' from words they came to blows;

A third shou'd never interpose.

In such a case, or story lyes,

The wise TIRESIAS' lost his eyes;

For JUNO scratch'd them out in spite,

When he pronounc'd JOVE in the right.

But CUPID makes a joke of laws,

Nor minds the merit of the cause;

And so to finish the dispute,

Condemns the God with costs of suit.

The sentence fretted SATURN much,

But——a husband's fate is such.

—— And what redress in this sad case?

None; but to pocket the disgrace:

For fretting does but gall your sore,

And only makes folks laugh the more.

So venerable TIME drank up,

Or seem'd to gulp the bitter cup.

He knew t' appeal to other gods,
 How much against him were the odds.
 For what but shame did VULCAN get,
 With MARS and VENUS in his net?
 But SATURN, wiser than the other,
 I mean the God, his cuckold brother,
 In prudence, made no greater pother.
 Well he knew how, as god of time,
 To make all three repent their crime :
 His vengeance soon was brought about ;
 For ere three moons were in and out,
 The lover sated, tir'd, disgusted,
 Ne'er minds for what th' old goddess lusted,
 But leaves, as usual in such case,
 Her wrinkl'd phiz, for smooother face.
 SANGARITIS, her *maid of honor*,
 To gain the youngster, took upon her:
 Which when found out, old MASTER storm'd,
 And then a cruel act perform'd,
 That left poor ATYS on a par
 With what we read of ABELARD ;
 For which sad ELOISA griev'd
 So much, 'twill scarcely be believ'd ;
 But that the story of her woes,
 In her own lines energetic flows ;
 And with such flames as plainly prove,
 She burn'd not with *platonic* love.
 — Oh, oh ! quoth TIME, this is rare doing !
 She has with *his*, spoil'd her *own* woin.
 On them my vengeance is compleated,
 But yet 'tis far from being sated.
 With strong resentment still I burn,
 And now the Judge shall have his turn:
 Soon CUPID felt, as TIME resolv'd,
 The woes wherein he was involv'd :
 In vain he hides, and sculks, and dodges,
 TIME finds him out, where'er he lodges,

And

And when secure he hopes to rest,
 TIME ferrets him from forth his nest.
 Or like a spider on a fly,
 Ne'er leaves him till he sucks him dry.
 In vain love strives to make a stand
 Against TIME's persecuting hand;
 In vain he offers, begs and sues
 To make a peace—at least a truce.
 No: 'tis decreed by some curst star,
 That TIME and LOVE shall ever jar.

O D E. To a young WIDOW.

From ROUSSEAU. By the Same.

WHAT still this dismal pomp of woe!
 Is it not time to end the show,
 Whatever frowning prudes may think?
 Six moons have felt increase and wane,
 Since your good spouse to heav'n was ta'en,
 And HYMEN quench'd his link.

Why mourn a husband's *timely* fate?
 Alas! we all, or soon or late,
 Must tread the dreary *Stygian* shore;
 Had he been handsome, young and stout,
 Instead of homely, old, worn out,
 What cou'd your sighs say more?

Then leave this mimic farce of grief,
 To such as really want relief;
 They may in doleful dumps take on;
 But you! when thousands wait your will,
 Lovers that you may save, or kill,
 Why weep one husband gone?

Pay no regard to what is said
Of her *, who when her spouse was dead,
Would needs with him be buried too ;
Or if you will that matron act,
Then make PETRONIUS' story fact,
And play her part quite thro'.

Your *Grecian*, and your *Roman* dames,
For whose connubial widow'd flames,
Historians make so great a racket,
Were all, whatever we are told,
Cast in the very self-same mould
With SOUTHERN's widow *Lack-it*.

Those mausoléums rais'd of old,
Much more of pride than grief unfold,
Like some we see quite new.
When groans are turn'd to such a height,
They place in the same glaring light
The mourn'd and mourner too.

But in what age was ever seen
An ARTEMISIA of eighteen ?
Point out the lady if you can.
ANDROMACHE, for all her tears,
Gave two successors in three years
To HECTOR, her good man.

Lay not poor DINO's case to heart,
She might have better done her part,
And fix'd perhaps, the *pious* rover ;
'Twas her own fault she was forsook ;
For who, in CUPID's name, e'er took
A METHODIST for lover ?

And what indeed could she expect
From one who shew'd so great neglect
Of matrimonial love and vows ?
Who, when his TROY was all on fire,
Bore off his gods, his son and fire,
And left behind his spouse.

For you more blisful stars shall shine,
Again shall love and HYMEN join,
And fix again the happy day ;
The day when some deserving youth
Shall be rewarded for his truth ;
And You his love repay !

The altar's deckt, the incense burns,
The smiles and graces sing by turns ;
And see the flames auspicious rise !
Around the little CUPIDS croud,
Whilst VENUS, seated on a cloud,
Approves the sacrifice.

Queen ELIZ. To the Lord Treasurer B.

Sir Spiritt,

I Doubt I doe nickname you for those of your kind (they say) have not sense, but I have of late seen an ecce signum, that if an ass kick you, you feele it too soone. I will recant you from being my Spiritt, if ever I perceive that you disdaine not such a feelinge. Serve God, fear the king, and be a good fellow to the rest. Let never care appear in you for such a rumour, but let them well know, that you rather desire them righting of
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 Then *vice versa* th' ancient goddess,
 Vex't to be found without her boddice,
 Set all his ribbaldry at nought,
 And gave as good as what he brought.
 Weak, fumbling fool, and stupid log,
 That only set the will agog,
 Then stop't the wheel, for want of water ;
 As he by long experience taught her,

When

When Gods grew old, and past their labour,
'Twas natural t'employ a neighbour.

And after all, what did she more
Than other heav'nly dames?

For she cou'd quote above a score
Convicted of unlawful flames.

E'en chaste DIANA had ENDYMION;

And if report says true,

The wise MINERVA too,

Was not without her minion.

Thus as she gave her tongue full sway,

SATURN had not a word to say;

When CUPID, always niddy-noddy,

Like MARPLOT, in the busy body,

Without being ask'd, sat up for judge

(For which TIME then first ow'd a grudge)

Not minding plaintiff or defendant,

Resolv'd at once to make an end on't.

Fool that he was, in case of strife,

To thrust his oar 'twixt man and wife.

For tho' from words they came to blows;

A third shou'd never interpose.

In such a case, or story lyes,

The wise TIRESIAS' lost his eyes;

For JUNO scratch'd them out in spite,

When he pronounc'd JOVE in the right;

But CUPID makes a joke of laws,

Nor minds the merit of the cause;

And so to finish the dispute,

Condemns the God with costs of suit.

The sentence fretted SATURN much,

But——a husband's fate is such,

——And what redress in this sad case?

None; but to pocket the disgrace:

For fretting does but gall your sore,

And only makes folks laugh the more.

So venerable TIME drank up,

Or seem'd to gulp the bitter cup.

He knew t' appeal to other gods,
 How much against him were the odds.
 For what but shame did VULCAN get,
 With MARS and VENUS in his net?
 But SATURN, wiser than the other,
 I mean the God, his cuckold brother,
 In prudence, made no greater pother.
 Well he knew how, as god of time,
 To make all three repent their crime :
 His vengeance soon was brought about ;
 For ere three moons were in and out,
 The lover fated, tir'd, disgusted,
 Ne'er minds for what th' old goddess lusted,
 But leaves, as usual in such case,
 Her wrinkl'd phiz, for smooother face.
 SANGARITIS, her *maid of honor*,
 To gain the youngster, took upon her:
 Which when found out, old MASTER storm'd,
 And then a cruel act perform'd,
 That left poor ATYS on a par
 With what we read of ABELARD ;
 For which sad ELOISA griev'd
 So much, 'twill scarcely be believ'd ;
 But that the story of her woes,
 In her own lines energetic flows ;
 And with such flames as plainly prove,
 She burn'd not with *platonic* love.
 — Oh, oh ! quoth TIME, this is rare doing !
 She has with *his*, spoil'd her *own* woin.
 On them my vengeance is compleated,
 But yet 'tis far from being fated.
 With strong resentment still I burn,
 And now the Judge shall have his turn
 Soon CUPID felt, as TIME resolv'd,
 The woes wherein he was involv'd :
 In vain he hides, and sculks, and dodges,
 TIME finds him out, where'er he lodges,

And

And when secure he hopes to rest,
 TIME ferrets him from forth his nest.
 Or like a spider on a fly,
 Ne'er leaves him till he sucks him dry.
 In vain love strives to make a stand
 Against TIME's persecuting hand;
 In vain he offers, begs and sues
 To make a peace—at least a truce.
 No: 'tis decreed by some curst star,
 That TIME and LOVE shall ever jar.

O D E. To a young WIDOW.

From ROUSSEAU. By the Same.

WHAT still this dismal pomp of woe!
 Is it not time to end the show,
 Whatever frowning prudes may think?
 Six moons have felt increase and wane,
 Since your good spouse to heav'n was ta'en,
 And HYMEN quench'd his link.

Why mourn a husband's *timely* fate?
 Alas! we all, or soon or late,
 Must tread the dreary *Stygian* shore;
 Had he been handsome, young and stout,
 Instead of homely, old, worn out,
 What cou'd your sighs say more?

Then leave this mimic farce of grief,
 To such as really want relief;
 They may in doleful dumps take on;
 But you! when thousands wait your will,
 Lovers that you may save, or kill,
 Why weep one husband gone?

Pay no regard to what is said
Of her *, who when her spouse was dead,
Would needs with him be buried too ;
Or if you will that matron act,
Then make PETRONIUS' story fact,
And play her part quite thro'.

Your *Grecian*, and your *Roman* dames,
For whose connubial widow'd flames,
Historians make so great a racket,
Were all, whatever we are told,
Cast in the very self-same mould
With SOUTHERN's widow *Lack-it*.

Those mausoleums rais'd of old,
Much more of pride than grief unfold,
Like some we see quite new.
When groans are turn'd to such a height,
They place in the same glaring light
The mourn'd and mourner too.

But in what age was ever seen
An ARTEMISIA of eighteen ?
Point out the lady if you can.
ANDROMACHE, for all her tears,
Gave two successors in three years
To HECTOR, her good man.

Lay not poor DIDO's case to heart,
She might have better done her part,
And fix'd perhaps, the *pious* rover ;
'Twas her own fault she was forsook ;
For who, in CUPID's name, e'er took
A METHODIST for lover ?

And what indeed could she expect
From one who shew'd so great neglect
Of matrimonial love and vows ?
Who, when his TROY was all on fire,
Bore off his gods, his son and fire,
And left behind his spouse.

For you more blissful stars shall shine,
Again shall love and HYMEN join,
And fix again the happy day ;
The day when some deserving youth
Shall be rewarded for his truth ;
And You his love repay !

The altar's deckt, the incense burns,
The smiles and graces sing by turns ;
And see the flames auspicious rise !
Around the little CUPIDS croud,
Whilst VENUS, seated on a cloud,
Approves the sacrifice.

Queen ELIZ. To the Lord Treasurer B.

Sir Spiritt,

I Doubt I doe nickname you for those of your kind (they say) have not sense, but I have of late seen an ecce signum, that if an ass kick you, you feele it too soone. I will recant you from being my Spiritt, if ever I perceive that you disdaine not such a feelinge. Serve God, fear the king, and be a good fellow to the rest. Let never care appear in you for such a rumour, but let them well know, that you rather desire them righting of
such

MELISSA.

I have so well comprehended the lesson, that I desire nothing more towards reclaiming my husband; and really I begin to reproach myself for my own inconstancy. I must sure have been very insipid, but I will put your receipt to the tryal this very evening.

LISSETTA.

You have a scholar, madam, which does you honour, for she has heard every thing with attention.

LAURA.

I was extremely glad to question sir George on the subject of matrimony. His advice cannot be suspected, and he has owned honestly he should behave like the rest of the husbands, if he had a wife who neglected all the means of pleasing him. Yet as he is a gentleman, of probity and honour, I make it a particular case to him.

MELISSA.

I think as you do, madam, from the justness of his answers.

LAURA.

You delight me exceedingly — The good we hear others speak of those we love, inhances the opinion we have already conceiv'd of them. As your confidence in me, renders you deserving of mine in return, I will not congeal from you, that I design to unite myself with him in a lawful alliance; he will make any woman who deserves him, happy, if she will be at the pains of endeavouring to please him. — But, bless me, you change colour, madam! I am surpriz'd —

MELISSA.

'Tis nothing at all, madam, only a little faintness, that will soon be over.

LISSETTA.

The lady has been so long confin'd, without daring hardly to breathe, or speak a single word, perhaps that constraint has overpowered her.

MELISSA.

MELISSA.

I believe 'tis that indeed.

LAURA.

No, madam, pardon my indiscretion, I suspect you have only open'd your mind by halves. You would hardly have come to consult me, but from some very pressing reason. You will run no hazard in acquainting me with the secret, and there may be some danger in concealing it.

MELISSA.

What, madam, you suspect? —

LAURA.

Yes——madam——the motive of your visit——that sudden emotion at the name of *sir George*, the agreement of the time for which you accuse your inconstant, with my acquaintance with him; every thing in short, assures me, that you are come hither to reclaim the heart of *sir George*; that he is your husband, or at least your lover. It is absolutely necessary to inform me who he is, if you do not wish that I should marry him.

MELISSA.

Ah, madam, you force a secret from me, I had form'd a strong resolution never to divulge. *Sir George* had some disposition towards me, and my visit to you, innocent as it is, might perhaps, in his sight, appear a forwardness, which would only make me odious.

LAURA.

Fear nothing, madam, I should be too much a sufferer myself, if I abus'd your confidence. I restore *sir George* to you, under whatever denomination he belongs to you. But trust me, and from my advice learn THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

LISSETTA.

Ladies are not all so generous in their resignations now adays.

MELISSA.

254 The St. JAMES's MAGAZINE,

M E L I S S A.

Your noble way of acting, madam, deserves all my esteem.

L A U R A.

The action recompenses itself. Confess, madam, that women would save themselves much uneasiness, if they would be less studious to estrange themselves from their perfidious husbands, and trust more to the natural and particular rights they have over them. Then perfidy would wear its proper countenance, and become a vice in its real colours, and so many gallant gentlemen, who drive the trade, would not have it in their power to play so scandalous a game at our expence.

M E L I S S A.

Knowing your manner of thinking, I dare rely on your discretion, and will, from this moment, put in practice that art, whose utility you have so plainly proved to me.

L A U R A.

Be assur'd, madam, that your secret shall be my own.

M E L I S S A.

Madam, your servant. Let what will happen, I can never forget my obligations.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Laura and Lisetta.

L A U R A.

And so, my fine sir *George*, you would pass for a single man, and have a beautiful lady to your wife, whom you neglect. These perfidious husbands, however, don't make others so.

L I S E T T A.

L I S E T T A.

Thus it is, madam, that these treasons, when discovered, go unpunish'd. Was I in your place, I would make an example.

L A U R A.

His wife is too deserving, to be made unhappy in any thing; she desires to fix him, and I wish her success with all my heart.—But for that——

L I S E T T A.

I admire your generosity, madam. But if all ladies of strict virtue take example from this, consider that you will have to reproach yourself with the ruin of I know not how many charming and honourable ladies, who have establish'd their own fortune on the quarrels of families, and inconstancy of husbands.

L A U R A.

Whatever agreeable airs their wives may put on, *Lisetta*, there will be but too many husbands, whose inconstancy will be proof against my remedy. But I expect sir *George* after the opera, and without betraying a secret I have engag'd to keep, I'll tell him enough at least to make him understand I will never see him more. See where I should have been, had I lov'd—Villain—Ah, *Lisetta*! sincere and affectionate wives have but too much reason for complaint in these days.

L I S E T T A.

But these are faults, ladies in general take great pains to get rid of.

L A U R A.

However I much approve of them, to this end I employ myself at present. Ill fortune to the man who dares give himself the airs of making his address to me.

END of ACT the SECOND.

[*The last ACT in our next.*]

LOVE

L O V E and T I M E.

AN ALLEGORICAL TALE:

Imitated from ROUSSEAU: By Mr. CHARLES DENIS.

THAT VENUS, queen of love and beauty,
Was oft found tripping in her duty ;

'Tis no great wonder, you will say ;
But that th' old wife of th' oldest god,
Should at her sober time of day,
With a young stripling go astray,
Methinks 'tis very odd !

What ! granny OPS, MATER DEORUM,
Be guilty of such indecorum !

She, of all ancient prudes the pattern,
Behave like any modern flattern !

'Twas even so : She took a boy,
The beardless ATYS, for her toy.

Her husband, SATURN, *alias* TIME,
(A more convenient word for rhyme)

Together caught this pair of lovers ;

There's nothing but what TIME discovers,

No need to tell what noise he made ;

'Twas am'rous puffs, and lech'rous jade ;

And harsher names which he bestow'd,

Much unbecoming of a God.

But Gods, we know, as well as men,

Had most unruly passions then.

Then *vice versa* th' ancient goddess,

Vex't to be found without her boddice,

Set all his ribbaldry at nought,

And gave as good as what he brought.

Weak, fumbling fool, and stupid log,

That only set the will agog,

Then stop't the wheel, for want of water ;

As he by long experience taught her,

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When Gods grew old, and past their labour,
'Twas natural t'employ a neighbour.

And after all, what did she more
Than other heav'nly dames ?

For she cou'd quote above a score
Convicted of unlawful flames.

E'en chaste DIANA had ENDYMION;

And if report says true,

The wise MINERVA too,

Was not without her minion.

Thus as she gave her tongue full sway,

SATURN had not a word to say;

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The wise TIRESIAS' lost his eyes;

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But CUPID makes a joke of laws,

Nor minds the merit of the cause;

And so to finish the dispute,

Condemns the God with costs of suit.

The sentence fretted SATURN much,

But——a husband's fate is such.

——And what redress in this sad case ?

None ; but to packet the disgrace :

For fretting does but gall your sore,

And only makes folks laugh the more.

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Or seem'd to gulp the bitter cup.

He knew t' appeal to other gods,
 How much against him were the odds.
 For what but shame did VULCAN get,
 With MARS and VENUS in his net?
 But SATURN, wiser than the other,
 I mean the God, his cuckold brother,
 In prudence, made no greater pother.
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 To make all three repent their crime :
 His vengeance soon was brought about ;
 For ere three moons were in and out,
 The lover sated, tir'd, disgusted,
 Ne'er minds for what th' old goddess lusted,
 But leaves, as usual in such case,
 Her wrinkl'd phiz, for smoother face.
 SANGARITIS, her *maid of honor*,
 To gain the youngster, took upon her:
 Which when found out, old MASTER storm'd,
 And then a cruel act perform'd,
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 With what we read of ABELARD ;
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 Ne'er leaves him till he sucks him dry.
 In vain love strives to make a stand
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 In vain he offers, begs and sues
 To make a peace—at least a truce.
 No: 'tis decreed by some curst star,
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O D E. To a young WIDOW.

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WHAT still this dismal pomp of woe!
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Then leave this mimic farce of grief,
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They may in doleful dumps take on;
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 Lovers that you may save, or kill,
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Would needs with him be buried too ;
Or if you will that matron act,
Then make PETRONIUS' story fact,
And play her part quite thro'.

Your *Grecian*, and your *Roman* dames,
For whose connubial widow'd flames,
Historians make so great a racket,
Were all, whatever we are told,
Cast in the very self-same mould
With SOUTHERN's widow *Lack-it*.

Those mausoléums rais'd of old,
Much more of pride than grief unfold,
Like some we see quite new.
When groans are turn'd to such a height,
They place in the same glaring light
The mourn'd and mourner too.

But in what age was ever seen
An ARTEMISIA of eighteen ?
Point out the lady if you can.
ANDROMACHE, for all her tears,
Gave two successors in three years
To HECTOR, her good man.

Lay not poor DINO's case to heart,
She might have better done her part,
And fix'd perhaps, the *pious* rover ;
'Twas her own fault she was forlook ;
For who, in CUPID's name, e'er took
A METHODIST for lover ?

* Ephesian Matron.

And what indeed could she expect
From one who shew'd so great neglect
Of matrimonial love and vows ?
Who, when his TROY was all on fire,
Bore off his gods, his son and fire,
And left behind his spouse.

For you more blissful stars shall shine,
Again shall love and HYMEN join,
And fix again the happy day ;
The day when some deserving youth
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Around the little CUPIDS croud,
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such

such wronge, by making knowne theyr error, then you to be so silly a soule, as to foreshowe that you ought to doe, or, not freely deliver what you think meetest, and pafs of noe man soe much, as not to regard her trust who puts in you.

God blefs you, and long may you last.

Rer 8, May
1583.

Omnio. E. R.

HENRY, Earl of RICHMOND, before he was King, to his Friends here in England, from beyond the Seas, &c.

RIGHT trusty, worshipfull and honourable good friends, and our allies, I greet you well. Being given to understand your good devoir and intent to advance me to the furtherance of my rightful claim, due, and lineal inheritance of that crowne, and for the just depriving of the homicide and unnatural tyrant which now unjustly bears dominion over you; I give you to understand that no Christian heart can be more full of joy and gladness then the heart of me your poor exiled freind, who will, upon the instance of your sure advertise what powers ye will make ready, and what captains and leaders you gett to conduct, be prepared to pass over the sea with such forces as my friends here are preparing for me. And if I have such good speed and success as I wish, according to your desire, I shall ever be most forward to remember, and wholly to requite

quite this your great and most loving kindness in my
just quarrel.

Given under our signet, &c.

I pray you give credence to the
messenger of that he shall impart
to you.

H.

PROLOGUS ad EUNUCHUM.

Hospitibus scenæ exiguæ dum læta precari
Gaudet inornatis musa Latina modis,
Offert sese ultro præclarius argumentum,
Quo jam terrarum consonat omne solum.
Hinc hostes debellati, focii inde periclis
Erepti, et toto rapta trophœa mari.
Jamque inter laurus quas misit Havanna recentes,
Æmula flaventem tollit oliva comam.
Jam spoliis belli suspensis undique ramos
Insinuat laudes mox habitura pares
Sat bello fortique datum est; nunc pacis amænos
Ad fructus, rerum lætior ordo vocat.
Nunc et progenie regalia fœdera firmans
Explevit Britonum fervida vota Deus.
Ne placidas pueri turbet discordia cunas
Oscula nec reddat patria læta minus.
At circum dum quæque aspirat mollior aura
Ambroseos rores irriget alma solus.
Moribus ipse pater pubentes imbuet annos
Virtutem exemplo præsidioque fovens.
Sic patriæ discens venerari jure, parente
Succrescat sensim dignus utroque puer.
Sic libertati sacratam in sæcula sedem
Imperio legum qui tueatur, erit.

E P I-

E P I L O G U S.

NUmmatus pulchre et bene curatâ cute pinguis,
 Sæpe suburbani ruris amæna peto,
 Nempe viam propter satis est mihi comoda, quamquam
 (Ut fatear) paulum pulverulenta domus.
 Hortulus est etiam Chinenſi non ſine ponte,
 Nec templo, ducit quo ſinuola via,
 Et lepidum porro fruticeſcens — ſcilicet uxor,
 Vix credas quantum noſtra ſaporis habet.
 Nuſquam alias tubus eſt jucundior — at quod opinor,
 Præcipuum, ad portam eſt primus ab urbe lapis,
 Ocius hinc Janum accurrens, emo, transfero, vendo,
 Viſo quos pariat quælibet hora dolos,
 Quam dubio fluitet ratio nummaria lapſu,
 Quas turbas cæci murmuris aura ferat:
 Nam nobis æque pacis rumore ſecundo,
 Aut tempeſtivâ clade parantur opes.
 Nolo ego Judæos — ſatis eſt in me mihi fraudis —
 Actum eſt; tranſactum eſt — Inſitor ipſe mihi:
 Lex utcunque veget, ſum taurus et uſa viciffim,
 Clauda etiam, lucrum ſi modo poſcat, anas.
 Sed videamus habent ut ſe res — utpote ſolo
 Hoc nunquam eſt mendax charta diurna loco.
 Navales ſchedulæ — Transfer — Scrip — India — Conſol —
 Omnium — in ambiguo eſt vendam hodie vel emam.
 Sed quid ego hic nugor? — jam tempus poſtulat — ibo,
 Inveniar, ſi quis quæritet — ad JONATHAN'S:

To the EDITOR of the St. JAMES's MAGAZINE.

OLD FRIEND,

OUR meeting together at the Westminster play, made me call to mind a design I had once conceived of giving a translation of *Plautus*, in the Old English measure—You understand me, I mean in the stile and manner, that many comedies of *Shakespeare*, *Johnson*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, &c. are written in. I own frankly, that this design was first suggested to me by an intention of a friend of ours (a brother CONNOISSEUR) to do the same by *Terence*. The idiom of the dialogue in *Plautus*, I found, upon trial, would happily fall in with that of our language in common easy talk, as well as in the elegant and more refined conversation. My business, at present, is not to dissert on the *vis comica* of my author, in comparison with that of *Terence*, or on the variety of his characters, or the variety of his numbers, or the elegance of his diction;—as I would not chuse to rob my Preface (if the work should ever come out) of so many good Pages: but give me leave just to observe, by the bye, that no dramatic author whatever abounds with so many Moral Sentiments (not lugged in ostentatiously, but delivered in character) as He does. The specimen I have picked out, to exhibit before the public, is in no sort intended to prove the excellence of the original or the translation; but because it will save me and your readers the trouble of enquiring into the Plot. Let it suffice just to mention, that the three characters are, an hearty old Fellow, a young Fellow whom he befriends in a love-intrigue, and the young fellow's servant. The whole scene would probably take up too much room in a work, which is intended to be miscellaneous; and I wish I was not obliged to subjoin the *Latin*, which is

VOL. I.

M m

done

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For DECEMBER, 1762.

Where never enemy can over-reach us,
 Where never enemy can over-hear us.
 For what is well-advis'd is ill-advis'd,
 The foe if it advantage: nor it can't be,
 But, if it profit him, it hurteth me.
 Good councils many a time are ta'en by stealth,
 If that the place for speaking be not chose
 With care and caution; for if th' enemy
 Know your deliberations, they can tye
 Your tongue up, and your hands, with your own
 councils,
 And do the same to you, you would to them.
 But I will spy abroad, lest any one
 Or to the right or left should plant his ears
 To intercept our councils.—My whole prospect
 Is desert quite, e'en to the end o'th' street.
 I'll call them out.—Periplectomenes,—Hoe !——
 And Pleusides,—come forth.

[*They both enter.*]

PE. Behold us here

Obedient to you.

PA.

Unde inimicus ne quis nostris spolia capiat consiliis,
 Unde inimicus ne quis nostra spolia capiat auribus:
 Nam bene consultum, inconsultum est, si inimicis sit usus:
 Neque potest, quin, si id inimicis usui est, obfit mihi;
 Nam bonum consilium surripitur sapissime,
 Si minus cum cura aut cate locus loquendi lectus est:
 Quippe si receiverint inimici consilium tuum,
 Tu opte tibi consilio occludunt linguam, & confringunt
 manus:

Atque eadem, quæ illis voluisti facere, faciunt tibi.
 Sed speculabor, ne quis aut hinc à læva, aut à dextera
 Nostra consilia venator affit cum auritis plagis.
 Sacris hinc prospectus usque ad ultimam plateam est probe.
 Evocabo. heus Periplectomene & Pleusides, progredimini.

PER. Ecce nos tibi obediētes.

PA. * Easy is the sway
O'er them, who profit by't.—But I would know,
Whether we hold the self-same resolutions
We made within.

PE. Nothing can be more useful
To our affair.

PA. You, Pleusides, what think you?

PL. Can it displease me, ought that pleases you?

PE. There's no one, ever that knew how to speak
More properly, more aptly than yourself,

PA. In troth and it behoves him so to do!

PL. (To PE.) But, sir, there's one thing to my very
foul,

Torments me.

PE. What is it, torments you? Tell me.

PL. To think I would engage you in a thing,
So young and puerile,—one of your years——
So unbecoming of you, and your virtues :——
In short, that I should ask you to assist me

In

* So the best commentators understand this passage.

PA. Facile est imperium in bonis.
Sed volo scire, eodem consilio, quod intus meditati sumus,
Si gerimus rem.

PER. Magis ad rem non potest esse utile.

PA. Imo quod tibi Pleusides?

PL. Quodne vobis placeat, displiceat mihi?

PER. Quis homo scit magis usquam, quam tu, loqui lepide
& commode?

PA. Pol ita decet hunc facere.

PL. At hoc me facinus miserum macerat.
Meum cor corpusque cruciat.

PER. Quid est id, quod cruciat? cedo.

PL. Me tibi istuc ætatis homini facinora puerilia
Objicere, neque te decora, neque tuis virtutibus :
Eaque expetere te ex opibus summis mei honoris gratia.

Mihique

In my amours,—for you to do such things,
Which age, like yours, doth more avoid than follow:
It shames me, I respect your age so little.

PER. Why you're a lover, man, of a new mode;—
That you can blush at any thing you do.

Go, go, you nothing love:—A lover? No,
The semblance you, and shadow of a lover.

PL. But, good fir, is it right in me t'employ
One of your age to forward my amours?

PER. How say you? Do I then appear to you
One of th' next world already? Do I seem
So near my grave, and to have liv'd so long?
Why troth I am not above fifty-four:—

I have my eye-sight clear, and I can use
My hands, and I can walk, as well as ever.

PA. (To PL.) This old man, though his hairs be grey,
his mind

Is not a whit impair'd: there still is in him
The same ingenuous temper to a jot.

PL

*Mihique amanti ire opitulatum, atque ea te facere facinora,
Quæ ista cætas fugere facta magis quam sectari solet.
Eam pudet me tibi in senecta objicere solitudinem.*

PER. Novo modo tu homo amas: siquidem te quicquam,
quod faxis, pudet.

Nihil amas: umbra es amantum magis, quam amator,
Pleusides.

PL. Hancine ætatem exercere me mei amoris gratia?

PER. Quid ais tu? itane tibi ego videor oppido Acherun-
ticus

Tam capularis, tamne tibi diu videor vitam vivere?

Nam equidem haud sum annos natus præter quinquaginta
& quattuor:

Clare oculis video, pernix sum manibus, pedibus mobilis.

PA. Si albus capillis hîc videtur, neutiquam ingenio est
senex.

Inest in hoc amussitata sua sibi ingenua indoles.

PL.

270 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

PL. True, I've experienc'd it—'tis as you say,
Palæstrio—for he is benign and friendly,
As any youth could be, in this affair.

PR. Dear sir, the more you try, the more you'll
know
My heartiness towards you——

PL. Need he further
Conviction, who's convinc'd already?

PR. Only
That you may have sufficient proof at home,
As not abroad to seek it.—Prithee now,——
He who was never yet himself in love,
Can hardly see into a lover's mind.
For my part, I have still some little spice
Of love and moisture in my frame:—in troth,
I am not quite dried up with love and gallantry.
Moreover, you will find me a choice spirit,
A boon companion;—in my talk I never
Am overbearing, but I've learnt to suit
Myself to others' humours;—when to take

A part

PL. Pol id quidem exerior ita esse, ut prædicas, Palæstrio,
Nam benignitas quidem hujus oppido ut adolescentuli est!

PR. Immo hospes, magis cum periculum facies, magis
nosces meam
Comitatem erga te amantem.

PL. Quid opus nota noscere?

PR. Ut apud te exemplum experiundi habeas, ne peras
foris.

Nam qui ipse haud amavit, egre amantis ingenium inspicit.
Et ego amoris aliquantulum habeo humorisque nec etiam in
corpore.

Neque, dum exarui ex amore, rebusque voluptariis
Vel cavillator faceris, vel conviva commodus
Item ero: neque ego oblocutor sum alteri in convivio,
Incommoditate abstinere me apud convivas commode

Com-

A part i'th' conversation, and be silent,
While that another's speaking.—I have neither
Pthyfic, nor asthma; nor am I a sniveller.
In fine—I'm right Ephesian born and bred,
Not an Apulian, or an Umbrian.

PA. A smart old fellow this!—If that he has
The qualities he mentions, he was bred
Most plainly in the nursery of Venus.

PE. I'll give you proofs, firs, of my breeding, more
Than I will vaunt—At table I ne'er talk
Of politics, or prate o'th' legislature;—
Nor do I ever in convivial hours
Once cast a lewd glance at another's mistress; *—
Neither through wine from me doth ever rise
Dissention:—If that any be a brawler,
I go me home, and parley for that time
Between us is disjointed. Nay, perhaps
The ladies too may like my company.

PL.

* This turn is given as more decent than the original.

*Commemini, & mea orationis justam partem persequi:
Et meam partem iidem tacere, cum aliena oratio est.
Minime sputator, streator sum, iidem minime mucidus.
Post Ephesi sum natus, non in Apulis, non sem in Umbria.*

PA. O lepidum senicem! si, quas memorat, virtutes
habes.

Atque equidem plane eductum in nutritu Veneris!

PER. Plus dabo, quam prædicabo, ex me venustatis tibi.
Neque ego ad mensant publicas res clamo, neque leges
crepor.

Neque ego unquam alienum scortum subigito in convivio.
Neque per vinum unquam ex me oritur dissidium in convivio.
Si quis ibi odiosus est, ab eo domum, sermonem segreγο.
Venerem, amorem, amicitiamque accubans exerceo.

PL.

Pay no regard to what is said
Of her *, who when her spouse was dead,
Would needs with him be buried too ;
Or if you will that matron act,
Then make PETRONIUS' story fact,
And play her part quite thro'.

Your *Grecian*, and your *Roman* dames,
For whose connubial widow'd flames,
Historians make so great a racket,
Were all, whatever we are told,
Cast in the very self-same mould
With SOUTHERN's widow *Lack-it*.

Those mausoléums rais'd of old,
Much more of pride than grief unfold,
Like some we see quite new.
When groans are turn'd to such a height,
They place in the same glaring light
The mourn'd and mourner too.

But in what age was ever seen
An ARTEMISIA of eighteen ?
Point out the lady if you can.
ANDROMACHE, for all her tears,
Gave two successors in three years
To HECTOR, her good man.

Lay not poor DIDO's case to heart,
She might have better done her part,
And fix'd perhaps, the *pious* rover ;
'Twas her own fault she was forfook ;
For who, in CUPID's name, e'er took
A METHODIST for lover ?

And what indeed could she expect
From one who shew'd so great neglect
Of matrimonial love and vows ?
Who, when his TROY was all on fire,
Bore off his gods, his son and fire,
And left behind his spouse.

For you more blisful stars shall shine,
Again shall love and HYMEN join,
And fix again the happy day ;
The day when some deserving youth
Shall be rewarded for his truth ;
And You his love repay !

The altar's deckt, the incense burns,
The smiles and graces sing by turns ;
And see the flames auspicious rise !
Around the little CUPIDS croud,
Whilst VENUS, seated on a cloud,
Approves the sacrifice.

Queen ELIZ. To the Lord Treasurer B.

Sir Spiritt,

I Doubt I doe nickname you for those of your kind (they say) have not sense, but I have of late seen an ecce signum, that if an ass kick you, you feele it too soone. I will recant you from being my Spiritt, if ever I perceive that you disdaine not such a feelinge. Serve God, fear the king, and be a good fellow to the rest. Let never care appear in you for such a rumour, but let them well know, that you rather desire them righting of such
such

PL. Sir, your whole manners are completely polish'd;
Shew me but three men like you, and I'll forfeit
Whatever sum you'll wager.

PA. 'O my troth
You shall not find another of his age
That's more agreeable in all things, or
More th'roughly to his friend a friend.

PE. I'll make you
Confess, I in my manners yet am young,
I'll shew myself in all things so beneficent.
Need you an advocate to enforce your suit,
Surly, and hot with anger?—I am he.
Need you a mild and gentle?—You shall say
I'm gentler than the sea, when calm and hush'd,
And softer than the zephyr's balmy breeze.
Nay, you shall find me a most boon companion,
Or (if you will) a first-rate parasite,*
Or best of caterers.—Then, as for dancing,
No finical slim fop can equal me.

PA.

* i. e. Joker.

PL. Tui quidem edepol omnes mores ad venustatem
valent.

Cedo treis mihi homines aurichalco contra cum istis moribus.

PA. At quidem illuc ætatis qui sit, non invenies alterum
Lepidiorem ad omnes res, nec qui amicus amico sit magis.

PER. Tute me ut fateare, faciam esse adolescentem
moribus.

Ita apud omnes comparebo tibi res benefactis frequens.

Opusne erit tibi advocato, tristi, iracundo? ecce me.

Opusne leni? leniorem dices, quam mutum est mare.

Liquidiusculusque ero quam ventus est Favonius.

Vel hilarissimum convivam hinc inde me, exprobam tibi.

Vel primarium parasitum, atque obsonatorem optatum;

Tum ad saltandum, non cinædus malacæ æque est æque
ego.

PA.

PA. (To PL.). Of all these excellent accomplishments
Which would you chuse, fir, if you had the option?

PL. I would at least, my poor thanks could be equal
To his deserts and yours, since both of you,
I now experience, have concerning me
So much sollicitude.—But, fir, it grieves me,
Th' expence I put you to. (To PER.)

PER. You are a fool——

Expence forsooth!—'tis true, upon an enemy,
Or a bad wife, whatever you lay out,
That is expence indeed!—but on a friend,
Or a good guest, all you expend is gain.
Bless'd be the gods, that courtesey I have,
With hospitality to treat a stranger.
Eat, drink, and use your pleasure with me; load
Yourself with merriment: my house is free,
I free, and I would have you use me freely:
I from my fortune might have ta'en a wife
Of the best family, and well-portion'd too:
But thank you—I'd not let into my house
A brawling, barking, curst she-cur. —————

PA. Quid ad illas artes optassis, si optio eveniat tibi?

PL. Hujus pro meritis ut referri pariter possit gratia,
Tibique, quibus nunc me esse exsuper summae sollicitudini.
At tibi tanto sumptui esse mihi molestum est.

For, through the gods kind favour I may say it,

PER. Morus es.

Nam in mala uxore atque inimico si quid sumas, summus est:
In bono hospite atque amico quaesitus, quod sumitur:
Deum virtute, ut transeuntem hospitio accipiam, est apud
me comitas.

Es, bibe, animo obsequere mecum, atque onera te hilarit-
tudine:

Liberæ sunt ædis, liber sum autum ego, me uti volo libere.

Nam mihi deum virtute dicam, propter divitias meas

Licuit uxorem dotatam genere summo ducere.

Sed nolo mihi oblatricem in ædis intrinittere.

* * There follow some very humorous descriptions of wives in genetal, which are not inapplicable to the modern modes, and which possibly may appear in a future publication of your miscellany. I wish and hope, that very free criticisms on the undertaking may be communicated to your publisher; as I shall improve by them either way, whether they respect the translation or the original,

THE TWO BUTTERFLIES.

A FABLE. By a LADY.

ONCE on a summer's golden day,
 When SOL diffus'd his genial ray,
 And nature offer'd at his shrine
 Her incense to the pow'r benign,
 A Butterfly, the vainest thing
 That ever rose upon the wing,
 Whose colours sham'd the peacock's dye,
 Rich as the rainbow in the sky,
 Ranging the garden's flow'ry pride,
 Perch'd on a gawdy sun-flow'r's side.
 A Butterfly of meaner race,
 By chance possessed the neighb'ring place,
 Her wings of common russet brown,
 A Butterfly of no renown.
 The BEAUTY's bosom swell'd with pride;
 Her glowing plumage stretching wide,
 She gave her head a toss or two,
 As BELLES are sometimes apt to do,
 And thus with insolence bespake
 The creature of a meaner make,

Hence

Hence downy, pearly thing, away,
 You give my wings no room to play;
 Must such as thou pretend to be
 Fit company for flies like ME,
 A Butterfly of QUALITY?
 Be gone, mean wretch, go flutter hence,
 Your visits are impertinence.

When strait to check her haughty pride,
 The humbler insect thus reply'd,

" Yes — You are handsome, I am plain,
 Yet why so insolent and vain?
 Whilst thro' the garden and the grove
 I unmolested gaily rove,
 Your beauty may be *your* undoing,
 Charms have been known to hasten ruin.
 Let not misguided affectation
 Despise a homely poor relation;
 To PHOEBUS you your beauty owe,
 He might have made me beautiful too.
 But plain and homely I'm content,
 — May never you your charms lament.

The BELLE, who, from her earliest youth,
 Had never heard one word of truth,
 But compliments of love and duty,
 The flattering homage to her beauty,
 Picqued to the soul, with female pride,
 Swell'd first, and flounc'd, and then reply'd,

What, shall such wretched, vulgar *Creators*,
 Of filthy, horrid, clumsy features,
 Mechanic things, whom no one knows,
 Presume to reason and suppose?
 Darest thou pretend to preach to ME?
 — PHOEBUS I care not for, nor Thee.

Then clapp'd her wings, and fled away,
 To plan new conquests for the day.
 While PHOEBUS all enrag'd to see
 A creature of such vanity,
 Her pride to humble and chastise,
 Directs a virtuoso's eyes
 To where the giddy glittering thing
 Was floating careless on the wing.
 Ne'er had he seen a finer fly,
 Her plumage of so rich a dye !
 The very insect which he sought ;
 — He saw, admir'd, persu'd; and caught.
 What mercy then could beauty win !
 Impal'd upon a murd'rous pin,
 She utter'd in a dying groan,
 This sad, too late, repentant moan.

Why did I treat, too idly vain,
 Yon honest fly with such disdain ?
 Her words, alas ! are all too true,
 And beauty I have cause to rue.
 But for these fatal spots of mine,
 Curse on the colours how they shine !
 I had not pin'd, unhappy fly,
 To fate a Virtuoso's eye.
 With her how gladly would I change,
 That still the garden I might range;
 But Oh ! that happy pow'r's deny'd,
 Just is my fate — she said, and dy'd,
 In the last struggling gasp of breath,
 Accusing beauty of her death,
 Whilst safe in her obscure degree,
 Unsought, unheeded, gay and free,
 The other pass'd her easy days,
 Provok'd no envy, if no praise.

Ye butterflies of human kind,
 For you the moral is design'd.

Beauty's

Beauty's enchanting when allied
With modesty instead of pride,
While the coquettish flaunting fair
Oft finds her beauty but a snare.

Written on the Fifth of November.

EACH single man's internal frame,
Which claims such admiration,
Appears to differ but in name,
From a well-order'd nation.

His head you'll call the king in course ;
His shoulders are both houses ;
His arms the military force ;
His legs the vulgar chouses ;

The learned we may call his heart ;
His guts the corporations ;
And thus we've each material part,
That forms the plan of nations.

Whoe'er would such a state destroy,
With snickerfnee uncivil ;
Whoe'er with poison would annoy,
(That nectar of the devil)

Whoe'er would strike a secret flame,
From scandal tinder-boxes,
To blow up any man's good name ;
I call them all GUY FAUXES.

X. Y.

Te

To the EDITOR of the St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE.

Delphinium sylvia appingit, fluctibus aprum. HOR.

S I R,

I Have often read satires, that have appeared to me to be panegyrics; and I have been frequently concerned to see vindications publish'd; that have left my mind in doubt, when I have read them, whether I was to consider what was before me, as intended to clear or asperse the person to be defended. But nothing has puzzled me more than the conduct I have generally observed in those, who would shew their regard to a particular great man, whom they admire, by fixing up his head or portrait before their door, or sticking it up in different parts of their houses. The villeness of the daub, the place allotted to it, and the company it is associated with, make the intention of the proprietor so equivocal, that it is very hard to determine, whether he means to compliment, or insult, the great personage, in his profession.

When I see before the door of an alehouse, a Harp-Alley daub of the king and queen (which might pass as well for the Little Carpenter and his Indian Squaw, if GEORGE and CHARLOTTE were not subscribed) I am forced to enquire whether the landlord is a loyal subject to the king, or a NEWCASTLE man, before I can determine what is to be understood by the sign. And I could never settle to this day, whether the man in *Butcher-Row*, or the tooth-drawer in *Blood-bowl-Alley* (who, in the year forty-five, put up a sign, that might as well pass for the Saracen's-head, or the Red-Lyon at *Brentford*, as the half length of the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, if it had not been for the D. C.) really were well-wishers to his royal highness, or not.

I was

I was ever disgusted at the thoughts of blowing my nose in his MAJESTY's face upon my handkerchief; and it lately went much against me to see a waiter throw two shillings worth of hot rum and brandy-punch over his SOVEREIGN at the bottom of the bowl. But I can scarce reflect, without the utmost confusion, that the QUEEN lay prostrate under me, for a whole night, at the bottom of a piece of *Cheltenham* in my bed-chamber, which I broke in the morning, as soon as I discovered the indignity.

I could not help laughing, when, in one of my midnight rambles, I saw the twelve JUDGES among a parcel of thieves, chairmen, watchmen, and market-people, at the night-cellar near *Temple-bar*. The wise and learned gravity of these great lawyers, compared with the stupid drunken figures out of the frames, afforded me much entertainment. I was also much diverted at seeing the ARCH-BISHOP's picture in Mrs. PHILLIPS's shop in *Half-moon-street*; and, upon asking this useful old matron, why the ARCH-BISHOP was so great a favourite of her's? "He alway was, says she, for I ever thought him a good man." But I cannot understand what business the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER has among the fish-women at *Billingsgate*, or my LORD of CHESTER in so many apartments of the *Jews*. Should my LORD CHANCELLOR be seen in *Kitty Fisher's* bed-chamber? or the DUKE of YORK at *Haddock's Bagnio*? And what has LORD LITTLETON to do at the *Goat Alehouse* in *Cuckold's Point*? or the EARL of HARDWICK at the *three Blue Balls* in *St. Giles*?

I am never surprised to see his MAJESTY's picture at the house of an *Antigallican*, or my LORD BUTE's at the *Hand in Hand* Fire-office, or the *Union* Coffee-house, any more than I am to see Mr. GARRICK's at the *Shakespeare*, or at the *Society of Arts*, &c. But what must I suppose, when I see the DUKE of NEW-CASTLE,

CASTLE, among a parcel of old-cast off cloaths in *Moxmouth-street*, that never were worth a farthing in their best days? Would any person think of looking for mr. FOX among the brokers at *Jonathan's*? Or expect to see CHARLES TOWNSHEND at the Windmill near *Hanover-square*, or at the Weather-cock in *Turn-Style*? SIR *John Philips* is naturally to be found at the Royal-Oak, or at *pro bono publico*, ASHLEY's; but don't it seem exceedingly out of character, for a king to be seen among drunken prisoners in a spunging-house? I am sorry to say, I have seen his present MAJESTY, in most of the jails within the bills of mortality: and I am confident the QUEEN would not be pleased, if she knew, in how many bad-houses, in the neighbourhood of *Covent-Garden*, our most gracious SOVEREIGN is to be seen every night, by the meanest of his subjects. I have been mortified with the sight of LADY NORTH-UMBERLAND, in a wash-house, and the princess AMELIA in a gin-shop.

People have another way of puzzling me, besides the place in which they fix their picture or print; and that is, by the company they often pitch upon for their favourite. When I see the picture of his present MAJESTY, with an ALFRED or EDWARD the THIRD its companion, I understand what is intended; but I am at a loss, when I see the king of PRUSSIA, the marquís of GRANBY, and lord GEORGE SACKVILLE, at the sign of the *Gun*. Nothing was clearer to me, than my friend's intention, who placed PITT between sir WILLIAM WYNDHAM and PULTENEY; but I was forced to ask an explanation, when I saw WALPOLE, PELHAM and NEWCASTLE, as he called them, together on the opposite side of the room. A child would think of running to a *grocer's*, or a *candler's* shop, for a sight of the present lord MAYOR; but nobody would look for him in mr. BEARDMORE's study, between DEMOSTHENE'S and TULLY. These

two great orators might receive honour from being grouped with a MANSFIELD or a PITT, but they would not, if they were alive, be able to hold a conversation with an *Alderman* of *London*, as they have no word, in either of their languages, for *sugar-cane*, *melasses*, and *rum-punchcons*.

I am, Sir,

Your's &c.

WM. IRONSIDE.

THE R E V E N G E.

CRIES CHLOE, when I prest a kiss
 (A bliss which gods might seek)
 Well—if you must then—here—on this,
 And turn'd her lovely cheek.

When VENUS thus to CUPID said,
 (For both the nymph beheld)
 Shall lips which I for kissing made,
 From kissing be with-held !

This boon when next the youth shall seek,
 Mark what attends this slip !
 A blush shall overspread her cheek,
 A pimple swell her lip.

The FAIR CALEDONIAN.

A S O N G.

HOW sweet are her looks, and how blooming her face,

Caledonia's cold clime ne'er produc'd such a grace !

O ! cease your rash taunts, and forbear to upbraid

The clime, from whence issu'd so lovely a maid.

Tho' barren thy soil, and inclement thy air
By nature ; tho' nurs'd with a step-mother's care ;
Tho' Boreas insults thee, ne'er ceasing to blow ;
Tho' eternally crown'd thy bleak Alps are with snow ;

Tell Zephir, repos'd in his jessamine bower,
His wings never fann'd so delightful a flower ;
Tell the south her broad sun, tho' for ever he shine,
Ne'er brought to perfection such rich fruit as thine.

Methinks the best produce the best climate yields,
When rival'd with thine, are the thrash of the fields :
O ! I'd give 'em up all, were I blest with the power,
To taste this rich fruit, and inbosom this flower.

Z.

LETTER from a young STUDENT to two LADIES
who liv'd opposite.

I Fear it has not 'scap'd discerning,
I am not half the man of learning,
Myself I lately boasted ;
Not that to books I'm less attach'd,
Or that my wit is over-match'd,
Or folly over-roasted.

On

On planets now I cease to pore,
 Philosophy has charms no more,
 Fie upon yonder stardow ;
 I mind not Jove's nor Venus' stations,
 Struck with more beauteous constellations
 Of DELIA and LUCINDA.

I know not as the globes I roll,
 The southern from the northern pole,
 What course each Bear is urging ;
 And in the zodiac's circling line
 Remember not a single sign,
 Except the TWINS and VIRGIN.

Hang up philosophy, I say,
 With Romeo in the lover's play,
 (Th' expression hits my fancy)
 Unless philosophy can make
 ('Gainst which I set my all at stake)
 A BETSEX or a NANCY.

VERSES upon Dr. BENTLEY's new Edition of his Sermons against Atheism, preached at Mr. BOYLE's Lectures, published at the Time the Dr. likewise was correcting MANILIUS's Astronomical Poems for the Press.

WHEN Israel's leader to the promis'd land,
 Reveal'd God's will, and open'd his command ;
 The Hebrew race the sacred-rule obey'd,
 To God alone they sacrific'd and pray'd ;

284 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

But, when the law no longer was retain'd,
And but one copy to twelve tribes remain'd,
Vice rear'd her head, idolatry return'd,
And incence to a thousand dæmons burn'd;
Till good JOSIAH, from the temple drew
The scarce record, and publish'd it anew.
By that, th' ungrateful Jews again were taught,
Who their forefathers out of bondage brought,
And who their many glorious battles fought.

At the recital smit, the nation mourn'd
Its daring guilt, and zeal rekindled, burn'd;
That sacred warmth urg'd their just rage to fall
On the carv'd idols, and the priests of Baal.
The curs'd seducers at their shrines expire,
The victims they, and their own gods the fire.

When BENTLEY thus, explain'd the world's design,
And forming nature prov'd a hand DIVINE;
As final causes the great agent show'd
A virtuous life from the disclosure flow'd.
God's being in his attributes survey'd,
His power was dreaded, and his will obey'd,
But as these oracles (deserving well
Of stone a table, and a pen of steel)
On paper's filmy sheets recorded lay,
A thousand accidents, with wanton play,
Like tempests, puff'd the scatter'd leaves away.
Or poring youths wore out the letter'd stamps,
Blurr'd with their ink, and footed with their lamps;
Or nice librarians shew'd the volumes high,
And private value robb'd the public eye:
Thus Conqu'rors arms, return'd in triumph home,
Far above reach, rust in the vaulted dome.

This weight remoy'd, no longer crush'd and bent,
Elastic error reach'd its old extent.

New

New heads from vice, that wounded Hydra, sprung,
And silenc'd heresy resum'd a tongue.
Atheists to form their rallied troops began,
BLUNTS in the rear, and TOLANDS in the van.
Some banners worlds by atoms fram'd display,
Bent in their fall by nothing in their way.
Some infants springing, to mankind's disgrace,
From vegetable wombs; a mushroom race.
Gross matter makes itself, and then the whole,
But soar'd to thought, and boulded into soul.

But, whilst the factious chiefs, with warm debate,
All beauteous order wrangle to translate,
From Providence to chance, or rigid fate,
The jarring noise, born by the wings of fame,
Spread to the peaceful banks of silver CAM.
There BENTLEY sat within his trophy's shade,
With spoils of deists and free-thinkers made,
Guarding his learned charge, and pleas'd to view
Aspiring youths his glorious tract pursue;
To see new BARROWS, and young NEWTONS rise,
Fathom th' abyss, and pierce the boundless skies.
Icarian flight! yet safe whilst they obey—
For BENTLEY wax'd their wings, and mark'd their way.

But, by loud clamours rous'd, to arms he starts,
And leaves th' unfinished plans of future arts.
Heaven is assail'd, to urge th' assailants fate,
The birth of unknown sciences must wait.
Ye stars, says he, and thou MANILIUS' sun,
Stand still and view God's enemies undone,
Whilst I compleat the conquests I begun.
Then, from his stores, the danger to suppress,
He draws try'd weapons, wonted to success,
Their splendor with new furbishing repairs,
And gives a keener edge with second cares.

Thus

Thus twice ALCIDES' arms were brought to Troy,
First to subdue, and after to destroy.

Fortune and luck, two sister-nothings, made,
By fancy, deities of play and trade;
His nervous reasons dissipate to shade :
Prove chance deriv'd from an unheeded cause,
And winning hits produc'd by motion's laws.
How new resistance, and a vary'd blow,
Change the die's spotted face, and shift the throw.
Then he rich nature's volume open lays,
And God in ev'ry shining leaf displays.
He stoops and makes the earth its master own ;
He soars, and draws confessions from the sun.
By him light atoms' verging dance destroy'd ;
They fall, without cohesion, through the void.
The atheists systems to a chaos hur'd,
Heav'n they disown, and he dissolves their world.
TOLAND, aghast, at the vast ruin quakes,
TINDAL looks pale, and harden'd COLLINS shakes.

Thus when, inflam'd with wine, the lawless guests
Disturb'd, with arms, Pirithous' nuptial feasts,
No soft persuasions could their heats assuage,
Nor a light missive war correct their rage,
Till Danae's son, on the tumultuous field,
Unbar'd the ghastly horror of his shield ;
Strait, with the numbing view, the Hero froze
The impious host, and petrify'd his foes.

E. VERNON, jun. A. B.
TRIN. COL. CANTAB. ALUMN.

MASON'S ELEGIES.

DODSLEY. Price 1s.

THE critics have been very laborious in settling the boundaries of pastoral writing; and in the delicacy of their judgment, have struck many compositions both of THEOCRITUS and VIRGIL out of the list, of which it may be said, as *POPE handsomely* says of his own, if they are not pastorals, they are something better. It were to be wished that they had used also the same judicial severity, in ascertaining the nature of Elegy; though by that means, many a putter together of long and short verse in Latin, and many an alternate rhymist in English, had been at a loss to know what species of poetry he writ in. The poems of TYRTÆUS are, it is true, called Elegies, but with much the same propriety, as if we were to call the piscatory eclogues of SANNAZARIUS, Pastorals; they walk, indeed, in the measure of elegy, but breathe all the spirit of the ode.

The elegiac muse seems to be the natural companion of distress, and the immediate feelings of the heart, the object of all her expression. Hence she is generally called in to the assistance of despairing lovers, who, having received their death's wound from their mistress's eyes, breathe out their amorous ditties, and, like the dying swan, expire in harmony. What the elegies of CALLIMACHUS were, the learned can only conjecture; but they must have been better than those of his professed imitator PROPERTIUS, or antiquity had never been so lavish in their commendation. In PROPERTIUS, we see the versifying scholar, who perhaps never loved any woman at all: In OVID, the poet, and the man of gallantry, who would intrigue

trigue with every woman he met ; while the elegant TIBULLUS, one of love's devoted slaves, as he always speaks from his own heart, makes a forcible impression upon ours.

The hopes, fears, and anxieties, with all the tumults of passion which distract the lover's breast, will not give him time to think of the mode of expression, or to fetch his allusions from books ; Nature is contented to deliver herself with perspicuity, and where the sentiment is natural, the phrase cannot be too simple : Upon no subject whatever have so many prettinesses and absurd conceits been invented as Love ; yet, surely where the head has been so painfully laborious, we may safely pronounce the heart to have been perfectly at ease. Love is not ingenious ; though the affected Italians, and ridiculous French poets of the last century, not to mention our own COWLEY, have brought their judgment in question, by an exuberant display of false wit. The plaintive muse is generally represented to us, as

“ Passis Elegeia capillis,”

“ as one that discards all shew, and appears in dishevell'd
“ locks” ; but the politer moderns are for putting her hair into papers ; and whether the complaint turns upon the death of a friend, or the loss of a mistress, the passion must stand still, till the expression is got ready to introduce it. When we are truly affected, we have no leisure to think of art : “ * Simplex & ingenua est
“ æroris vox ; flebilis, intermissa, fracta, concisa oratio.” Then our language is unadorned, and unembarrassed with epithets, and perhaps, in that book, in which
there

there are more instances of true and sublime simplicity, than all the ancients together, there are less epithets to be met with than in any authors whatever: And I cannot help thinking the ill success many poets have met with in paraphrasing those divine writers, has been principally owing to their weakning the sublimity of the poetry, by idle description, and clogging up the simplicity of the sentiment, with the affected frippery of epithetical ornament.

Elegy, it must be confessed, has often extended her province, and the moral contemplations of the poet have sometimes worn her melancholy garb. As in the celebrated poem of Mr. GRAY, written in a church-yard. For though she is generally the selfish mourner of domestic distress, whether it be upon the loss of a friend, or disappointments in love; she sometimes enlarges her reflections upon universal calamities, and with a becoming dignity, as in the inspired writers, pathetically weeps over the fall of nations. The most complete specimen of the elegy, which the heathen writers have left us, is to be found in EURIPIDES, and the classical reader will not be displeased with the extract. He will here perceive a simplicity of sentiment and expression, rarely to be met with among the moderns.

Ἰλῶ αἰπὴν Πάρις ἔγχεον, ἀλλὰ τιν' αὖται
 Ἠγάγετ' ἐνταῖαν εἰς θάλαμους Ἑλένας,
 Ἀς ἐνὶ Ω Τροίᾳ, δορι καὶ πυρὶ θηλαῶτον
 Βίβῃ σ' ὁ χιλιεὺς Ἑλλάδος ὤκως Ἀφρῆς,
 Καὶ τὸν ἔμῳ μάλιστα ποσσὶν Ἑκτορά τ' ὅν περὶ τειχῇ
 Ἐίλυσσε διφρεῶν παῖς ἀλίας Θειτιδός,
 Ἀντὰ θ' ἐκ θαλάμων ἀγομὴν ἐπὶ θῖνα θαλάσσης
 Δεδούσαντα σὺν ἑρᾷ ἀμφέβαλτο καρκα,
 Πολλὰ δὲ δάκρυά μοι κατέβη χροῶτος, ἀνὴρ εὐλαίῃ
 Ἀγυτὲ, καὶ θάλαμους, καὶ ποσσὶν ἐν κοίταις,
 Ὡμοὶ ἐγὼ μέλαια, τί μ' ἐχρην ἐπὶ φρεσὶν ὀρεσθᾶν
 Ἐρμόνας δούλῳ; ἅς ὑπο τειρομένη,

Ἐρως τοδ ἀγαλμα θεας κτετις περι χειρὶ βαλυσσῃ
 Τακομαι ως πετρηα πιδαλωσσα λῦρας.

EURIP. ANDROM.

In short, whatever the subject is, the language of this species of poetry should be simple and unaffected, the thoughts natural and pathetic, and the numbers flowing and harmonious. The reader that shall examine the elegies of Mr. MASON, in expectation of meeting these requisites, will be disappointed; he will be sometimes pleased indeed; but seldom satisfied. For, in these moral essays, or epistles, or any thing but elegies, the sentiments, which are but thinly scatter'd, though they glitter with the glare of expression, and *Amble Along by the Artful Aid of Alliteration*:

“ Play round the head, but come not near the heart.”

Yet, even though we can see the labour the poet has been at, in culling his words, and pairing his epithet with his substantive, his success has not been always equal to his labours. There is, indeed, too apparently in these poems, the *curiositas verborum*; but not always the *curiosa felicitas*.

In the first elegy, which is written to a young nobleman, our poet inveighs against Mr. DRYDEN, for prostituting his pen to the inglorious purposes of interest.

If POPE through friendship fail'd, indignant view,
 Yet pity DRYDEN; hark, whene'er he sings
 How adulation drops her courtly dew.

On titled rhymers and inglorious kings;
 See from the depths of his exhaustless mine,
 His glittering stores the tuneful spendthrift throws
 Where fear or interest bids, behold they shine;

Now grace a CROMWELL's, now a CHARLES'
 brows.

Mr.

Mr. DRYDEN was a scholar of TRINITY-COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, where, as it generally fares with poetical merit in that unkind soil, he was admired and neglected. But perhaps it will appear, that he was not either of

“ too generous, or too mean a heart,”

when we consider, that the universities, which are ever grateful, and who pay their compliments to their protectors, whether CHARLES's or CROMWELL's, might have imposed that as an exercise for his genius, which might be entirely foreign from his heart. Certainly the prostitution of panegyric cannot be imputed to Mr. DRYDEN alone. SPRAT and WALLER both wrote poems on the death of the PROTECTOR, as COLLEGE exercises; and it is to be feared, the university of GOTTINGEN, which complimented the DUKE DE RICHELIEU when he over-ran HANOVER, is not without a precedent for her temporizing.

'Tis not the design of this work to swell the account with large extracts, the reader therefore will be contented with the following, from the second elegy, where, speaking of the place where he first contracted his friendship, the poet proceeds thus,

'Twas there we met; the Muses hail'd the hour;
 The same desires, the same ingenuous arts
 Inspir'd us both; we own'd and blest the power
 That join'd at once our studies, and our hearts.
 O since those days, when science spread the feast,
 When emulative youth its relish lent,
 Say, has one genuine joy e'er warm'd my breast?
 Enough, if joy was his, be mine content,
 To thirst for praise his temperate youth forbore;
 He fondly wish'd not for a poet's name;
 Much did he love the muse, but quiet more,
 And, tho' he might command, he slighted fame.

Hither, in manhood's prime, he wisely fled

From all that folly, all that pride approves ;

To this soft scene a tender partner led ;

This laurel shade was witness to their loves.

" Begone," he cry'd, " Ambition's air-drawn plan ;

" Hence with perplexing pomp, unwieldy wealth :

" Let me not seem, but be the happy man,

" Possess of love, of competence, and health."

Smiling he spake, nor did the fates withstand ;

In rural arts the peaceful moments flew :

Say, lovely Lawn ! that felt his forming hand,

How soon thy surface shone with verdure new,

How soon obedient FLORA brought her store,

And o'er thy breast a shower of fragrance flung :

VERTUMNUS came ; his earliest blooms he bore,

And thy rich sides with waving purple hung :

Then to the sight, he call'd yon stately spire,

He pierc'd th' opposing oak's luxuriant shade ;

Bad yonder crowding hawthorns low retire,

Nor veil the glories of the golden mead.

Hail, sylvan wonders, hail ; and hail the hand,

Whose native taste thy native charms display'd,

And taught one little acre to command

Each envied happiness of scene, and shade.

I cannot take leave of this subject, without indulging myself in one remark, which may perhaps be of use to those poets who have never read, and are determined to write. The elegy, ever since Mr. GRAY's excellent one on the church-yard, has been in alternate rhyme, which is by many ridiculously imagin'd to be a new measure adapted to plaintive subjects, introduced by that ingenious author, whereas it is heroic verse, and to be met with in DRYDEN's *Annus Mirabilis* ; and all through the long and tedious poem of DAVENANT's *Gondibert*. The couplet is equally proper for this kind of poetry, as the alternate rhyme ;

and

and tho' GRAY and HAMMOND have excelled in the last, POPE's elegy on the death of an unfortunate young lady, will prove those numbers equally expressive and harmonious ; nor should I doubt to place our English ballad, such as have been written by ROWE, GAY, and the natural, easy SHENSTONE, in the rank of elegy ; as they partake more of the simple pathetic, and display the real feelings of the heart, with less parade, than those affected compositions of classical labour.

The reader has seen above an original elegy, from one of the antients, which we shall be glad if any of our correspondents will put into English ; and we will, in the mean time, present him with one truly modern, which the learned are very welcome to turn into Greek.

AN ELEGY on a TALLOW CANDLE

PENsive I lay, e'en from the dead of night,

Until the sun his daily course began,
Reflecting on the candle's wasting light,
And moraliz'd the fate of mortal man.

White and unfully'd was that cotton wick,
When from the chandler first to me it came ;
Behold how black ! the greasy drops how thick !
Such colour takes it from imparted flame.

Such is the youth, of manners strict and pure,
Till led by vice he quits his reason's guide ;
By flatt'ry drawn, he stoops to vice's lure,
And from the paths of reason wanders wide.

His passions melt, his manly vigour faints,
Nor mourns he ought his former vigour gone,
For foul society his former morals taints,
And mother *Douglas* marks him for her own.

The fool who sells his freedom for a smile,
Or for a ribband barter peace of mind,
Like wasting wicks just glimmers for a while,
Then dies in smoke, and leaves a stink behind.

The many perils that ambition wait,
When soaring high, we still the lower fall,
Are but the SNUFFERS of expiring light,
And death's the grand EXTINGUISHER of all.

The H I P.

HORACE, Epist. viii. Book i.

GO muse, salute my friend with health and joy;
And, if he ask how I my hours employ;
Tell him I talk at large: sometimes I say,
Stalking in buskin'd pride, I'll write a play:
A play! that's common; nay, I'll higher fly;
Homer wrote Epic strains, and why not I?
Strait shifts the wind; some most unlucky blast
Chills my poetic vein; away I cast
The papers; all my huge designs are done,
Ending in nothing, where they were begun.
Hence with these books! they're pedantry and pain;
Their wit is nauseous, and their learning vain.
Even life itself's intipid, like a feast
Of homely cheer to some new-pamper'd guest.

At

At once I'm sick ; I'm well ; I'm this, I'm that ;
I'm mad ; I'm cross ; I am I know not what.
I rave at fortune ; call her false, unkind ;
And vow 'tis just that poets paint her blind.
Not that my vineyards or my orchards fail,
Blown down by winds, or batter'd by the hail.
Not that my herds by plague or murrain die ;
These cares belong to wealthier friends than I.
Nor that my riches or my stores decrease ;
Nor yet my strength :—my mind is my disease.
Would any comfort me ? I hate their love.
Would any give advice ? I ne'er approve.
Friends are officious : doctors are the devil ;
For their own int'rest *physically* civil.
With open eyes I run to meet a foe,
And swear it is my stars will have it so.
In town I cry, Oh ! when shall I get down
To country ease ? In country, when to town ?
Wrapt up in indolence, 'tis just the same ;
Or blust'ring in the busy world of fame.
This to my friend :—He'll say 'tis spleen, that's all :
Bid him beware ; 'tis epidemical ;
But, if he's rude, and tells me I'm an ass ;
The HIP, dear sir, is many a good man's case.

T. B.

Just Publish'd,

[Price Half a Guinea.]

P O E M S.

B Y

ROBERT LLOYD, M. A.

delere licebit

Quod non edideris, nescit vox missa reverti. Hox.

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THE
St. James's Magazine.

For JANUARY, 1763.

C H I T - C H A T.

An Imitation of THEOCRITUS.

IDYLL. XV. Εἰς τὴν Πραξινοῶν, &c.

IS Mrs. BROWN.
Mistress SCOT at home my dear?

SERVANT.

MA'M, is it you? I'm glad you're here.
My *Misses*, tho' resolv'd to wait,
Is quite *unpatient* — 'tis so late.
She fancy'd you would not come down,
— But pray walk in, MA'M — Mrs. BROWN.

Mrs. SCOT.

Your servant, MADAM. Well, I swear
I'd giv'n you over — Child, a chair.
Pray, MA'M, be seated.

VOL. I.

Qq

Mrs.

Mrs. B R O W N.

Lard! my dear,
I vow I'm almost dead with fear.
There is such *scronging* and such *squeeging*,
The folks are all so disobliging;
And then the waggons, carts and drays
So clog up all these narrow ways,
What with the buffle and the throng,
I wonder how I got along.
Besides the walk is so *immense* ——
Not that I grudge a coach expence,
But then it jumbles me to death;
—— And I was always short of breath.
How can you live so far, my dear?
It's quite a journey to come here.

Mrs. S C O T.

Lard! MA'M, I left it all to *Him*,
Husbands you know, will have their whim.
He took this house. —— This house! this den. ——
See but the temper of some men.
And I, forsooth, am hither hurl'd,
To live *quite out of all the world*.
Husband, indeed!

Mrs. B R O W N.

Hist! lower, pray,
The child hears every word you say.
See how he looks ——

Mrs. S C O T.

Jacky, come here,
There's a good boy, look up, my dear.
'Twas not papa we talk'd about.
—— Surely he cannot find it out.

Mrs. B R O W N.

See how the urchin holds his hands.
Upon my life he understands.

—— There's

— There's a sweet child, come, kiss me, come,
Will *Jacky* have a sugar-plumb?

Mrs. S C O T.

This Person, MADAM (call him so,
And then the child will never know)
From house to house would ramble out,
And every night a drunken-bout.
For at a tavern he will spend
His twenty shillings with a friend.
Your rabbits fricasseed and chicken,
With curious choice of dainty picking,
Each night got ready at the *Crown*,
With port and punch to wash 'em down,
Would scarcely serve this belly-glutton,
Whilst we must starve on mutton, mutton,

Mrs. B R O W N.

My good man, too — Lord bless us ! Wives
Are born to lead unhappy lives,
Altho' his profits bring him clear
Almost two hundred pounds a year,
Keeps me of cash so short and bare,
That *I have not a gown to wear* ;
Except my robe, and yellow sack,
And this old lutestring on my back.
— But we've no time, my dear, to waste.
Come, where's your cardinal, make haste.
The KING, God bless his majesty, I say,
Goes to the house of lords to-day,
In a fine painted coach and eight,
And rides along in all his state.
And then the QUEEN. —

Mrs. S C O T.

Aye, aye, you know,
Great folks can always make a show.
But tell me, do — I've never seen
Her present majesty, the QUEEN.

Q q 2

Mrs.

Mrs. BROWN.

Lard ! we've no time for talking now,
Hark !—one—two—three—'tis *twelve* I vow.

Mrs. SCOT.

KITTY, my things, — I'll soon have done,
Its time enough, you know, at *one*.
— Why, girl ! — see how the creature stands !
Some water here, to wash my hands.
— Be quick — why sure the gipsy sleeps !
— Look how the drawling dawdle creeps.
That basin there — why don't you pour ?
Go on, I say — stop, stop — no more —
Lud ! I could beat the hussy down,
She's pour'd it all upon my gown,
— Bring me my ruffles — can't not mind ?
And pin my handkerchief behind.
Sure thou hast awkwardness enough,
Go — fetch my gloves, and fan, and muff.
— Well, heav'n be prais'd — this work is done,
I'm ready now, my dear — let's run.
Girl, — put that bottle on the shelf,
And bring me back the key yourself.

Mrs. BROWN.

That clouded silk becomes you much,
I wonder how you meet with such,
But you've a charming taste in drefs.
What might it cost you, Madam ?

Mrs. SCOT.

Guess.

Mrs. BROWN.

Oh ! that's impossible — for I
Am in the world the worst to buy.

Mrs. SCOT.

I never love to bargain hard,
Five shillings, as I think, a yard.

— I was afraid it should be gone —
 'Twas what I'd set my heart upon.

Mrs. BROWN.

Indeed you bargain'd with success,
 For its a most delightful dress.
 Besides, it fits you to a hair,
 And then 'tis flop'd with such an air.

Mrs. SCOT.

I'm glad you think so, — Kitty, here,
 Bring me my cardinal, my dear.
Jacky, my love, — nay don't you cry,
 Take *you* abroad! — indeed not I;
 For all the *Bugaboos* to fright ye —
 Besides, the naughty horse will bite ye.
 With such a mob about the street,
 Bless me, they'll tread you under feet.
 Whine as you please, I'll have no blame,
 You'd better blubber, than be lame.
 The more you cry, the less you'll —
 — Come, come then, give mamma a kiss.
 KITTY, I say, here take the boy,
 And fetch him down the last new toy.
 Make him as merry as you can,
 — There, go to KITTY — there's a *man*.
 Call in the dog, and shut the door,
 Now, MA'M,

Mrs. BROWN.

Oh Lard!

Mrs. SCOT.

Pray go before.

Mrs. BROWN.

I can't indeed, now.

Mrs. SCOT.

MADAM, pray

Mrs.

Mrs. BROWN.

Well then, for once, I'll lead the way.

Mrs. SCOT.

Lard ! what an uproar ! what a throng !
How shall we do to get along ?
What will become of us ? — look here,
Here's all the king's horseguards, my dear.
Let us cross over — haste, be quick,
— Pray sir, take care — your horse will kick,
He'll kill his rider — he's so wild.
— I'm glad I did not bring the child.

Mrs. BROWN.

Don't be afraid, my dear, come on,
Why dont you see the guards are gone ?

Mrs. SCOT.

Well, I begin to draw my breath ;
But I was almost scar'd to death.
For when a horse rears up and capers,
It always puts me in the vapours,
For as I live, — nay, don't you laugh,
I'd rather see a toad by half,
They kick and prance, and look so bold,
It makes my very blood run cold.
But let's go forward — come, be quick,
The crowd again grows vastly thick.

Mrs. BROWN.

Come you from *Palace-yard*, old dame ?

OLD WOMAN.

Troth, do I, my young ladies, why ?

Mrs. BROWN.

Was it much crouded when you came ?

Mrs. SCOT.

And is his majesty gone by ?

Mrs.

Mrs. BROWN.

Can we get in, old lady, pray,
To see him robe himself to-day?

Mrs. SCOT.

Can you direct us, dame?

OLD WOMAN.

Endeavour,

TRoy could not stand a siege for ever.
By frequent trying, TRoy was won,
All things, by trying, may be done.

Mrs. BROWN.

Go thy ways, Proverbs—well—she's gone—
Shall we turn back, or venture on?
Look how the folks press on before;
And throng impatient at the door.

Mrs. SCOT.

Perdigious! I can hardly stand,
Lord bless me, Mrs. BROWN, your hand,
And you, my dear, take hold of her's,
For we must stick as close as burrs,
Or in this racket, noise and pother,
We certainly shall lose each other.
—— Good God! my cardinal and sack
Are almost torn from off my back.
Lard, I shall faint— Oh Lud— my breast——
I'm crush'd to atoms, I protest.
God bless me—I have drop'd my fan,
—— Pray did you see it, honest man?

M A N.

I, madam! no,—indeed, I fear
You'll meet with some misfortune here.
—— Stand back, I say—— pray, sir, forbear——
Why, don't you see the ladies there?
Put yourselves under my direction,
Ladies, I'll be your safe protection,

Mrs.

Mrs. S C O T.

You're very kind, sir; truly few
 Are half so complaisant as you.
 We shall be glad at any day
 This obligation to repay,
 And you'll be always sure to meet
 A welcome, sir, in—Lard! the street
 Bears such a name, I can't tell how
 To tell him where I live, I vow.
 — Mercy! what's all this noise and stir?
 Pray is the KING a coming, sir?

M A N.

No—don't you hear the people shout?
 'Tis Mr. PITT, just going out.

Mrs. B R O W N.

Aye, there he goes, pray heav'n bless him!
 Well may the people all care for him.
 — Lord, how my husband us'd to sit,
 And drink success to honest PITT,
 And happy o'er his evening cheer,
 Cry, you shall pledge this toast, my dear.

M A N.

Hist—silence—don't you hear the drumming?
 Now, ladies, now, the KING's a coming.
 There, don't you see the guards approach?

Mrs. B R O W N.

Which is the King?

Mrs. S C O T.

Which is the coach?

S C O T C H M A N.

Which is the noble EARL OF BUTE,
 Geud-faith, I'll gi him a salute.
 For he's the *Laird of aw our clan*,
 Troth, he's a bonny muckle man.

MAN.

MAN.

Here comes the Coach, so very slow
As if it ne'er was made to go,
In all the gingerbread of state,
And staggering under its own weight.

Mrs. SCOT.

Upon my word, its monstrous size!
Would half the gold upon't were mine!
How gawdy all the gilding shines!
It puts *one's* eyes out as it goes.
What a rich glare of various hues,
What shining yellows, scarlets, blues!
It must have cost a heavy price;
'Tis like a mountain drawn by mice.

Mrs. BROWN.

So painted, gilded, and so large,
Bless me! 'tis like my lord mayor's barge,
And so it is — look how it reels!
'Tis nothing else — a barge on wheels.

MAN.

Large! it can't pass St. James's gate,
So big the coach, the arch so strait.
It might be made to rumble thro'
And pass as other coaches do.
Could they a *body-coachman* get
So most preposterously fit,
Who'd undertake (and no rare thing)
Without a *head*, to drive the king.

Mrs. SCOT.

Lard! what are those two ugly things
There — with their hands upon the springs,
Filthy, as ever eyes beheld,
With naked breasts, and faces swell'd?
What could the saucy-maker mean,
To put such things to fright the QUEEN?

M A N.

Oh! they are Gods, Ma'm, which you see,
Of the *Marine Society*.
Tritons, which in the ocean dwell,
And only rise to blow their shell.

Mrs. S C O T.

Gods, d'ye call those filthy men?
Why don't they go to sea again?
Pray, tell me, sir, you understand,
What do these *Tritons* do on land?

Mrs. B R O W N.

And what are they? those hindmost things,
Men, fish and birds, with flesh, scales, wings?

M A N.

Oh, they are Gods too, like the others,
All of one family and brothers,
Creatures, which seldom come a-shore,
Nor seen about the King before.
For *Show*, they wear the yellow Hue,
Their proper colour is *True-blue*.

Mrs. S C O T.

Lord bless us! what's this noise about?
Lord, what a tumult and a rout!
How the folks holla, hiss, and hoot!
Well — Heav'n preserve the EARL OF BUTE!
I cannot stay, indeed; not I,
If there's a riot I shall die.
Let's make for any house we can,
Do — give us shelter, honest man.

Mrs. B R O W N.

I wonder'd where you was, my dear,
I thought I should have died with fear.
This noise and racketing and hurry
Has put my nerves in such a flurry!

I could

I could not think where you was got,
I thought I'd lost you, Mrs. Scot;
Where's Mrs. Tape, and Mr. Grin?
Lard, I'm so glad we're all got in.

The SCHOOL for WOMEN.

[*Concluded from our last.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment at MELISSA's.

Enter PHYLLIS. MELISSA, elegantly dressed.

MELISSA.

WELL, *Phyllis*, what do you think of me now?

PHYLLIS.

Really, madam, your ladyship can't possibly look better. You have made me employ so much time, and take so much pains, that the most difficult beauty might be glad of your ladyship's dress, for a model. Pray, madam, tell me, are you going to a ball? or at what agreeable party do you propose to eclipse all that shall dare to dispute the prize of beauty?

MELISSA.

No, *Phyllis*, I am not going to any ball, — I don't sup abroad — I stay at home.

PHYLLIS.

At home, madam! I don't understand you.

MELISSA.

You will presently, when I tell you all this preparation of ornament is the consequence of the lessons I

308 THE ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,
received from *Laura*. A wife, who desires the affection
of her husband, ought to try every method to please
him; and dress is——

PHYLLIS.

What, madam, is all this display only for your
husband, to whom you won't have the satisfaction of
shewing it? Ah, madam, don't flatter yourself that
sir *George* will return time enough for you to see him
to-day. That happens so seldom.——

MELISSA.

That's true, indeed——But I have a strong pre-
sumption that he will return soon, *Phyllis*. That idea
gives me pleasure, and I am resolved, as you see, to
receive him in the most agreeable manner, and with
all the gaiety I am mistress of.

PHYLLIS.

Well, for once at least, here's a husband expected
in a very uncommon manner.

MELISSA.

That's not all, *Phyllis*; at the hazard of sir *George's*
returning this evening, assist me to find out some en-
tertainment, which may engage his attention, and
surprize him.

PHYLLIS.

For to-night, madam?

MELISSA.

Yes, to-night, this instant, if possible——

PHYLLIS.

Lard, what can I think of in so short a time?——Oh,
I have it, sing and dance round about him.

MELISSA.

What, by myself. He'll take me for a fool.

PHYLLIS.

True, all that I can do for your ladyship's service is,
to join in the folly.

MELISSA.

M E L I S S A.

That will never do, child, and I shall fail of my end.

P H Y L L I S.

And yet really that's all I can think of at present, your design is so extraordinary! But—stay—yes—I have it, madam.

M E L I S S A.

What is it?

P H Y L L I S.

Sir *Novelty*, who, you know, takes so much pains to calm your griefs, was to have given you an entertainment to-night. I am in the secret. He has got together a parcel of dancers, incog. who were to have diverted your ladyship; let us employ them for the entertainment of fir *George*.

M E L I S S A.

Excellent, nothing could happen better.

P H Y L L I S.

You will be the first wife who ever made an entertainment, prepared by her lover, serve for the amusement of her husband. But that singularity will make the turn more pleasant.

M E L I S S A.

But if fir *Novelty* should return in the mean time.—

P H Y L L I S.

Fear nothing, madam; fir *Novelty* is a man of too much politeness, to tell fir *George* that he is the author of this gallantry, and you may take the whole upon yourself.

M E L I S S A.

You are in the right, *Phyllis*, and as dancing is one of the qualifications I have most cultivated, 'tis to that I ought most to trust for the success of my project.

The

310 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE.

The very lightness of this dress suits with your idea. I hear somebody coming, let's lose no time. Let us look for these people, and dispose of them in the best manner to serve my enterprise.

PHYLIS. [*Over out, and returns.*]

Madam, your presumption was not without foundation, here is sir *George* himself.

MELISSA.

Let us be gone quickly, that he mayn't meet us.

S C E N E II.

Enter Sir GEORGE and JEREMY.

JEREMY.

What, sir, are you return'd to sup at home?

SIR GEORGE.

So it appears, as you see.

JEREMY.

So much the better, sir. It would make my lady extremely happy, if you was to have your entertainments at home more frequently.

SIR GEORGE.

That's what I was just thinking upon, *Jeremy*, I reproach myself for leaving her so alone every day.

JEREMY.

Ah, you reproach yourself. I'll lay a wager that you and Mrs. *Laura* have had a falling out; and so this comes about.

SIR GEORGE.

You are in the right. I went to her at my return from the opera, as I promised. I don't know from whence she had it, but I found her in such an extraordinary

For JANUARY, 1763. 311

ordinary humour, that I could not possibly stay. — I don't think I shall return thither in a hurry.

J E R E M Y.

Ridiculous — to-morrow. —

S I R G E O R G E.

No, *Jeremy*, you shall see.

J E R E M Y.

Ah, sir, every man has his private reasons: I love *Phyllis*, sir, and I can't bear *Lisetta*, *Phyllis* has promis'd to marry me, if you return to *Melissa*. So —

S I R G E O R G E.

Well then, *Jeremy*, you have good hopes —

J E R E M Y.

Have I? O my dear master, I always said you would make the best husband in the world. But you must have had a terrible quarrel with *Laura*, to break with her in so serious and sudden a manner.

S I R G E O R G E.

No, she rail'd, for nothing in the world, against all mankind in general; that piqued me; I undertook their defence. There arose a little passion and bitterness on her side, and I ended by making my bow, and taking leave.

J E R E M Y.

Ah! my dear master, keep where you are. She is such a tyrant, that between you and I, you was quite a slave.

S I R G E O R G E.

A slave! who I? a slave. No, no, I assure you, not that. Her wit, her talents amused me, and that was all. But she is become insipid, disagreeable — I am resolv'd — disgust for disgust, and I had rather run the risk with my wife, than any other.

J E R E M Y.

Truly she has some right to demand the preference.

S I R

SIR GEORGE.

She has more, — I give you my honour, if *Melissa* had but thrown aside her melancholy and love of solitude, to which she abandons herself, I should never have slid into this dissipated way of life, at the expence of every thing which I owe to a wife, whom I love and regard from the bottom of my heart.

J E R E M Y.

So you say, sir, but that's not enough; and if you would only give her more frequent proofs, assure yourself she would have all the gaiety you desire. Her melancholy only proceeds from your neglect of her.

SIR GEORGE.

No, *Jeremy*, *Melissa* is naturally of a serious turn. Let me do what I will, I can never make her lively and agreeable, otherwise she has every requisite; but she is glad that custom forbids it. A wife endeavour in good earnest to appear agreeable to her husband! Fye, fye, that's contrary to all good breeding.

S C E N E III.

Enter MELISSA, Sir GEORGE, JEREMY.

But what elegant figure is that? do I deceive myself? 'Tis *Melissa*; how prettily she is dressed.

J E R E M Y.

Ah, sir, whatever you may think, look upon her, and confess, that no mistress in the world —

SIR GEORGE.

Peace, hold your tongue.

J E R E M Y.

Nay then, if I must hold my tongue here, I'll go and chatter below stairs with *Phyllis*. [Exit.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter MELISSA.

MELISSA.

What, is it you, sir *George*? Ah, I to have the happiness of your company to-night?

SIR GEORGE.

Madam, I must own I came with that design; but from the elegance of your dress, I perceive you have some other engagement. You are not so dress'd to keep house; don't let me disconcert any appointment.

MELISSA.

You disconcert nothing, sir *George*. I had no other design in putting on this dress, than my own amusement, and to leave off a negligée, which I have been tired of this age.

SIR GEORGE.

No, *Melissa*, your regard to me makes you conceal the true reason; 'tis that which makes you sacrifice to me some agreeable party which you had form'd for this evening. I thank you, madam, but pardon me if I don't accept it; we do not live to make one another uneasy, you know; pray act as if I had not returned. I'll go into my closet, where I have some letters to write, which will take me up the rest of the evening. *[Going out.]*

MELISSA.

Stay, sir *George*, once more. I give up nothing in staying at home with you this evening — had you not return'd, I should not have gone out.

SIR GEORGE.

You expect company, then, madam?

MELISSA.

No, I expect nobody. — You will be all my company, and I desire no other.

SIR GEORGE.

You surprize me, *Melissa*. Without criticising your actions, you must allow me that your dress is not quite uniform for a conjugal *tête à tête*.

MELISSA.

That's true, indeed. But I intend to set the fashion. Upon reflection, I think nothing ought to be neglected, which may assist sentiment to get the better of habit.

SIR GEORGE.

Then I must absolutely believe this dress is all upon my account. I am far from suspecting any thing unworthy of *Melissa* in this project; I have too great a regard for you, madam, to harbour a suspicion of that kind. But a husband is so little form'd for these sort of gallantries, that, spite of the good opinion he has of his wife, she ought to pardon him in such a case, if he is guilty of a little incredulity.

MELISSA.

Although that incredulity has nothing in it which can give me any offence, I shall have a real pleasure in destroying it; and if to this dress, which you seem to think not designed for you, I join a little entertainment, of which our union shall be the subject, I hope you will at length do me justice. I would appear with a desire of pleasing, the motive will be a sufficient excuse, and the talent of dancing, which I have a little neglected, may perhaps set me off to some advantage.

PHYLLIS. [*Behind.*]

Come, madam.

[*Here a Dance.*]

MELISSA.

Well, sir George, you see I have not quite forgot

SIR

SIR GEORGE.

What grace! what elegance! I cannot recover from my surprize; but tell me, I beg of you, madam, to what am I to attribute so satisfactory, and so flattering an alteration?

MELISSA.

To the advice and instructions of a lady of most excellent understanding.

SIR GEORGE.

Ah, *Melissa*! what obligations we both have to her! Yes, the sentiment that animates you, has enter'd into my heart, and I have now no other desire than to render myself worthy of my dear *Melissa*.

[Sings to her.]

MELISSA.

You are determin'd not to let me be in your debt, however I take pains to be so. [Dance again.]

SCENE V.

SIR NOVELTY. [To the Dancers, without seeing *Melissa* or *Sir George*.]

So, gentlemen, you are in great haste. [To *Phyllis*.] Who told them to begin without my order? [Dance stops.] [Aside.] But what do I see? *Sir George* with *Melissa*!

SIR GEORGE.

Come, *Sir Novelty*, you are come in time, to enjoy the happiest festival love ever imagin'd for *Hymen*.

SIR NOVELTY. [Embarrassed.]

With all my heart. [Aside.] What's the meaning of all this? [To *Sir George*.] Who the devil expected you

at this hour? These husbands always put things out of order.

SIR GEORGE.

Peace, look, and you shall know all by-and-by.

[Dance continues. Enter a Dancer, dressed like the Count, pursues Melissa, and is always hindered by the approach of Love and Hymen, who bring her back to Sir George. The Count follows Love, while Hymen stays with Melissa and Sir George. Love, tired of the pursuit, returns, and puts out his torch, which he afterwards lights at Hymen's, who stays with Melissa and Sir George; the Dancer dressed like the Count, retires dissatisfied.]

SIR NOVELTY. [Aside.]

'Tis easy to perceive they make a fool of me here.

SIR GEORGE. [To Sir Novelty.]

Shall I explain this to you?

SIR NOVELTY.

No, my dear, don't give yourself that trouble. I understand the close of the dance, nothing could be better, 'tis well characteriz'd.

MELISSA.

I am extremely happy, sir; you see I had mighty little to change in your design; you had made Love quarrel with Hymen, I had nothing to do but to reconcile them.

SIR NOVELTY.

Who, I, madam. [Low to Mel.] Have you no consideration, Melissa?

MELISSA.

Yes, certainly, 'tis but proper Sir George should know to whom he owes the obligation of so ready an entertainment. — Sir Novelty here, had collected these people, without my knowledge, before you came. His intention

intention was to remove my melancholy. He has succeeded most happily, and I return him my thanks.

PHYLIS. [To Sir Novelty.]

You are the first man in the world to furnish a wife with the most gallant means of entertaining her husband.

So then you have betrayed me!

SIR GEORGE.

Permit me, sir, to return you my thanks too. [Bows.]

SIR NOVELTY.

Out of friendship to you, sir George, 'tis true, I did endeavour to remove the melancholy *Melissa* has laboured under for so long a time. I thought you, was at *Laura's*, I find you here, is it my fault? How could I expect that? Really there's no knowing where you are.

SIR GEORGE.

You are in the right; indeed, for what has past, I was ungrateful enough not to do justice to the virtues and charms of *Melissa*, but, for the future, I take the charge of her amusements upon myself.

JEREMY.

I am of the same opinion with your honour now, I shall marry *Phyllis*.

SIR NOVELTY.

I perceive, by all this display of sentiment, that you have recovered an affection for each other. Upon my word 'tis what I did not expect. — These accidents, I believe, happen to nobody but me. Upon my honour I'll e'n go to *Laura*, and entertain myself with her.

SIR GEORGE.

As you please, sir, I resign her.

SCENE

SCENE VI. And LAST.

JEREMY.

So he's gone. So much the better. I don't love these fops; they make more husbands jealous, than wives happy.

SIR GEORGE.

My dear *Melissa*, forget all the injuries I have done you, and you shall find in me a husband ashamed of his past conduct, and a most tender and faithful lover.

JEREMY.

D'ye hear, *Phyllis*, that's positive. Are you a girl of your word? Your hand —

PHYLLIS.

You have not the honour of the reconciliation — but no matter. The affection of this married couple encourages me. There take it.

MELISSA.

My project then has succeeded. Ah! sir *George*, I have now learnt, that virtue can never fail to make itself respected, but the desire of pleasing is the only method to attain that pleasure of being always lov'd.

The End of the NEW SCHOOL FOR WOMEN.

The

The ENCHANTED CUP.

Imitated from LA FONTAINE.

By Mr. C. DENIS.

OF all the plagues with which mankind is curst,
 The rage of jealousy is sure the worst.
 For do but picture to your mind
 The self-tormenting anxious wretch,
 Whose thoughts are always on the stretch,
 In search of what he dreads to find.
 He never dreams, but horns begin to peep;
 Yet hold — I fear the Muse mistakes;
 To dream, supposes sleep,
 And jealousy for ever wakes.
 Or, if he should just catch a doze,
 Some cuckold ghost a racket makes,
 And scares away repose.
 Then tell me, fools — if there be any such,
 What is this frightful cuckoldom you dread?
 Unknown 'tis nothing, and when known, not much;
 Form'd by suspicion, and by fancy fed.
 Pray do you feel ought on your front,
 That makes your hat uneasy on't?
 Or is the pleasure of your life,
 The plague you'll say — I mean your wife,
 Less beautiful, or not so kind?
 Why, no! to please she's more inclin'd.
 Then 'tis in fact no real pain,
 But a chimæra of the brain.
 Aye, but your honour takes alarm;
 Why honour, honour! that is true —
 Yet what has honour here to do
 With an imaginary harm?

Better,

Better, methinks, to banish doubt,
And never seek to find it out;
Nor act like him, who needs would sup
Out of the gold enchanted cup.
Make, if you can, advantage of his folly.
The tale in ARIOSTO is of note,
And if 'twill sooth your melancholy,
I'll strive to tell it as LA FONTAINE wrote.

A man there was, no matter where his dwelling
Who for some reasons, we'll say not worth telling,
Resolv'd no woman e'er should be his wife.
Not that he meant to lead a single life,
But keep a miss, or madam, what you please.
Whether he acted right or wrong,
It does not to our tale belong;
Let those decide it who have try'd both ways.
Our man was of such sort of cast,
That HYMEN found no favour in his eyes;
CUPID alone must form the pleasing ties
To make his passion last.

In short, he found one to his mind,
Young, lovely, beautiful and kind;
Who, ere the sun one yearly course had ran,
Brought forth a charming girl, and dy'd.
The father tore his hair, and cry'd,
Not like a modish widow'd man,
Whose wife is taken to her last repose;
Such grief is often meerly change of cloaths:
He mourn'd like one who felt the smart
Of a dejected broken heart,
Till time, not reason, cur'd his woes.
Mean while our little *Missy* grows;
Her tucker now begins to fall and rise,
And *Doll*, neglected, in a corner lies.
An unknown something flutters in her breast;
Suspensions fill'd the father's mind;
He fear'd that Cat would after kind;
Wherefore to set his heart at rest,

He thought, in prudence, it was best
 That in a convent she should be confin'd.
 There in each virtuous notion bred,
 Her study was her mind t'improve;
 None of those idle books she read,
 With which young girls so stuff their head,
 Nor hardly knew the name of love.
 If any nun her beauty prais'd,
 Up to the heavens her hands she rais'd,
 Then blest'd herself, and thus exclaim'd;
 Fye, sister! are you not asham'd?
 These earthly beauties soon will fade,
 Transient and fleeting as a shade.
 Or else why from the world retire,
 And morn and eve both fast and pray?
 What are these features you admire?
 Mere dirt and dust, for worms a prey.

No canting Puritan had more to say.
 But now her education quite complete,
 Her father took her to his country seat.

CALISTA (that's our fair-one's name)
 No sooner from the convent came,
 Than—farewell all her holy books,
 Her prim starcht grief, and downcast looks;
 No heav'nly thing her thoughts employs,
 She sees the world with worldly eyes.
 And now fame's trumpet sounds aloud
 Her virtue, beauty, and her *fortune* too;
 Without this last, the others seldom do,
 Whilst wealth alone will draw a crowd;
 For that's the point in view.

From far and near the suitors ran,
 Each hop'd to be the happy man.
 But she distinguish'd from the crew
 Young ALTAMONT, of graceful air,
 Of humour pliant, conduct nice,
 Her father much approv'd her choice,

And join'd the loving pair.

All things at once were easy made,
The jointure fix'd, the portion paid;
That was indeed their smallest care:
Their only schemes were, how to prove
Their mutual constancy and love.
Six months of paradise were gone,
When hell of hell came sudden on;
For jealousy torments his brains;
He thinks a spark supplies his place;
Who would have left both time and pains,
Had he not forc'd his own disgrace.

Why then, in such a case,
What must a husband do, or say?

Nothing; if he is wise,
But seem to shut his eyes,
And let the lady take her way.
Dpend upon't, do all you can,
She will for certain have her man,
If she's resolv'd to go astray;
And, if to virtue she's inclin'd,
Your doubts may make her change her mind,
You raise the devil you would quell;
For be it always understood,
Wherever such suspicions dwell,
Cuckoldom's in the neighbourhood.
To ALTAMONT this was quite new.
I pity him with all my heart;
'Twas by advice he play'd the part,
Which gave him so much cause to rue.
If you'll but hear my story out,
I'll tell you how it came about.

A witch there was, of the first rate,
(Enchantress fair, I should have said)

Who took it in her head
To have with ALTAMONT a tête à tête.
NERÆA nam'd; she knew, we're told,
Much more than CIRCE did of old,

Friend

Friend ASMODÆUS, on two sticks,
Was but an imp to her for dev'lish tricks,
All nature waited her command;
Directress both by sea and land,
No *Lapland* hag could sell a wind

In leathern bag confin'd,
Without a licence from her hand.
But O! behold th' effects of love!
She who could force the moon to stand,
And fix the moving orbs above,
Sighs for a man, and sighs in vain.
Nor can with all her art obtain
What she so ardently requires;
He now and then, so far as this,
Vouchsaf'd to give a friendly kiss,
Which rather blow'd than quenoh'd her fires;
For, to be plain, what she desires

Is more substantial bliss.
Now reader take it not amiss,
Historians should the facts express,
And make them neither more nor less.
NERÆA was both fair and kind,
And he to pleasure much inclin'd;
Yet, true and constant to his spouse,
He would not break his marriage vows.
Where can you now such husbands find?

The race is sure extinct and gone,
(Except fir CHARLEY GRANDISON)
If there were ever any such!
Indeed, indeed I fear it much,
That we are here impos'd upon.
The flying horse, th' enchanted lance,
And all the wonders which we read
In modern tales and old romance,
Don't shock by half so much my creed.
But let it pass; husbands and wives
In those times led quite other lives.

NÆREA now employs her art,
 Love-powders, mixtures; philters too: ———
 But all in vain, for nought will do
 To touch his firm uxorious heart.
 No wonder when her face can't move,
 All other charms should fruitless prove.
 — You value yourself much, said she,
 On madam's faith and constancy;
 I should be curious now to know
 Whether her virtue's more than shew.
 What if CALISTA be a cheat,
 And rendezvouses in the dark,
 With some young am'rous lovely spark!
 Would you still from my arms retreat?
 Let cits and tradesmen, folks low bred,
 Be constant to the marriage bed;
 You should have notions more refin'd;
 Stol'n pleasures but enhance the govt;
 And so do those forbidden too,
 Which you may taste, if so inclin'd:
 One thing you ought to know at least,
 Whether your wife be really chaste.
 Your house LOTHARIO visits often:
 A mein like his, so sweet! so smart!
 Must sure have power enough to soften
 The most obdurate heart.
 None truly virtuous are till try'd ———
 What do you mean? the husband cry'd;
 LOTHARIO is my bosom friend;
 Nor would he, tho' to save his life,
 Attack my honour or my wife;
 Upon his honour I depend.
 — Fine talk! NÆREA vex'd, reply'd,
 Poor cred'lous dupe! but mark the end.
 — An am'rous youth — a buxom bride, ———
 With opportunities beside,
 What stubborn virtue but must bend?

Wherever

Wherever CUPID bears the sway,
 Friendship and honour both give way.
 This last stroke had the wish'd effects,
 And to his head the poison bore;
 He listens, watches, doubts, suspects;
 And twenty things he recollects,
 Which ne'er occur'd before.

LOTHARIO handsome, young, gallant and bold,
 And, more to dread! his purse well lin'd with gold:
 No pretty fellow from *Hibernia's* shore,
 In mein or in address e'er promis'd more.
 And then CALISTA,auteous; blith and gay!
 Who never yet to pleasure once said nay.
 But no: he cry'd, she cannot faithless prove —
 And yet, alas! how fanciful is love?
 NERÆA triumph'd to have rais'd a doubt,
 She knew uncertainty was worse than hell.

I have, said she, a magick spell,
 That turns all mortals inside out.
 Do but this wond'rous water use,
 And take whose figure you would chuse;
 'Twill change at once your face and air.
 Now, if LOTHARIO's form you'll wear,
 And feel how beats CALISTA's heart,
 You will not want the doctor's art,
 To know what fever's there!

In short, no sooner said but done;
 And mind, for now the play's begun,
 He acts LOTHARIO to the life,
 And in that shape cajoles his wife:
 Madam, how fair you look to-day —
 Ah! must I then for ever languish?
 And will you ne'er my love repay,
 But let your slave expire with anguish?
 Then from her hand a kiss he stole,
 And ran thro' CUPID's *rigmarole*;
 With flames and darts, and all the rest,
 Of which she only made a jest,

In vain he flatters, and in vain he plies
 The whole artillery of vows and sighs,
 Besides a thousand lies ;
 A perfect rock, unmov'd she stands the test.
 The touchstone of all virtue now he tries,
 And lays the golden lure before her eyes.

The dazzling sum indeed was such

As made the lady stare !

Beware ye belles ! beware !

If e'er the tempting bait you touch,

You're surely caught within the snare.

I know there are amongst the female kind,
 Where beauty is with truth and prudence join'd ;
 But Oh ! CALISTA was not of the few.

In short, what will not money do ?

Her fainting chastity began to yield ;

She leaves her husband master of the field.

So JUPITER possess'd, as we are told,

ACRISIUS' daughter in a show'r of gold.

But ALTAMONT would not pursue the game,

Nor be himself the author of his shame.

So strait resumes his former air,

And thus upbraids th' astonish'd fair.

CALISTA, once my loving wife !

CALISTA dearer far than life,

My sole delight ! for, without thee,

The world is all a blank to me.

Bear such a price these sordid toys,

To forfeit for them all our joys ?

Ah Joys ! for me too dearly bought —

To punish such a crime, I ought

To drench this dagger in thy heart,

But Oh ! I shudder at the thought,

And love thee still, ungrateful as thou art.

Cruel CALISTA ! see these heart-sent tears —

Henceforth compleatly curst with doubts and fears,

I never more shall know sweet peace of mind,

Nor ever from my grief a respite find.

She

She made no answer, but with tears and sighs;
The strongest arguments when beauty plies.

A doubt now started in his brain,
Was he not of the cuckold train?
For further proof there is no need;
I'm one in thought, if not in deed.
Methinks I feel the antlers grow.
Good folks who form the horned list;
Whose wives by others have been kil'd,
Pray tell me, for you ought to know,
Am I a cuckold, yes or no?
This doubt was by NERÆA clear'd,
If from this gold enchanted cup

You can, said she, the liquor sup,
And let none fall upon your beard,
Your honour's safe, and wants no prop.
He took the vase and drank it up,
Nor did he spill a single drop.

Oh! had he here but put a stop
To the mad fit that rack'd his soul,
And exorcis'd the fiend that knaw'd his breast,
He had reclaim'd his wife, and liv'd at rest.
But what, can reason jealousy controul?
Oh no! each moment he consults the bowl.

And now to watch he takes his post;
And then an old Duenna hires,
To look out sharp and clear the coast.
Weak man! compulsion fans desires,
The thing forbid is long'd for most;
For what avails locks, bolts and spies?
Only to shew an idle spite;
Tho' ARGUS had a hundred eyes,
He could not keep a cow in sight.

This, ALTAMONT experienc'd, but too late,
Drawn on by curiosity and fate.

O curiosity, thou source of woes!
By thee PANDORA's box still overflows.

318 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

For now each day, each hour, the cup he tries,
Till out at last th' enchanted liquor flies.

O fatal, fatal proof! O bane of rest!

Frantic he tears his hair, and beats his breast.

But to describe his anguish, his despair,

His furious transports, his distracted air,

Would ask the bard, whose lyre APOLLO strung;

When he the wrath of fierce ACHILLES sung;

Or him who led the pious chief to Rome,

And left poor DY to kill herself at home.

For now he drags along the weeping fair,

Her head dishevell'd and her bosom bare.

Instead of hiding his sad case,

He publishes his own disgrace.

Then in a prison shuts her up,

And shews to all the magic cup.

Had he himself the secret kept,

(Since all the shame is being known)

On either side he might have slept,

Nor mist the bird he fancied flown.

But ALTAMONT was none of those;

Each day he to the prison goes,

With bitter taunts his spouse reviles,

And counts o'er all her tricks and wiles;

— Indeed she pass'd a wretched time.

Ah, ALTAMONT! I own my crime;

Then shed another shower,

As conscious of her power:

For reader, be it understood;

He pay'd sometimes, in tender mood,

A visit to the tower.

I do, she cry'd, deserve your hate,

But sure my punishment's too great.

You say I broke my marriage vow,

And branded shame upon your brow.

You was yourself your own undoing;

'Twas you that hurried me to ruin.

Had

Had not your jealousy provok'd my pride,
I ne'er from virtue should have slipt aside.

Your fault is no excuse for mine,
And yet how many in your state
Wisely throw all the blame on fate,
And ne'er at casualties repine ?
Fair HELEN gain'd a thousand charms,
For having been in PARIS' arms ;
So MENELA'S her husband swore,
When after a ten years campaign,
With joy he took her back again,
And lik'd her ten times more.

It is a thing so common grown,——
Ask all the num'rous herd you see,
And he who knows his forehead free,

Why let him throw the stone,
And throw it if he dare at me.
That is some comfort I must own ;
And if so many I can raise
As will a regiment make up,
Methinks my mind would be at ease.
Have you not got, said she, the cup,
A tryal always at command,
To know all those that form the band ?
Good ALTAMONT approves this scheme,
Keeps open house to all that came ;
And after dinner every day
Produc'd the cup to make th' essay.

My wife, false to her marriage vows,
Forsook me for another,
If any here suspects his spouse,
And thinks himself our brother,
This vase will soon the point clear up.
'Tis fit to know if mischief's brewing,
And what at home your wife's a doing.
If every drop of wine you sup
That's in this magick golden cup,
You need not fear a lover's wooing ;

But if your honour's bought or sold,
 And under VULCAN you're charr'd,
 Spite of your care, do what you will,
 Some of the wine you'll surely spill.
 By all the guests the cup is try'd,
 And as the liquor they were drinking,
 Or more or less it slip'd aside,
 At which some laugh'd, and others cry'd,
 According to their ways of thinking.
 And now from far and near the people come,
 Without the trumpet's sound, or beat of drum,
 To lift into the corps of CUCKOLDOM,
 The different quantity of liquor spilt,
 Proclaim'd the measure of their spouses' guilt,
 And gave the ranks the heroes bore.
 All those, whose very cautious prudent wives
 Had only made one *faux pas* in their lives,
 Were private soldiers, and no more.
 The rest, by the same rule, were all prefer'd,
 From corporal, to him who gave the word,
 And many a citizen, and many a lord,
 The regimentals wore.
 An alderman, amongst the rest,
 Would try, to carry on the jest,
 He thought himself cock sure,
 And boldly takes the cup to sip,
 Which sudden started from his lip,
 And every drop fell to the floor.
 In vain he cry'd, 'twas merely accident,
 They made him colonel to the regiment.
 Let us, said one, have a review,
 And each his exercise go thro'.
 The day was fixt, the troops appear
 At distance, on the verdant plain,
 Just like a park well stock'd with deer.
 When brave RINALDO and his train
 Arriv'd : Nephew to CHARLEMAIGN.

Renown'd.

Renown'd of old for feats of glory !
 But that is foreign to our story.
 He came, like others, to the treat,
 And with the rest sat down to eat.
 You'll not be angry if I sink
 The speeches made 'twixt meat and drink.
 So we'll say grace, and clear away ;
 Then bring the cup to make th' essay.
 How's this ? RINALDO strait reply'd,
 By me it never shall be try'd.
 Pray keep your cup and liquor too ;
 I think my wife both chaste and true.
 Besides, who knows, my hand might shake,
 And then the dev'lish cup might make
 Some gross mistake,
 So might I fancy I have horns like you.
 Farewell, and thanks : I humbly kiss your hand ;
 Except in this, your servant to command.

My friends, quoth ALTAMONT, we are to blame,
 RINALDO's wiser than us all ;
 Yet since we can't the past recall,
 'Twould be but folly to exclaim.
 Then all return to your own houses,
 And ask forgiveness of your spouses ;
 Own 'twas your faults they went astray ;
 Come, follow me, I'll shew the way.
 He then receiv'd CALISTA as before,
 And pocketed his horns — like many more.

Ye husbands all, example take,
 RINALDO points out what to do.
 Be wise, and think your spouses true,
 If not for theirs, for your own sake,
 Your happiness is all at stake,
 'Tis worth your looking to.

For had RINALDO dar'd to sup,
He might have faulter'd in the tryal.
Right prudent was his firm denial
For who but fools, would taste the cup.

A U R I N D A.

WHILST others flourish in the rules of art,
And strive with borrow'd charms to gain the
heart,

AURINDA's not by foolish fashion led,
Trusts nature, and appears sincerely red,
Scorns all disguises to maintain her sway,
And smiles at what the busy critics say.
Who talk—She thus her golden tresses wears,
That she may shew her fortunes by her hairs.
Strange that this native dress should censure find,
Is't not the colour that subdues mankind?
For shame, licentious tongues, your spleen controul,
That must allure the eyes, which fires the soul.

E. V.

On a young LADY dancing with a GENTLEMAN
at BUXTON.

In Imitation of the eighth Ode of the first Book of HORACE.

SAY, lovely CYNTHIA, pr'ythee say,
Why will those cruel charms destroy
A youth, who, 'till one hapless day,
Brook'd every toil, and tasted every joy?

But

But since his pleasing, fatal lot,
The jocund dance with you to share,
His friends, his sports are all forgot;
Ah! why was he so rash, or you so fair?

Oft, till the evening's dew-drops fall,
In am'rous sloth of you he dreams;
Deaf to the loud accusom'd call,
Nor bathes in healthful BUXTON's tepid streams.

How have we seen him brush the dew,
To visit yonder murmuring rill?
But now unnerv'd, undone by you,
No more he climbs the steep MANCESTRIAN hill.

In vain the chearful horn invites
On swiftest steed to sweep the plains;
Ah me! says he, these, once delights,
Now charm no more! Go, go, ye happier swains!

This morn I forc'd him down again
Blest ANNA, to thy sacred well;
Thrice he essay'd to drink; in vain!
He sigh'd; and from his hand the vessel fell.

See, to the living taper's light,
When all their ev'ning sports pursue,
Pensive he writes, or seems to write,
But oh! his looks, his thoughts, are all on you.

Ev'n when the sprightly tabors tell
That crowds, enraptur'd, beat the ground;
Mindful too late how once he fell,
Sad fugitive, he cannot bear the sound:

So from his cell, the *Gracian* chief
The trumpet's clarion ne'er could move;
Pleas'd to the woods to tell his grief,
The warrior, and the man, both lost in love.

534 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

To the EDITOR of the St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I N looking over some papers, I met with the following, which, I apprehend, has never appeared in print. If it is any ways suitable to your purpose, your inserting it will much oblige,

Your friend and humble Servant,

Dec. 10.

T. R.

Non indecoro pulvere fordidi. HOR.

S I R,

Cambridge.

R Efecting, with abundance of concern, on the almost universal aversion, our Students have to a close application to the universities, and recollecting at the same time, their immense diligence and propensity to all kinds of outward refinements, particularly their assiduity in becoming masters of that no less successful than useful help to discourse, the *Snuff-Box*, I was willing (though an utter enemy to new projects) to throw a larger quantity of the *Utile* into the composition. This succeeded to my wish.

Your readers will be surpriz'd, when I tell them, by you, that I have not only prepared snuff proper for candidates in the three celebrated professions here; but (*quid non labor improbus?*) for the inferioris *sub-fellii* Doctores, and Ladies, *INBRIGUING, TALKATIVE, SCANDALIZING, STORY-TELLING, PUNNING, QUIBBELING, CONUNDRUMMICAL SNUFF, &c.* all which are infallible in their operations. But as this assertion may look like a rant, and I be judg'd an impostor,

impostor, I shall be, so much a friend to the PUBLIC, as (neglecting the low consideration of my *private* interest) to give them a few specimens of my ingredients, and their effects.

SNUFF-LOGICAL, &c.

is compounded of ARISTOTLE'S ORGANON, RAMUS, OZELL'S Art of Thinking, BURGERSDICUS, and HEREBORD, of each, quantum suff. these pulveriz'd, secundum artem, make an infallible CATHOLICON, which, taken up the nose, so far exhaust, or imbibe all reflexes of wit, sense and humour (those grand enemies to scholastic disputations) that the patient commences a finished dry-headed fellow, without the least loss of time in study, or application to a tutor. — Thousands can attest the truth of this from my *private* practice — quos nunc prescribere longum —

SNUFF-CRITICAL, &c.

is of two sorts; one for those who write to shew their own learning: the other for those who really illustrate the authors they undertake.

Ingredients for the first kind are almost innumerable, and so remarkably simple is the composition, that any one of the Greek scholiasts, or Latin variorum, is sufficient. Some have advis'd the use of BENTLEY, as being drier, and consequently pulveriz'd with the greater facility, but I found him knotty in the experiment, reduced to powder, and a *caput mortuum* at the same time, so unfit for use.

The latter is a very scarce commodity, very few besides EUSTATHIUS, ADDISON and HURD, being effectual — so have prepared but a small quantity.

My PORTICAL CEPHALIC, proper for amorous and intriguing persons of both sexes, is a compound of CATULLUS, TIBULLUS, &c. all OVID, part of

ANA-

335 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

AMAZON; LORD ROCHESTER, *cum multis alijs* having such plenty of materials, this might be allowed very cheap, but by the extraordinary demand for it, I am oblig'd to keep up the price, lest it should grow out of fashion.

For my TALKATIVE OR CONFABULATIVE POWDER, *recipit* Spanish and French novels of all sorts, TOM THUMB, LANCAIRE WITCHES, GUY RABBIT, WARWICK, LONG MRS OF WESTMINSTER, &c. &c. &c. &c. N. B. I recommend the last in particular to old people, and the ladies, it having so innocent a flavour, that they may be good company, and gratify at the same time, without being incommoded with laughter, or even so much as a sneeze.

N. B. The Hum-drum club make use of nothing else.

For the Facetious and Risible, I have prepared from ARCHER, CAMBRIDGE, OXFORD, LONDON, and IRISH JOKE, MERRY BULLS, PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY, &c. &c. &c. a powder of such exquisite flavour, that it never fails of raising a titillation in the SENSORIUM, which, diffusing itself through the muscles of the face, ever causes an universal laughter, or echinnation, always provided that it be taken immediately after the purchase.

I have also a SUFFIMENTUM PUNNICUM extracted from SHAKESPEARE, BISHOP ANDREWS, LATIMER, SOUTH'S Sermons, SWIFT'S Art of Punning, and DUPONT'S MUSÆ SUBSCISIVÆ. This I humbly recommend to the Freshmen and Sophomores in our universities.

For Tragic Writers I have the very quintessence of LEE, DRYDEN, BUSIRIS and HURLOTHRUMBO. For the infallibility whereof I dare risque my reputation, it never having been known once to fail of giving the possessor such a poetical turn as the Latins call VERTIGO and the Greeks OESTRUM.

In

In bonum publicum, or pro bono publico (as the critics and Mr. ASHLEY shall determine) of our fellow-commoners here and rural squires, whose tongues must outrun their wit, or the innocent animals sit dumb-founded; I have prepared an oily powder of such a wonderful nature, that it not only successfully fills all the chinks and vacuities in the PERICRANIUM, and thereby secures them from the incursions of the air, but admirably supplies all defects of the brain; and gives a surprizing self-pleasing volubility to the organs of speech, making its takers shine in the most agreeable SMUT, newest fashioned oaths, and delicate witticisms on every one who has the misfortune to be born to half an acre of land less than themselves.

As these gentlemen are very humorous, I justly forbear mentioning the ingredients, esteeming it my *ne plus ultra*; besides being given to the sister or horse-laugh, I would not give occasion to their ridicule; must therefore only desire them (with my predecessor Sir WILLIAM RAEK, of empiric memory) to

Read, judge and try,
And if I lie,
Never believe me more.

The preceding specimens will I hope be sufficient to evince my abilities for the undertaking: nor need I trouble your readers with any more of the theory; but conclude with an earnest exhortation to the practice: being justly confident (from my private operations of this nature) that they will apply to me that burthen of an old song.

NOR GALEN, nor HIPPOCRATES,
Could ever boast such cures as these;

Or rather (when by my assistance they have learn'd so high) borrow from me the trite motto of the Heathen God of physick,

Opifergus per orbem

Discur.

E

Their and your very humble servant,

PHILO-CHIMÆRA.

E P I T A P H.

HERE lies J. B.

His station in life was low,

But he never aim'd at a higher;

His fortune was but indifferent,

But he never was discontented;

His natural understanding was good,

And he omitted no opportunity of improving it;

His principles were truly christian,

And his practice agreeable to them;

That labour which was necessary for his support,

He knew to be his duty, and made it his pleasure;

By which means, through a life of fourscore years,

He enjoy'd health of body and peace of mind.

He rose well in the morning, sickn'd at noon,

And ere the day was clos'd, he was no more.

Yet say not gentle reader that he died suddenly

Who never was to be found unprepared,

For JANUARY, 1763. 350
INSCRIPTION for an ARBOUR.

ENTER, of welcome fure beneath this shade,
 Ye sacred few, whose eyes can see with scorn
 The pomp of luxury, who, uneduc'd,
 Can leave behind the city's noisy hum;
 And smitten with the charms of innocence,
 Pleas'd with the lowly glen, and verdant lawn,
 The leafy covert, and secure retreat,
 Can hear with calm delight the thrush attune
 His wildly-warbled note, can hear with joy
 The village hind whistle his uncouth tune,
 And herds loud-lowing in the dale beneath.

H. D.

H

A PARODY of a Fragment of CRATES.

Oyag. Xxoxox, &c.

On OLD AGE.

SHOOK with the palsy, pain and pannic,
 I scarce can either move or stand;
 How time alas! that vile mechanic,
 Spoils every work he takes in hand.

X Y.

On seeing a young LADY at CHURCH.

WHILST gazing on my charmer's eyes,
Which were divinely fair,
Each look my tender heart beguill'd,
And stole from Heav'n a pray'r.
Ah why, fair nymph, will you presume
To take from Heav'n its due?
My eyes, which upwards there should move,
Are stop't to look on you.

Yet when I view thy charming face,
My mind must sure be there;
Nor we may look and gaze on thee,
Then think what angels are.

On seeing the PROPHECY of FAMINE, by
C. CHURCHILL, advertised on the Blue Covers
of the St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE.

AS your Stage, my friend LLOYD, runs easy about,
When CHURCHILL late call'd at your Inn,
What pity it is he would travel *without*,
When he knows there are places *within*

TO THE EDITOR of the ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE

Digitus monstrari & dicier hic est.

IT has been frequently matter of surprize to me, that, in this reading age, people in general should still retain such strange notions of an author. An author, in the conception of most readers, does not eat, drink, talk, or live like another man. But it has appeared still stranger to me, that they should differ so widely in their opinions about this order of men. Some place them at the top of the human species; while others degrade them as the lowest.

These latter, as I have somewhere read, conceive, that an author, when dressed, wears a full-trimmed wig of brown, that was once black; a black sword, bought after a general mourning; a bag-wig and bag, that had done their duty to my lord, and his valet-de-chambre, before they came from the dipping-tub in *Middle-Row*; a hat that has been so often dyed, that it is only fit for a man of fashion, that wears none at all; stockings and shoes made worse by mending, and so changed from what they were, as to afford room for a dispute of Mr. Lock's to dispute their identity for a year together. He is to run his head against every post or passenger in his way, if he is walking in the streets; or, if he is standing still, it must be at a bulk of books and pamphlets, pick and chuse for two-pence a piece; he is only to be found at dinner-time (if he don't dine with his printer) at a four-penny ordinary in *Porridge-Island*, and he must dive in the evening for those inspirers of all his works, porter and tobacco, from whence, when he can no longer boast a *Birmingham* penny in his pocket, he is to mount again, Olympus high, to his lodging next the skies. Those who are in the opposite extreme, look upon an author as a superior being, and imagine, that

to be able to tag a rime, or round a period, is beyond the utmost stretch of human genius, not particularly favoured by Providence.

I met with two instances of this very lately. I was walking with a young linen-draper of the city, one morning this winter, and in *Russel-Street, Covent-Garden*, he suddenly took to his heels, and with an earnestness that made me think it of consequence, desired me to keep up with him; when we were got into the *Piazza*, my companion stopt short, and then walked, with great composure, up to a gentleman, that I found was the cause of our running, and after staring him in the face, slackened his motion, to let the person get before him, and then laying his hand with great vehemence on my arm, he said, loud enough for the other to hear, "that is a devilish clever fellow, he has wrote a tragedy, and intends to have it acted at *Covent-Garden* theatre. He is a most surprizing GENIUS, and never had any EDUCATION, and I was determined you should have a sight of him." I thanked him for his intention, but told him, I would not put myself so much out of breath, to see the finest tragedy that ever was written, much less the author of it. I was shortly after sitting with a clerk of the custom-house at *George's* coffee-house, "do you know, says he, who those two shabby looking fellows are? they are, added he, very great men, for all they look so; one writes all the wit, humour and sense, in the *Royal-Chronicle*, and the other is the author of all the political papers in the *Gazetteer*."

But readers in general are no less wide of the mark, when they form a judgment of the author from his works. I have often laugh'd heartily to hear the pious good souls of the tabernacle, and superannuated sinners of both sexes, contending with all their lungs, that an anonymous *practice of piety, devout christians guide*, or the *comfort of the afflicted soul*, were wrote by some

some holy inspired person; or *probably*, as the author is unknown, the Book was actually sent from Heaven; when I have known the garret from whence they came to pay the author's Christmas bills, or I have been informed from undoubted authority, that the *devil* fetch'd them from *Tottenham-Court*, that the Doctor's horses might have hay and corn, when the charity of the saints was rather too cold. Nor does it less excite my laughter to hear in what manner many young ladies, when they read, or talk of the elegies, epistles, and love poems, speak of the authors of these performances; with one he is a charming soul, with another he's a great creature; this calls him celestial, that divine, in so much that one would imagine they considered the GREYS, MASONS, and WHITEHEADS, as so many Sylphs, Gnomes, and Salamanders; whilst we all know that if the ladies were to be in company with these aerals, they would find them to be full as good men, as they are poets. How many would expect to find CHURCHILL a sower, morose, sneering, reserv'd companion, while every man who knows him (however he may dislike satire) will apply the character which one of the wits of the last age gives to the famous DORSET, that he is

The best good man, with the worst-natur'd Muse.

One would hardly imagine (what indeed is said to be true) that Mr. ADDISON wrote his paper upon sobriety, when he was, what is call'd *half-fear over*; and sir RICHARD STEELE, we are told, wrote his paper against keeping a mistress, while his *Dulcinea* was at his elbow. Could any man believe, while he is reading, that the author of the *Christian Hero* should ever become a captive to bum-bailiffs, any more than that he, who penn'd the character of the *faithful* ARRIEL, should abet and vindicate the murder of his

sovereign? Every one would naturally suppose the author of a treatise against the use of snuff, would almost faint at the sight of a box, and I call'd upon a friend some time ago, whom I found deeply intent upon this subject, with his snuff-box half emptied before him while he was writing. How many love poets have we, who dwell for ever on a subject which they never felt? and have we not more instances than one, of a Monody on the death of a *Lady*, being scarce sold, before the disconsolate author married a *Chloe*, that he might not lie alone? How all this happens, may perhaps be the subject of a future page.

I am, &c.

A-B, Y-Z.

GAMING made Game of to a LADY, passionately fond of CARDS.

THOU, whom at length incessant gaming dubs;
Thrice honourable title! *Queen* of CLUBS;
Say what vast joys each winning card imparts,
And that, ago justly, call'd the *King* of HEARTS?
Say, when you mourn of cash and jewels spoil'd,
May not the thief be knave of DIAMONDS stil'd?
One friend, howe'er, when deep remorse invades,
Awaits thee, lady — 'tis the *Ace* of SPADES.

X. Y.

ExtraB

Extract of a Letter from a CANTAB. to his Friend
in the Country.

MONDAY, July 10. At six o'clock in the morning made a forced march to *Chapelsdorff*, proceeded soon after to *Teabuttersbreadtz*, from whence I made a detachment from the rear-guard of my corps, and proceeded to *Puzzlewitz*. About one o'clock arriv'd at *Commonsbadt*, where we fell in with a detachment *du Mutton*, which was soon cut to pieces, without any loss on our side; from hence march'd to *Dockrelhausen*, where I seiz'd several MAGAZINES, at six was oblig'd to return to *Chapelsdorff*, from thence to *Superville* and *Puzzlewitz*, and about ten at night fell back to *Snortinqu*.

P. W.

The PROPHECY of FAMINE.

A SCOTS PASTORAL. By C. CHURCHILL.

IT is the misfortune of most writers, who amuse themselves, and endeavour to entertain the public, in the poetical way, that they form in their minds some model of real or fancied excellence, which they continually work after, without having even the hopes of equalling, much less the profane ambition of surpassing their original. An imitation of MILTON, of SPENSER, or of POPE (an author who, notwithstanding his own superior excellence, has made the mechanism of numbers so plain, that it is impossible for

VOL. I.

Y y

a rhy-

a rhymist to miss resemblance) is the utmost of their aim, and provided their pieces are allowed not to be totally destitute of all likeness, they hug themselves in their own abilities, and toss about their poetical dictums, *quasi* EX CATHEDRA.

How many idle poems, full of trite imagery, and affected personification, have the ALLEGRO and PENSEROSO given birth to? and how many cantos of unintelligible allegories in imitation of SPENSER, have sent the reader to his dictionary for an explanation of the words, without ever coming at the sentiment? What a deal of sound morality and dull prose has been stretch'd, squeez'd, and par'd into verse, and at length "walk'd the town a while," as Essays after the manner of POPE? There is scarce a satire in HORACE, which has not undergone, what they call imitation, nor a moral virtue which has not run the gauntlet of an *Ethic Epistle*. In short, the success of one real genius, produces a thousand miserable copyists; and pedantry never makes herself more notoriously ridiculous, than by fondly imitating what she implicitly admires, and half understands.

Our author, indeed, seems by no means willing to enlist himself into the class of admirers, and disdains to court a comparative reputation. Strong in himself, he bows to no modern idol of fantastical TASTE, and scorns to bend

—— To fashion, and obey the rules
Impos'd at first, and since observ'd by fools.

Almost all other modern authors have their prototypes, one writes with the antithetical poignancy of YOUNGE, another with the familiar ease of a PRIOR, &c. whilst our poet, with the elegant and spirited Dr. AKENSID, seem to feel *themselves*; and fully possess'd of their subject, *their* imitations come rather by accident than design, and

For JANUARY, 1763.

347

and have therefore all the grace of propriety, without the stiffness of labour.

Of all the poems this gentleman has offer'd to the public, The PROPHECY of FAMINE is the most perfect, whether we consider the invention, disposition, numbers, or expression. Pastoral, we know, can sometimes admit of satire, and the celebrated line

Qui Bavian non odit, amet tua carmina Mævi;

must occur to the memory of every reader. DRYDEN, indeed, has somewhere observ'd from this and another passage in the Eclogues, that VIRGIL, had he been dispos'd to indulge himself in that species of poetry, would probably have been as great a satyrift, as an epic writer.

Non te in trivis, indeque solabas

Stridentem miserum stipula disperdere carmen;

What would he have said, had he seen the whole SCOT'S PASTORAL? or rather what would he have felt from so formidable a rival?

From the meek title of pastoral, a reader would naturally expect to meet with the usual abundance of pure description in the place of sense, and a deal of harmonious versification upon stale worn-out sentiments. For the adage,

Nil dictum quod non dictum prius,

is nowhere more applicable than to this sort of writing. From VIRGIL to CALPURNIUS and NEMESIUS, from SPENSER to POPE, PHILLIPS and GAY, 'tis but the standing dish of THEOCRITUS, served up, over and over and over again.

The poem before us begins with a short and humorous history of the origin of modern pastoral writing, which is generally the amusement of the promising genius of sixteen, when smitten by "his mistress's eyebrow." So, as the poet says, in love with his *Amaryllis* and his Muse at the same time,

to the sacred mount he takes his way,
 Prunes his young wings, and tunes his infant lay,
 His oaten reed to rural ditties frames,
 To flocks and rocks, to hills and rills proclaims,
 In simplest notes, and all unpolish'd strains,
 The loves of nymphs, and *etc* the loves of swains.

Clad, as your nymphs were always clad of yore,
 In rustic weeds ~~— a cook-maid now no more —~~
 Beneath an aged oak *LARDELLA* lies ~~— on the shore —~~
 Green moss, her couch; her canopy, the skies;
 From aromatic throats she *reguist* gate
 Steals *young* perfumes, and wafts them thro' the vale;
 The youth, turn'd swain, and skill'd in rustic lays,
 Fast by her side his am'rous descant plays;
 Herds lowe, Flocks bleat, Pies chatter, Ravens scream,
 And the full chorus dies a-down the stream;
 The streams, with music freighted, as they pass
 Present the fair *LARDELLA* with a glass,
 And ZEPHYR, to compleat the love-sick plan,
 Waves his light wings, and serves her for a fan.

Hence taking occasion to speak of those superior
 beings, who boast the true *refin'd imitative* CLASSICAL
 taste, he acknowledges his own insufficiency, as well as
 dislike to

mar fair nature's hue,
 With all that artificial tawdry glare,
 Which virtue scorns, and none but strumpets wear.

Therefore, as dedicating himself entirely to her law,
 he steers his course to *Northern* climes;

Where, undisturb'd by *ART's* rebellious plan,
 She rules the *loyal Laird*, and *faithful Glan*.

We will not overburthen the reader with quotations,
 but cannot forbear two extracts, the one of the be-
 ginning

ginning of the pastoral, with the description of Famine's Cave, the other (towards the end of it) of her person.

Two boys, whose birth, beyond all question, springs
From great and glorious, tho' forgotten, kings,
Shepherds of *Scottish* lineage, born and bred
On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard nature doom'd on the same rocks
To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks;
Fresh as the morning, which, entrob'd in mists,
The mountain top with usual dulness kifs'd,
JOCKEY and SAWNEY to their labours rose;
Soon clad I ween, where nature needs no cloaths,
Where, from their youth enur'd to winter frosts,
Dress and her vain refinements they dispise.

JOCKEY, whose manly high-bon'd cheeks to grow
With freckles spotted flam'd the golden down,
With mickle art, could on the bagpipes play;
E'en from the rising to the setting day;
SAWNEY as long without remorse could bawl
HOME's madrigals, and ditties from FINGAL.
Off at his strains, all natural tho' rude,
The *Highland Lass* forgot her want of food,
And, whilst she scratch'd her lover into rest,
Sunk pleas'd, tho' hungry, on her SAWNEY's breast.

Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,
Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green.
The plague of Locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die.
No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there;
But the Chameleon, who can feast on air;
No birds, except as birds of passage flew,
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo;
No streams as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here.

Rebellion's spring, which thro' the country ran,
 Furnish'd, with bitter draughts, the steady clan.
 No flow'rs embalm'd the air, but one white rose,
 Which, on the tenth of June, by instinct blows,
 By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades
 Of drizly eve prevail, by instinct fades.

One, and but one poor solitary cave,
 Too sparing of her favours, nature gave;
 That one alone (hard tax on Scottish pride)
 Shelter at once for man and beast supplied.
 Their snares *without* entangling briers spread,
 And thistles, arm'd against th' invader's head,
 Stood in close ranks all entrance to oppose,
 Thistles now held more precious than the rose.
 All Creature's, which, on nature's earliest plan,
 Were form'd to loath, and to be loath'd by man,
 Which ow'd their birth to nastiness and spite,
 Deadly to touch, and hateful to the sight,
 Creatures, which, when admitted in the ark,
 Their Saviour shunn'd, and rankled in the dark,
 Found place *within*; marking her noisome road
 With poison's trail, *here* crawl'd the bloated Toad;
There webs were spread of more than common size,
 And half-starv'd spiders prey'd on half-starv'd flies;
 In quest of food, Efts strove in vain to crawl;
 Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, smear'd the slimy wall;
 The cave around with hissing serpents ring;
 On the damp roof, unhealthy vapour hung,
 And FAMINE, by her children always known,
 As proud as *power*, *here* fix'd her native throne.

After this follows an alternate lamentation between
 the two boys, which ended
 from her throne of turf,
 With boils emboss'd, and overgrown with scurf,

Vile

Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well
 Mix'd at the birth, not abstinence could quell,
 Pale FAMINE rear'd the head; her eager eyes,
 Where hunger e'en to madness seem'd to rise,
 Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
 Strain'd to get loose, and from their orbs to start,
 Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-sunk cell,
 Where wretchedness and horror lov'd to dwell;
 With double rows of useless teeth supplied,
 Her mouth, from ear to ear, extended wide,
 Which, when for want of food her entrails pin'd,
 She op'd, and cursing swallow'd nought but wind;
 All shrivell'd was her skin; and here and there,
 Making their way by force, her bones lay bare;
 Such filthy fight to hide from human view,
 O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd Plaid she threw.

Cease, cries the Goddess, cease, &c.

And the whole pastoral concludes with Famine's prophetic assurance of a glorious exchange, and the full promise of a better land; where, as the goddess informs them,

Already is this game of fate begun
 Under the sanction of my darling Son,
 That Son, whose nature royal as his name,
 Is destin'd to redeem our race from shame.
 His boundless pow'r, beyond example great,
 Shall make the rough way smooth, the crooked straight,
 Shall for our ease the raging floods restrain,
 And sink the mountain level to the plain:
 DISCORN, whom in a cavern under ground,
 With massy fetters their late Patriot bound,
 Where her own snail the furious Hag might tear,
 And vent her curses to the vacant air,
 Where, that she never might be heard of more,
 He planted LOYALTY to guard the door.

For

352 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

For better purpose shall Our Chief release,
Disguise her for a time, and call her PEACE.

It would take up too much time, and in a work of this kind, which exists only by variety, too much room to expatiate on the many beauties, as well as severities contain'd in this satire. In short, whatever may be the political merit of the poem, in its poetical light it stands unrival'd. We cannot however help remarking, that our author seems to know how to employ half a line, as well as any of his predecessors, and has placed his Bavius in as lasting a nook as the *satirical* VIRGIL, where speaking of HOME, he says he was

Disbanded from the house of pray'r
For loving plays, tho' no dull DEAN was there.

Who this *Gentleman* is, far be it from us to surmise, and for his sake, may posterity never take the pains to enquire.

The R O U T.

*Talia secretâ coluerunt Orgia tædâ
Cecropiam soliti Baptæ lassare Cottyton.*
JUV. Sat. ii. v. 91.

POPE's hollow'd grotto, like his verse, remains,
Still MARBLE-HALL adds honour to those plains,
Where Thames, meandering thro' the T—m—s,
From D—rt's groves reluctantly recedes
Yet, why does T—m of such beauties boast?
These noble scenes on little minds are lost:

Lost,

Lost, like an Iris offer'd to the blind,
 Or Sibyl's verses given to the wind.
 The modern race, who dwell in this retreat,
 Feel not th' enchantment of the Muse's feat:
 Gaming and dress alone have charms t'engage
 The thoughtless triflers of a leaden age.
 Cards and diversions, with the love of play,
 Have quite obscur'd their intellectual ray:
 No signs of sense or reason they retain;
 Nature and wisdom cry aloud in vain,
 Strange fate of things! — where POPE and St. JOHN
 stray'd,
 Pensive and studious in th' Egerian shade,
 Fribbles, coquettes, and flirts, in shapals resort
 To drums, and routs, where folly keeps her courts
 Where wit and science yields to cards and dice;
 And ev'ry virtue's sacrific'd to vice: —
 So Roman grandeur fell to Goths a prey,
 So night succeeds the sun's departing ray.

But who the triflers are that now disgrace
 The laurel-groves of so rever'd a place,
 And what their Orgies, freely I'll rehearse,
 Tho' friends remonstrate danger in the verse:
 Aid me, Tisiphone, to point them out;
 Or lend thy scourge, that I may lash the rout.

Suppose the tea, and side-boards were prepar'd;
 Each sop and fool has had a mil-spelt card
 To fix the meeting of th' insipid crew
 At Lamia's house, their gen'ral rendezvous.

The tapers blaz'd, and brilliant lustres shone,
 Resplendent as the palace of the sun;
 Tables were set in form; and Lamia dress'd;
 Her dotard husband safe secur'd at rest;

Some potent opiates had betray'd the spouse,
 So Lamia seiz'd dominion of his house:
 What will not woman do, who lusts for play?
 Nature itself to gaming must give way.
 Thinking each minute long, each moment late,
 'Till she might try the issue of her fate,
 In thirst of gain, and curst with itch of play,
 She sat impatient of the gamesters stay.
 A beauteous offspring stood around her chair,
 Three sister Syrens, smart and debonair:
 Tempting they seem'd, yet dangerous the fruit
 Of such a foil, and so corrupt a root;
 For tho' an Helen Leda's line might grace,
 Yet Leda's lusts descended thro' her race.

But footmen's thunder now proclaim'd approach
 Of punctual guests: — 'twas gay Gorgonia's coach.
 Thrafo slept out (a military beau,
 A mall-bred captain of parade, and show)
 The ladies slave, with most obsequious air
 Handed, with tender squeeze, his homely care;
 Medusa first, who long the fashion led,
 To braid the snakes in pigtail round the head;
 Sthenio, her sister, next in order past;
 The Phorcian mother was gallanted last.
 Great in each rout is the Gorgonian name,
 And few can rival her in glorious fame;
 So much in ev'ry folly she excels,
 She seems the priestess of the cap and bells.
 Scarce was she enter'd, when, with mincing pace,
 The dapper Puck, the flow'r of Fairy race,
 Tript cross the hall; yet stopp'd, tho' much in haste,
 T'adjust a bronze, by accident misplac'd;
 For all confess in trifles he had taste.

Olympia follow'd with unwieldy gait,
 Chattering, and strutting in affected state.

A scribler once had prais'd her full-moon face,
And Babel-tongue, and call'd her fatness, grace;
But grace was surely here mistook for grease;
And all her prate's like cacklings of the geese.

Her sister, Rhodope, a moping maid,
Kept by her side as constant as her shade:
If Fame says true, near twenty years ago,
A flame for Orpheus touch'd her breast of snow:
Long, for the youth, in P——'s groves she sigh'd,
And various spells and incantations try'd;
In vain: — The bard was proof against her art;
Another nymph had won his constant heart.
Hence, like a weeping willow o'er a brook,
She still retains a melancholy look;
The stifled flame lies smother'd in her breast,
Not quite extinct, it still disturbs her rest;
At sight of man, the kindling sparks catch fire,
Scarce age itself can conquer lewd desire.
Not far remote, th' elate Spumoso came,
A wit-wou'd fop, but newly known to fame:
Capricious fortune rais'd him from the earth,
As show'rs and sunshine give a mushroom birth.
Proud, and inebriate with his change of state,
Self is the constant subject of his prate;
Full of himself, the egotist essays,
By various puffs, his vanity to blaze;
Yet sure that herald, who does self proclaim,
Sounds but a baby's trumpet to his shame.

Sottesia, vain, impertinent and loud,
"Was quite unhappy, 'till she join'd the crowd;"
Her parrot-phrase she prattled o'er a-pace,
Words without meaning, speech without a grace;
A form she had, which seem'd of human kind,
But sportive nature had left out the mind.
In iv'ry thus Pygmalion, it is said,
Carv'd the fair outside of his idol-maid;

A mass, without sensations of a soul,
Limbs, shape, and face compos'd th' insipid whole.

Yet, to the Rout one beauty did resort,
Like MILTON's lady in his Comus-court:
One (as he sings) a nymph of purer fire,
A virgin worthy the celestial choir;
As chaste as Dian, and as Hebe fair,
'Twas strange; indeed, how such a nymph come there;
Perhaps, her easy manners might give way,
While foolish fashion led her steps astray:
Yet she was there: — And yet so sweetly smil'd,
Satire almost to rapture was beguil'd;
Such pow'r has beauty, when with virtue join'd,
To sooth, subdue, and captivate mankind.

Tarquin, proud vaunter, of so great a name,
Next introduc'd his culinary dame.
Sure 'twas by strange provocatives, or art,
Cindria should conquer such a bawdy's heart:
Tradition says, when formerly a maid,
Lucretia's part so craftily she play'd,
That honour, birth, and fortune set aside,
The peacock took a penguin for his bride.

Of beaux and belles came many parties more,
Like Circe's train upon the Lætan shore.

A Tribade last, of more than giant pride,
Stalk'd in, and tow'd a frigate by her side,
Of bulk as monstrous as a Greenland whale,
Or man of war, when crouded with full sail.

* A fowl that goes upright, a mixture of beast, bird, and fish. CHURCHILL'S Voy. Vol. I.

Like haughty Satan thro' the rooms she past,
And looks of scorn upon the vulgar cast;
Then seiz'd the upper seat, for well she knew,
Where vice prevail'd, precedence was her due.

Olympia, rival of her rank and size,
Saw this precedence with malignant eyes:
Ill could she brook her insolence of air,
So turn'd contemptuous from the Tribade's chair.
Now lightning flash'd, and passion scarce suppress'd,
Burnt like a hell in either fury's breast;
But Lamia saw, and instant means apply'd
To turn the rising thunder-storm aside.
Thus a rhinoceros on India's plains
Encounter dire with th' elephant maintains;
'Till some bold hunter, urg'd by hopes of prey,
Spreads forth his toils, and intercepts the fray,
So did the artful Lamia intervene,
Holding the cards to each indignant queen:
To this, a knave; to that, she slipt a deuce,
Signal for present play, and instant truce.
Olympia well the wanted token knew,
And, stern as Ajax, sullenly withdrew:
Thus when the * fiend his mounted scale beheld,
He look'd abash'd, and murmur'd left the field.

To sooth her spleen, Cercopitheque drew near,
And smil'd, and whisper'd scandal in her ear:
Her nod, her grin, the goggling of her eye
Provd she was pleas'd with some pernicious lye:
Her bile subsided, while the fawning ape
Hinted remarks on wanton Chloë's shape:
For rakes are ever forward to impeach
The nymphs, who soar above their sensual reach.

Eager

Eager and prompt to propagate a lye,
 Olympia sped to ev'ry slander-by ;
 Whisp'ring in pity (with dissembled joy)
 "Chloe was just deliver'd of a boy."
 Small is the grain insidious falsehood sows,
 Yet soon it shoots, and wonderfully grows ;
 For scandal spreads with each malignant breath,
 Scatt'ring, like winds at East, contagious death.

At length the parties were completely rang'd,
 And all the scene was in a moment chang'd.
 All to their seats spontaneously retir'd,
 Seduc'd by folly, or by av'rice fir'd.
 A thousand passions rankled in each breast,
 Rage, spleen and envy ev'ry wretch possess ;
 Dæmons around flew hov'ring in the air,
 Fraud and deceit, and jealousy were there ;
 Yet lust of gold so dazzled ev'ry eye,
 The giddy vot'ries saw no Dæmons nigh :
 'Till subtle fraud, by magic art, convey'd
 From Cindria's hand a diamond for a spade.
 Conscious she was how desp'rate was her game,
 So play'd it boldly, tho' with risk of shame :
 Gorgonia first the base deception knew,
 And spread the trick expos'd to open view.
 The Tribade rose ; tho' Cindria vow'd and swore,
 'Twas such a lapse she'd never made before ;
 Urg'd it was chance, and that she'd freely pay
 What Hoyle enacted as the laws of play.
 Not Lamia now the tumult could assuage,
 Tho' much she fear'd to mitigate their rage.
 Pleas were in vain, for honour was the word ;
 Sacred at cards, as on a soldier's sword.
 Clamour ensued ; a thousand female tongues
 Discordant open'd from their brazen lungs :
 Cards were thrown down ; all play was at an end,
 The Gorgans rung for servants to attend ;

Coaches

Coaches drew up ; the Tribade first march'd out ;
Olympia next ; and so dispers'd the Rout.

T. A6

To the EDITOR of the St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE.

The admirers of the simplicity of *TERENCE* will be
charm'd, no doubt, with the following simple transla-
tion, which, the reader may be assur'd, is genuine.

—— ut sibi quisvis
Speret idem ; sudet multum, frustra que laboret
Ufus idem idem.—— HOR. Art. Poet.

— **E** GONE quid velim ?

Cum milite isto præsens, absens ut sis :
Dies, noctesque me ames ; me desideres :
Me somnies : me expectes : de me cogites :
Me speres : me te oblectes : mecum tota sis :
Meus fac sis postremo animus, quando ego sum tuus.

TERENTII Eunuchus.

O Dearest Thaïs ! Thaïs ! the joy of my heart,
Oh ! do thou fair creature, release me of my
smart :

And make me the happiest, before death doth us part.
Give ear to my petition, and do thou, fair angel, adhere,
For true love rages in me (by Cupid) I swear.
When you are absent ; you wou'd sincerely be with me :
Then O ! my dearest Thaïs, pleasures wou'd for ever
dwell in me :

That

354 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

Some potent opiates had betray'd the spouse,
 So Lamia seiz'd dominion of his house:
 What will not woman do, who lusts for play?
 Nature itself to gaming must give way.
 Thinking each minute long, each moment late,
 'Till she might try the issue of her fate,
 In thirst of gain, and curst with itch of play,
 She sat impatient of the gamesters stay.
 A beauteous offspring stood around her chair,
 Three sister Syrens, smart and debonair:
 Tempting they seem'd, yet dangerous the fruit
 Of such a soil, and so corrupt a root;
 For tho' an Helen Leda's line might grace,
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 Tript cross the hall; yet stop't, tho' much in haste,
 T'adjust a bronze, by accident misplac'd;
 For all confess in trifles he had taste.

Olympia follow'd with unwieldy gait,
 Chatt'ring, and strutting in affected state.

The Reason Being, struck with wild surprise;
 In gape expressive, scarce believes his eyes;
 The lovely forms, soft gliding by his sight,
 Wake the dull frame to scenes of new delight:
 Thus the soft passions, which the mind controul,
 Lay clogg'd and buried in his idiot soul;
 Till beauty warm'd him with her living ray,
 And forc'd the tender feelings into day."
 So stand the crowd; with eager wonder gaze,
 And, more than speaking, look their fond amaze
 To feel new springs of sense, before unknown,
 And taught to love, with Passions not their own,
 The soul refin'd with elegance can move,
 And learns from perfect beauty, how to love;
 Yet charms in vain this attimated fair,
 In fruitless vows the sighing world despair.
 "As some rich jewel from an Indian mine,
 Doom'd in the front of crowns alone to shine,
 The sparkling meteor sheds its glorious ray,
 And adds to majesty a brighter day.
 The crowd below, with longing eyes adore,
 And vainly wish to grasp the sacred store."
 For you each pleasure waits, oh beauteous maid,
 The charms of rank, and all its gay parade;
 Some titled youth, by fortune greatly blest,
 Tells the fond tale, and dies upon your breast;
 Then on the wing flirts every wanton joy,
 Then pomp and splendor all your hours employ,
 Then each wild scene romantic nature made
 To win the lovely mistress of the shade,
 The groves of ———, and their warbling throng,
 Their varied verdure, and their tuneful song;
 All dull and languid, now can please no more,
 Nor yield that calm in peace you found before.
 Far other claims and other duties rise,
 Fair names of wife and mother, tender eyes,
 Where nature's charms with double lustre shine,
 And make the human beauty seem divine.

Blest be those parents, who, with anxious care,
 Watch'd o'er the mazes of their infant fair,
 With kind indulgence taught the rising mind,
 Each female grace, with ev'ry virtue join'd,
 Their lovely offspring all the toil repays,
 And fills with rapture their declining days.
 " So in some forest, when the lab'ring swain,
 Views his young plant, fair, op'ning in the plain,
 Each pois'nous weed, with careful hand he moves,
 Nor lets aught grow to hurt the flow'r he loves;
 In time its leaves their scented odours yield,
 And bloom the sweetest of the fragrant wild."
 Oh, may that youth, so favour'd from above,
 Know the dear treasure of an angel's love;
 Discerning see each senseless care and strife,
 And fondly guard you thro' the toils of life;
 Unhurt by sopp'ry, and unstain'd by pride,
 Unmark'd by vice, fair virtue be his guide;
 When the bright sunshine of the day is past,
 And the still shades of evening close the last,
 Oh may he then adore each fading charm,
 And feel in age the lover's soft alarm;
 May ev'ry good, all social bliss be thine,
 Joys wait your youth, and peace your late decline.
 " So the fond parent, who, in anguish lies,
 Calls for his babe, to bless it ere he dies,
 Thinks of none else, nor other boon can crave,
 But begs kind heaven his darling child to save;
 In hopeless agony, he breaths his vows,
 And prays for that he must for ever lose."

W O M A N.

THE sex, great nature's master-piece, displays
 Its uncontroll'd command a thousand ways,
 While Men, like chearful slaves obey the reins,
 And woman leads the willing sex in chains.

But

But Providence, in pity to mankind,
 With a few frailties fill'd the wand'ring mind;
 A vain conceit, that nothing scarce can hide;
 And even love, but second to their pride;
 A knowledge she in ev'ry science gains
 Without attention, labour, care, or pains;
 A mind so quick, it ev'ry thing discerns,
 And yet so lively, that it nothing learns;
 Fix'd in opinion, no persuasion moves,
 Not ev'n sweet rhetoric from the man she loves;
 To all that's new with raptures yet they fly,
 And in perpetual hurry find their joy;
 To truth or error ignorant, they range,
 And float and vary, as the weathers change;
 Now, mov'd by charity, the tender maid,
 Like pitying angels, seeks misfortune's shade,
 With heavenly feeling heals the orphan's care,
 The poor in anguish, and the widow's tear;
 Now, wild resentment spreads the loud alarms,
 And each sweet passion rouses up in arms;
 By frantic madness and despair possess'd,
 The fury rules in all the beauteous breast.
 Their passions are so exquisitely wrought,
 That none can judgment bear, but few a thought;
 "So the wild harp its airy sound conveys;
 In softer melody, or ruder lays,
 Untouch'd, unguided by the master's hand,
 It moves by hazard, at the wind's command,
 'Tis chance directs the instrument to speak,
 To sigh in breezes, or in thunders break."

To the EDITOR of the ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AS the gentleman, who favoured us in your last
 number with a specimen of a proposed translation
 of Plautus, desired to receive the free remarks of others

A a a 2

upon

upon it, I therefore need to make no apology for thus communicating my sentiments without reserve. I must confess then, that I have some objections in regard to the propriety of the many translations from the antients, which are now multiplied in every nation, and of those from works of humour more especially: For, let us only consider to whose entertainment they are destined. I know of but three sets of men interested in them: either the learner of the Latin tongue, to whom a literal translation may possibly be assisting; but he is no way concerned in the present case: or else the professed Latin scholar, and to him, let a free translation be ever so well executed, it will be more acceptable to read the original: Or else, in the last place, the mere English reader, under which rank I include those who have brought a little Latin from school, but not sufficient to enable them to read an antient author, otherwise than as a school-boy. It is the English reader, then, for whose use free translations must be chiefly calculated. But, in fact, how little is the entertainment which English readers ever do receive from any translations at all, excepting those of the historical kind? I have put most of our best translations into the hands of sensible English readers, and never could perceive that they expressed any other satisfaction, than what was squeezed out from their respect to better authority; and this, not only in the lighter works of humour, but also in more grave and severe subjects. That same person, who has always felt proper emotion at the interesting parts of English odes or tragedies, has as constantly yawned in reading an English Pindar, or Sophocles; so that after a great deal of pains bestowed upon such works, they really give satisfaction to nobody. Shall we attribute this to the want of genius in antient authors? It can never be reasonably imputed to such a cause, nor perhaps to the imperfections of the translations either. The true cause of this, as it seems to

to me, is the continual allusion there is in such works to the peculiar customs of antiquity, of which an English reader being ignorant, it is therefore impossible that he can relish what he cannot even understand; and although little explanatory notes should be added, yet they will give but little more spirit to the text, than the name of the person painted, subscribed to a bad portrait of him. When one is obliged to have continual recourse to notes, in order to discern the beauty of the text, it becomes as tedious an occupation, as for a man to search for a mistress by the directions of Hogarth's Line of beauty. Now a confirmation that this is the true cause why translations give so little satisfaction, arises from what is continually observable upon our own stage, as well as on that of the French: for we see, that when a play is formed on a modern story, and consequently has the plan of its manners laid in modern times, although it be otherwise inferior in most respects, yet it gives more pleasure to the audience, than when the fable is taken from antient history, and the manners of course adapted to antiquity. The poet, indeed, who is versed in Roman manners, can easily accommodate his own ideas and expressions thereto; but the spectator cannot so easily transform himself into a Roman spectator, and therefore goes away unaffected. I have therefore often wondered, that dramatic writers should still continue to take any of their fables from Roman or Grecian story. Shakespeare is not a little indebted for his success, to his choice of modern stories; and Metastasio's genius would have appeared to better advantage, if he had not pursued the opposite practice. The Cid of Corneille is still to this day read by the mere Frenchman, with more applause than any of his other pieces, and for the same reason, because he represents the manners of modern times. But even if a spectator should be conversant with antient customs, yet to lay aside his own manners, to which he is

habituated, in order to adopt such as are foreign to him, this is a painful task; for the vivacity of the mind is disgusted to have obstacles laid in its way. That commendable quality of pleasantness, termed by the Antients, *idoneus, dulcis, or jocundus*, may I think be applied to the manners, as well as to the sentiments and diction. An unpleasant effect is produced in the diction, by too bold and far-fetched metaphors, by unmeaning epithets strung together, and by a difficult construction of period. In the sentiments, an unpleasant effect is produced, when they are more loftily virtuous, or more horribly vicious, than such as ever arise in the spectator's own breast, or are of so delicate and refined a cast, as to escape the perception of the common race of men. So also in the manners, the same unpleasant effect must be produced, whenever they are remote from common apprehension, and foreign to what one has ever seen or heard of. But in any of these three cases, they will become pleasant, when they sit easy upon us; for then we enter immediately, and without the pain of thinking, into the spirit of what is said, which of consequence insinuates itself into our hearts, and leads us along with a pleasing attention and sympathy.

A second confirmation, that it is the foreign manner subsisting in transactions of antient authors, which makes them be so little relished by English readers, arises from this; that those very passages, which produce no pleasing effect, when translated, yet will have often good success, when imitated; for instance, *Burlesque's* and *Pope's* imitations of *Horace*, and those of several others by other hands. I may add also that of his eighth epistle, in your last number. In dramatic writings too, *Moliere* has often with success imitated the antient drama, as in his *Auare*, the seventh scene of the fourth act, and the third scene of the fifth act, are copied from *Plautus's Aulularia*: he even made the farcical quibbles of the double *Sofia*, in his *Amphitruon*, so agreeable to

a French audience, that Bayle speaks of it, as *Molière* did; it had been esteemed one of his best plays; altho' one cannot but think it the most difficult of all *Plautus*' plays to adopt to a modern audience; and tho' it is such a motley piece, as to be neither a translation, nor yet imitation.

From these considerations, I conclude, that whoever would make the works of the ancients read like originals, or even become interesting to English readers, must not think it sufficient to translate the Roman tongue into English; but must go further, and translate their customs too into English, by laying the plot in our own times, and substituting similar manners of ours in place of theirs: for, as the form of man remains the same from age to age, so also do the vices of his mind; and tho' in process of time, they may be differently modified in some small circumstances, yet an agreeable ridicule upon them in one age, may, after due trimming, be very pleasantly applied to their correction in another. For example, that agreeable satire in the *Braggart Captain*, upon the continual selfish importunity of women to their husbands, loses all its effect on an English reader, so long as those instances of female coaxing in a morning relate only to a slave to crans the fowls, or for something to give to her mother upon the Kalends, or to the enchantress and soothsayer on the Quinquatrics; but when such insinuating caresses tend to procure a foot-boy, or a New-year's gift, or something handsome to give to servants, or to the wet-nurse, or methodist preacher, there is no married man whatever but would enter directly into the spirit of such requests. It may indeed be supposed, that it is easy for any reader to substitute, in his own mind, such modern customs in place of the ancients, but this seems to be mere supposition; for men's wits are not, in general, so ready, as may be imagined; those who have never been initiated into any other language or customs than their

themselves; cannot shed their old skin; and by help of a quick, tho' reflex action of the mind, say to themselves, that such things appeared to the Romans; just as fish or such things do to us. On the contrary; it appears to me, that very few even make use of any reflexion of their own at all in reading, but readily gulp down the potion which is prepared for themselves to take.

Hitherto we have considered only how the beauties of ancient authors are obloured; but it must be remembered; that they have deformities too; and whatever is insignificant in the original, will become still more so in the translation. Now, I cannot contribute the use of that communicating the epidemic disease of yawning from one language to another; and of taking so much pains to convince the reader, by his own woful experience, that he needed not to repine, tho' the book has been reduced to half the size. That which is well worth alone, deserves the pains of renewal; that which is otherwise, is but old lumber of furniture, which we cannot get quit of too soon. The happy moments of life and wit are sufficiently short at the best; let us not then voluntarily diminish from either, by spending the former in order to hunt out the latter amidst a heap of rubbish. Let us leave to the reviewers the merit of consecrating to fame, within their immortal works, a long list of dull catch-penny pamphlets, with the titles at length; and names of both author and publisher; together with learned incubrations thereupon; and let us rather throw a veil over the infirmities of antiquity; either by some alteration, when it can be done, or by omitting entirely those things, quæ desperamus tractare nescere posse. These parts will often regard the conduct of the scenes, as in the second of the Bragart Captain; where Palastrio makes a long tirade, which will appear very tedious to an English reader; and of which, as much as is necessary for the reader to know, might, from time to time, be worked

into

into the other scene. It will be objected, that this will be no longer Plautus; true, it will not: but it will be something better to an English reader; this he may read with pleasure, the other he cannot without disgust. Good now, let those who are desirous to see all and every scrap of Plautus turned into English, be at the pains of learning to read him in the original, and then let them fast themselves with these antiquated, pedantic figures, that Rurichius, as his *his finis formosus* and other purilities, effeminate beauties in the taste fashioned since (if) Rome; but let them not, with us deprive English readers of such a part of this real comic humbug as will bear to be translated into English, without having its spirit evaporated. In fine, I think that such an imitation as this, which shall extract all the precious metal, and leave the dross behind, instead of being, at the best, but an insipid copy in a translation, will have a chance to obtain the merit of originality; and along with a new book there will be purchased new entertainment, as well to the Latin scholar as to the mere English reader. One would not, however, wish to see in this imitation, any such licentious alterations, as Moliere has made in his *Amphytrion*, nor any additions at all, except what are necessary to inform the reader of the plot, instead of the prologues; for the business is not to show our own wit, but that of Plautus to advantage, and as much of the antique flavour as possible. A contrary practice might otherwise produce the same censure, which Gellius makes to Cæcilius, that he had omitted the best parts of Menander, and added worse of his own. The same licentious liberties, which Moliere has taken with the *Amphytrion* of Plautus, the Romans in general took with the Greek authors. Gellius gives us some parallel passages of a comedy, which Cæcilius copied from Menander; but they bear a very distant resemblance to each other; and, as he observes, are altered for the worse. All the

aminta too speak of the comic humour of Plautus, as being so much his own, that there is no doubt but that he rambled at pleasure from his originals, while he professed to copy them, perhaps, with better success than Cæcilius, and with better than any one could hope now, who should imitate his conduct. However, if, notwithstanding these restrictions, such a modernized imitation should be thought by others still to run into the extreme of taking too much liberty with the author, and losing too much of the venerable cast of antiquity, perhaps some means might be found of compounding the matter between us, by only dropping off all the insipid parts, and giving the most obvious turn to whatever alludes to ancient customs, so as still to continue to lay the plot in ancient times.

But which ever of those two ways be preferred, it seems to me to be absolutely necessary to keep constantly to one or other of them, and not to be wavering between both; for as to render the drama neither entirely ancient, nor entirely modern. This is a defect common in Plautus, as well as Moliere. I cannot account for the conduct of Plautus, in retaining the Grecian names of his characters, and laying his plots in Grecian cities, while he alludes to Roman customs: one would have wished to have seen either entirely Roman, or entirely Grecian, characters. Terence, on the contrary, as far as I recollect, always preserves the Grecian customs and expressions; he computes money by Mille and Talenta, as the Grecians did, and alludes to such things as were known to them, without variation, to the best of my memory. But to hear in Plautus a citizen of Athens or Ephesus, talk like one bred at Rome, seems a disagreeable inconsistency. The plot of the Baucis and Captain is laid in Ephesus; yet Periplectomenus talks as familiarly of the Kalends and Quinquagesima; as if he were a Roman; tho' those were observances peculiar to the Romans. Again, Periplectomenus says, *Ephesi*

sum

non, natuſ non in Apulia, non ſum in Umbria; this is talking like a poliſhed Roman, not like a Grecian. The plot of the Truculentus is at Athens; yet, in the eleventh ſcene, Strabax, a country youth, mentions a man who owed his father, a country farmer too, ſome money, for ſome ſheep of Tarentum: ſuch an expreſſion could be only ſuitable to a countryman in the neighbourhood of Rome, and not to a farmer in the neighbourhood of Athens. Columella ſpeaks of thoſe ſheep as having been only in ſuch credit among the Romans, *non erant ſimabant optimas Tarentinas*; and, if they were in credit at Athens, yet they could not be purchaſed of the farmers of that country.

Miliare too, in his Amphyrion, beſprinkles his expreſſions, like Plautus, with the cuſtoms of two different people; and forms a motely mixture, by placing his reader alternately in Grecian and Gallic times. For example, notwithstanding his heathen gods, he has theſe expreſſions, *Ma ſoy — Diane — Si le Diable les prenoit, — Adieu — au Dieu — pour mon Martyre, — mon Dieu —* And theſe too, *Un Coffret ſcellé des armes de mon maître — Quolibets — monsieur, madame*, and many others. To hear Grecians accoſt one another in the cant terms of modern civility, is ridiculous; and even ſuch recent words as *Infanterie, Cavallerie*, have two modern an air to pleaſe in the mouths of Grecians, whenever any other terms can be had, which are ſuitable to every age. For, as Quinctilian obſerves, that antique words, when judiciously introduced, give to diction that inimitable caſt of antiquity, which, in pictures, is eſteemed ſo grateful; ſo alſo we may obſerve, that the new-coined hackneyed phraſes of modern times debaſe that venerable air, which may, and ought to be, preſerved in antient pieces; and to which your correſpondent's propoſed manner of tranſlating Plautus is very happily ſuited. Neither do I think that manner would be at all unſuitable to an imitation, provided, that in transforming an-
tient

rient customs, we substitute those of our fathers or grandfathers, and not such as have arisen within our own memories.

In regard to the specimen of the proposed translation, I have only to observe, that the last line contains something too strong and coarse for the ladies to profit by it. Whenever satire against them is accompanied with such good humour, as shews it not to be directed against their sex, but against the follies of it only; and that we still continue to love and esteem them, even when we are severe upon their faults; I have, in that case, seldom observed, but that they themselves readily join in with the laugh, and profit by it. I could wish therefore to see the last line altered. The original has nothing more than oblatricem, which seems sufficiently expressed by our word, Gap. The original partakes of the easy vein of Horace, which is best suited to the character of that hearty old buck Periplegomines, but the translation inclines too much toward the bitterness of Juvenal.

I apprehend that you do not lay an obligation upon your correspondents always to think justly; but that by each man's communicating his thoughts, whatever is best may be discovered. I shall readily listen to any thing which may be opposed to these remarks, and then perhaps may find reason to change my opinions.

On the First of March will be published,

G O T H A M.

By C. CHURCHILL.

T H E

St. James's Magazine.

For FEBRUARY, 1763.

A D I A L O G U E.

Between the AUTHOR and his FRIEND.

F R I E N D.

YOU say "it hurts you to the soul
To brook confinement or controul."
And yet will voluntary run
To that confinement you would shun,
Content to drudge along the track,
With bells and harness on your back.
Alas! what genius can admit
A monthly tax on spendthrift wit,
Which often flings whole stores away,
And oft has not a doit to pay!
— Give us a work, indeed — of length —
Something which speaks poetic strength;

Vol. I.

C c c

14

374 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

Is fluggish fancy at a stand?
No scheme of consequence in hand?
I, nor your plan, nor book, condemn;
But why your name, and why A M?

A U T H O R.

Yes——it stands forth to public view,
Within, without, on white, on blue,
In proper, tall, gigantic Letters,
Not dash'd——emvowell'd——like my betters.
And though it stares me in the face,
Reflects no shame, hints no disgrace.
Whilst these unlabour'd trifles please,
Familiar chains are worn with ease.
—— Behold! to your's, and my surprize,
These trifles to a VOLUME rise.
Thus will you see me, as I go,
Still gathering bulk; like balls of snow,
Steal by degrees upon your shelf,
And grow a giant from an elf.
The current studies of the day,
Can rarely reach beyond a PLAY:
A PAMPHLET may deserve a look,
But Heav'n defend us! from a BOOK!
A LIBEL flies on Scandal's wings,
But works of length are heavy things.
—— Not one in twenty will succeed ——
Consider, sir, how few can read.

F R I E N D.

I mean a work of *merit* ——

A U T H O R.

True.

F R I E N D.

A man of *Taste* MUST buy.

A U T H O R.

Yes;——You;

And

And half a dozen more, my friend,
Whom your good Taste shall recommend:
Experience will by facts prevail,
When argument and reason fail;
The NUPTIALS now

F R I E N D.

Whose nuptials, fir?—

A U T H O R.

A Poet's—did that poem *fir*?
No—fix—tho' thousand readers pass,
It still looks through its pane of glass,
And seems indignant to exclaim:
Pass on ye SONS of TASTE, for shame!
While duly each revolving moon,
Which often comes, God knows, too soon,
Continual plagues my soul molest;
And *Magazines* disturb my rest,
While scarce a night I steal to bed,
Without a couplet in my head,
And in the morning, when I stir,
Pop comes a *Devil*, "Copy, fir."
I cannot strive with daring flight
To reach the brave *Parnassian* HEIGHT,
But at its foot, content to stray,
In easy unambitious way,
Pick up those flowers the muses send,
To make a nosegay for my friend.
In short, I lay no idle claim
To genius strong, and noisy fame,
But with a hope and wish to please,
I write, as I would live, with ease.

F R I E N D.

But you must have a fund, a mine,
Prose, poems, letters

A U T H O R.

Not a line—
And

And here, my friend, I rest secure;
 He can't lose much, who's always poor.
 And if, as now, thro' numbers *five*,
 This work with pleasure kept alive,
 Can still its currency afford,
 Nor fear the breaking of its hoard,
 Can pay you, as at sundry times,
 For *self* per *Mag*, two thousand Rhimes,
 From whence should apprehension grow,
 That *self* should fail, with richer Co?

No *dear* of a monthly grub,
 Myself alone a learned *club*,
 I ask my readers to no-treat
 Of scientifick *bast'd-up* meat,
 Nor seek to please theatric friends
 With scraps of plays, and odds and ends.——

F R I E N D.

Your method, sir, is plain enough;
 And all the world has read your PUFF.*
 Th' allusion's neat, expression clean
 About your travelling MACHINE,
 But yet——it is a *Magazine*.

A U T H O R.

Why let it be, and wherefore shame?
 As JULIET says, what's in a name?
 Besides it is the way of *trade*,
 Through which all science is convey'd,
 Thus knowledge parcels out her shares;
 The COURT has hers, the LAWYERS theirs.
 Something to SCHOLARS sure is due,——
 Why not *one* MAGAZINE for YOU?

FRIEND.

* See a Poem, called the PUFF, in the first Number of this Work.

F R I E N D:

That's an Herculean task, my friend,
 You toil and labour to — offend.
 Part of your scheme — a free translation,
 To SCHOLARS is a profanation;
 What! break up *Latin*! pull down *Greek*!
 (Peace to the soul of sir JOHN CHEEKE! *)
 And shall the generous liquor run,
 Broach'd from the rich FALERNIAN tun?
 Will you pour out to *English* swine,
 Neat as imported, old GREEK wine?
 Alas! such beverage only fits
 Collegiate tastes, and classic wits.

A U T H O R.

I seek not, with satyric stroke,
 To strip the pedant of his cloak;
 No — let him cull and spout quotations,
 And call the jabber, demonstrations;
 Be his the great concern to shew,
 If *Roman* gowns were tied, or no; †
 Whether the *Grecians* took a slice
Four times a-day, or only *twice*,
 Still let him work about his hole,
 Poor, busy, blind, laborious mole;
 Still let him puzzle, read, explain,
 Oppugn, remark, and read again.

Such, though they waste the midnight oil
 In dull, minute, perplexing toil,
 Not understanding, do no good,
 Nor can do harm, not understood.

By scholars, apprehend me right,
 I mean the learned, and polite,

Whose

* The first restorer of Greek learning in England.

Whose knowledge unaffected flows,
 And sits as easy as their cloaths;
 Who care not though an *ac* or *sed*
 Misplac'd, endanger PRISCIAN's head;
 Nor think his wit a grain the worse,
 Who cannot frame a *Latin* verse,
 Or give the *Roman* PROPER word
 To things the ROMANS never heard.

'Tis true, *except among the Great*,
 Letters are rather out of date,
 And quacking genius more discerning,
 Scoffs at your *regulars* in learning.
 — PEDANTS, indeed, are learning's curse,
 But IGNORANCE is something worse:
 All are not blest with reputation,
 Built on the WANT of EDUCATION,
 And some, to letters duly bred,
 Mayn't *write* the worse, because they've *read*.
 Though books had better be unknown,
 Than not one thought appear our own;
 As some can never speak themselves,
 But through the authors on their shelves,
 Whose writing smacks too much of reading,
 As affectation spoils good breeding.

F R I E N D.

True; but that fault is seldom known,
 Save in your bookish college drone,
 Who, constant (as I've heard them say)
 Study their fourteen hours a-day,
 And squatting close, with dull attention,
 Read themselves out of apprehension;
 Who scarce can wash their hands or face,
 For fear of losing time, or place,
 And give one hour to meat and drink,
 But never *half a one* to THINK.

AUTHOR.

A U T H O R.

Lord! I have seen a thousand such,
Who read, or seem to read, too much.
So have I known, in that rare place,
Where *Classics* always breed disgrace,
A wight, upon discoveries hot,
As whether flames have heat or not,
Study himself, poor sceptic dunce,
Into the very fire at once,
And clear the philosophic doubt,
By burning all ideas out.
With such, eternal books successive
Lead to no sciences progressive,
While each dull fit of study past,
Just like a wedge drives out the last.

From these I ground no expectation
Of genuine wit, or free translation;
But you mistake me, friend. Suppose,
(Translations are but modern cloaths)
I dress my boy——(for instance sake
Maintain these children, which I make)
I give him coat and breeches——

F R I E N D.

True——

But not a bib and apron too!
You would not let your child be seen,
But drest consistent, neat, and clean.

A U T H O R.

So would I cloath a free translation,
Or as POPE calls it, imitation;
Not pull down authors from my shelf,
To spoil their wit, and plague myself,
My learning studious to display,
And lose their spirit by the way.

F R I E N D.

Your HORACE now——e'en borrow thence
His easy wit, his manly sense,

But

380 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

But let the Moralist convey
Things in the manners of to-day,
Rather than that old garb assume,
Which only suits a man at *Rome*.

A U T H O R.

Originals will always please,
And copies too, if done with ease.
Would not old PLAUTUS wish to wear,
Turn'd *English* host, an *English* air,
If THORNTON, rich in native wit,
Would make the modes and diction fit?
Or, as I know you hate to roam,
To fetch an instance nearer home;
Though in an idiom most unlike,
A similarity must strike,
Where both of simple nature fond,
In art and genius correspond;
And *naïve* both (allow the phrase
Which no one *English* word conveys)
Wrap up their stories neat and clean,
Easy as ————

F R I E N D.

———— DENIS's you mean.
———— The very man ——— not mere translation,
But LA FONTAINE by transmigration.

A U T H O R.

Authors, as DRYDEN's maxim runs,
Have what he calls poetic sons.
Thus MILTON, more correctly wild,
Was richer SPENSER's lawful child.
And CHURCHILL, got on all the nine,
Is DRYDEN's heir in ev'ry line.
Thus DENIS proves his parents plain,
The child of EASE, and LA FONTAINE.

FRIEND.

F R I E N D.

His muse, indeed, the work secures,
And asks our praise as much as yours;
For, if delighted, readers too
May pay their thanks, as well as you.

But You, my friend (so folks complain)
For ever in this easy vein,
This prose in verse, this measur'd talk,
This pace, that's neither trot nor walk,
Aim at no flights, nor strive to give
A real poem fit to live.

A U T H O R.

(To critics no offence, I hope)
PRIOR shall live as long as POPE,
Each in his manner sure to please,
While both have strength, and both have ease;
Yet though their various beauties strike,
Their ease, their strength is not alike.
Both with consummate horseman's skill,
Ride as they list, about the hill;
But take, peculiar in their mode,
Their favourite horse, and favourite road.

For me, once fond of author-fame,
Now forc'd to bear its weight and shame,
I have no time to run a race,
A traveller's my only pace.
They, whom their steeds unjaded bear
Around *Hyde-park*, to take the air,
May frisk and prance, and ride their fill,
And go all paces which they will;
We, *hackney* tits — nay, never smile,
Who trot our stage of *thirty* mile,
Must travel in a constant plan,
And run our journey, as we can.

F R I E N D.

A critic says, upon whose sleeve
Some pin more faith than you'll believe,

That writings which as *easy* please
 Are not the writings wrote with *ease*.
 From whence the inference is plain,
 Your friend MAT PRIOR wrote with pain.

A U T H O R.

With pain perhaps he might correct,
 With care supply each loose defect,
 Yet sure, if rhyme, which seems to flow,
 Whether its master will or no,
 If humour, not by study fought,
 But rising from immediate thought,
 Are proofs of ease, what hardy name
 Shall e'er dispute a PRIOR's claim!

But still your critic's observation
 Strikes at no POET's reputation,
 His keen reflection only hits
 Your rhiming fops, and peddling wits,
 As some take stiffness for a grace,
 And walk a dancing-master's pace,
 And others, for familiar air
 Mistake the slouching of a bear;
 So some will finically trim,
 And dress their lady-muse too prim,
 Others, mere slovens in their pen
 (The mob of *Lords and Gentlemen*)
 Fancy they write with ease and pleasure,
 By rambling out of rhyme and measure.
 And, on your critic's judgment, these
 Write *easily*, and not with EASE.

There are, indeed, whose wish pursues,
 And inclination courts the muse;
 Who, happy in a partial fame,
 A while possess a poet's name,
 But read their works, examine fair,
 — Shew me invention, fancy there,
 Taste I allow; but is the flow
 Of genius in them? Surely, no.

'Tis labour from the classic brain.

Read your own ADDISON'S CAMPAIGN.

E'en he, nay, think me not severe,

A critic fine, of *Latin* ear,

Who tofs'd his classic thoughts around

With elegance on *Roman* ground,

Just simmering with the muse's flame,

Woes but a cool and sober dame;

And all his *English* rhimes express

But beggar-thoughts in royal dress.

In verse his genius seldom *glosses*,

A POET only in his *prose*,

Which rolls luxuriant, rich, and chaste;

Improved by Fancy, Wit, and Taste.

F R I E N D.

I task you for yourself, my friend,

A subject you can ne'er defend,

And you cajole me all the while

With dissertations upon file.

Leave others wits and works alone,

And think a little of your own,

For FAME, when all is said and done,

Tho' a coy mistress, may be won;

And half the thought, and pains, and time,

You take to jingle *easy* rhyme,

Would make an ODE, would make a PLAY,

Done into English, MALLOCH's way,

— Stretch out your more *Heroic* feet,

And write an ELEGY complete.

Or, not a more laborious task,

Could not you pen a *Classic* MASQUE?

A U T H O R.

With will at large, and unclogg'd wings,

I durst not soar to such *high* things.

For I, who have more phlegm than fire,

Must understand, or not admire,

384 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE;

But when I read with admiration,
Perhaps I'll write in IMITATION.

F R I E N D.

But business of this monthly kind,
Need that *alone* engross your mind.
Assistance must pour in a-pace,
New passengers will take a place,
And then your friends ——

A U T H O R.

Aye, they indeed;

Might make a better work succeed,
And with the helps which they shall give,
I and the Magazine shall live.

F R I E N D.

Yes, live, and *eat*, and nothing more.

A U T H O R.

I'll live as —— Authors did before.

Concerning the Advantage of Measure in modern
Comedies, or in Translations from those of the
Antients.

S I R,

Y OUR correspondent's proposal of translating
PLAUTUS into the English tongue, in Measure,
has induced me to add to my last letter these further
thoughts, which had at times formerly occurred to me,
relative to that Subject. Says QUINTILIAN, “ Verba
“ ex Græco formata, cur tantopere aspernemur, nihil
“ video, nisi quod iniqui judices adversus nos sumus
“ ideoque paupertate sermonis laboramus.” That is, “ By
“ too much contempt for words imitated from the Greek,
“ we often prove unfavourable judges to our own
“ interest, and therefore labour under a poverty of
“ language.”

" language." The same observation may be applied to the state of comedy amongst us at present; for, by too much neglect in not imitating the Antients in regard to stile and measure in comedy, we now labour under a scarcity of such, as may be read in the closet with any satisfaction. Among the Romans, the stream of popular criticism ran strongly in favour of *pure Roman words*; however obsolete they might be, if they were but *Roman*, it was enough in the estimation of the public; and therefore their authors, with as much scrupulousness, admitted into their works a word newly imitated from the Greek, as the Russians admit a foreigner into their military service. With us the cry is now, Away with pedantry; and in comedy, follow after nature; copy nature; this is the goddess our modern critics pretend to adore: consequently our writers, under pretence of being more natural, strip her to the bare *backside*; and in comedy present to our view nothing but plain prose, and not only mere prose, but also the flattest prose, and even words and sayings, and conversations of the lowest, vilest, and most vulgar kind. Away with pedantry, say I too; that is, let not the mere authority of the antients prescribe to us, without consulting reason and propriety: but yet I must hold so far with *QUINTILIAN*, that those things which have been well invented, it is useful for us to follow. Such I apprehend to be the present matter of aiming at an elegant diction; and some easy kind of measure in comedy, though both the one and other should be something superior to what is ever really observable in life. If solely to aim at the representation of nature, be of itself a sufficient recommendation, commend me to the simple ingenuity of the painters at *EDINBURGH*; for while we absurdly denote a publican by the sign of a lion or a horse, they proclaim to all the world, that good cheer is to be found within, by sketching all over their front walls in vile daubing, many a magnificent three legged black pot, with skinny
shanks

shanks of mutton sticking out, and the Brue boiling over; while at their sides the too generous bottled small beer, after spinning an enormous curve, falls into a pot of horn, and makes the mouth of every passenger to water. But if painters will not think it sufficiently praiseworthy to express the most vulgar subjects in the most cheap and ordinary colours; why in comedy should it be esteemed sufficient to exhibit even the lowest characters, if strictly copied from nature, or the better kind of characters in the coarsest and flattest language which common conversation can admit? For my own part, although I have the greatest reverence for the naked scenes of nature, yet so far as it respects mankind, I think that nature not only admits, but stands in need of some small assistance from the hand of man: and comedy, which represents man's nature, will then always give the most satisfaction to those, whom it is worth while to please, when it is somewhat refined above what is observable in real life. In such cases, fallacy is rendered so agreeable, that we never object, nor even attend to the imposition which is put upon us, but are rather delighted the more, and love those very arts by which we are deceived. The advantage derived to comedy from thus painting above the common run of nature, is very visible in all the constituent parts of it. It will perhaps be readily allowed in regard to the choice of the subjects themselves, and of the characters, and sentiments attributed to them; why then should it be denied to the language, or to the measure alone? Surely the same reasons which may be urged in favour of any one part, may be equally urged in favour of any other. Let us examine in order, and at full length, how refinement affects each of these constituent parts.

It is in the scenes of low life, that we see the purest workings of nature. Subjects of this kind have their characters the most strongly marked of any; for nature in these, having full play, shoots out vigorously into all
its

its various forms. Whereas education assimilates men to one another by the force of art, dissimulation and culture: decorum and the established modes of life lay a constraint upon natural inclination, and form men, like horses, to the *manage*. Nevertheless although the one is the creature of nature, and the other of art, yet we find it a daily complaint, that modern comedy deals too much in low life; which shews the unprejudiced sense of mankind, and how advantageous they esteem some artificial refinement to be in regard to the subjects themselves. Neither is it only among ourselves, but among the *Romans* too there was too much foundation for the same complaint, at least in the comedies of *PLAUTUS*. Not a few of his witticisms are but of little higher stamp than what passes between the quack doctor and his merry-andrew in a country village. After being quite jaded with the petulance and dicacity of his guzzling parasites and favourite slaves, how is one refreshed at meeting with a scene, where more refined characters are introduced? such as the first scene of *CISTELLARIA*, the third of *MOSTELLARIA*, the first scenes of *STICHUS*, and a great part of *TRINUMNUS*. These are worked up with a delicacy, which shews that *PLAUTUS* was capable of better things than he executed; and that he descended below his genius, in order to please the Roman mob. He, like many other men of wit, was obliged to live by his wit, and therefore forced to suit himself to the taste of the multitude. Nevertheless a short specimen of such low-lived nature may be very usefully intermixed, in order to give relief to better subjects; and then only does it seem to be altogether injudicious, when it is either dwelt upon too long, or at improper seasons. In this last particular, *PLAUTUS* is not less faulty than in the former, for very frequently the most interesting part of the plot stands still, while two slaves exercise their talents of Buffoonery upon one another. For example,

ample, in his STICHUS, one of his most polished pieces, in the scene "Quisnam obsecro"—when PANEGRIS, who, PENELOPE like, had mourned her husband's absence for three long years, at last receives the unexpected news of his arrival at a very critical juncture; instead of our being entertained with the sentiments of that amiable character upon such a joyful event, and the questions, which it would have been proper for her to make to the messenger, relative to all the little circumstances of her husband's arrival; on the contrary, we are only treated with the buffooneries which pass between the messenger and the parasite. How do we regret, that such a virtuous and refined character, which had gained so much interest in our favour, should give place to low-life, and become dumb just at the most important moment? She does indeed at last find opportunity to thrust in one single question concerning her sister's husband, perhaps just time enough to shew that the woman is not quite dead; but yet after so long an interval, that it comes in with as bad a grace, as in many a grave address among ourselves, after many a sentence of bombast commendation upon the sagacity, activity and execution of ministers, there at last comes limping in *behind*, in a parenthesis, (under the favour of God.) Nor is it only in PLAUTUS that we are thus disgusted at having refined characters give place to low ones, but in our own writers too; and, not to mention those of the dramatic kind, it seems to me a disagreeable circumstance in FIELDING's novels, that he so often deserves much the same censure as HORACE passed on DOSENNUS "See how tediously he dwells upon the rusticity of a country 'squire." In fine, we can just bear now and then, by way of variety, to take a peep into the rude scenes of human nature, and that is all; we soon with ourselves back again into such as have been improved by art, and with as much ardency as a traveller, after passing over dreary heaths, longs to arrive

at some cultivated valley. I conclude therefore with joining in the frequent demand for comedy of a more polished kind; and that in order to please in perfection, the subjects of it must be refined above the ordinary produce of uncultivated nature.

So likewise, in the next place, must the characters attributed to these better subjects, be raised a little by art. Education, as I observed before, makes one man resemble so much to another, that the best subjects are but flat of themselves, unless their characters are separated and distinguished from one another by nice artificial touches; one of the principal means of doing which, is by the frequent use of hyperbole. Every one knows that this figure deals in falsity, by making some addition beyond the real truth. With what caution hyperbole should be used in solemn subjects, I leave to others to determine; but in comedy it seems to be in its natural climate, and lawful kingdom. There it seldom fails to produce the most pleasant effects, by heightening the shades and peculiar failings of each character to such a degree above reality, as may become visible to every eye, and catch hold of the risible fancy of every observer. As Quintilian has observed long ago, *It almost always attains the happy effect to produce laughter.* Some few other particulars concerning hyperbole, I shall defer to another opportunity, when I hope to vindicate what QUINTILIAN says from the misinterpretation of lord KAIMES, in his Elements of Criticism. At present it is my business to observe, that in the characters too, as well as the subjects, we are always pleased to see them raised somewhat above the real produce of nature; that there are falsities which delight us, and that the commendable rule of copying nature, must not be understood so rigorously, as to exclude the adventitious aid of art. Many little follies are apt to lie dormant and unnoticed, unless thus called forth to view by exaggeration: It is to this cause that PLAUTUS is

VOL. I. E e e chiefly

chiefly indebted for what advantage he has over
 TERENCE, who painted too strictly according to the
 truth of nature. Yet even in comedy there is a certain
 moderation necessary to be observed in the application
 of hyperbole; otherwise it is apt to degenerate into
 farce. Indeed the boundaries, which distinguish co-
 medy from farce, are now in general so much trans-
 gressed by writers, that they often run into each other,
 and differ in nothing except name and length: yet it
 is the greater or less degree in the use of hyperbole,
 which seems to form their distinguishing difference. In
 comedy, hyperbole attempts no more than only to
 heighten latent follies to such a magnitude, that they
 may strike the eye of every beholder: but in farce it
 goes further, and attempts to stretch every folly to the
 utmost extent of extravagance, so as to distort nature,
 rather than only exhibit it. Farce is in dramatic
 writings, what grotesque is in painting. Thus the
Capricci of CALOT are properly farces in design. In
 the narrative way, the travels to LILLIPUT and BRO-
 DINGNAG are the same; where nature is continually
 distorted by the application of an excessive magnifying
 or diminishing glass. Such representations, nevertheless,
 do produce a kind of pleasure, but of a very different
 sort from pictures of nature: for one is struck with
 astonishment at the strange fancy of the inventor, and
 the wildness of the painter's dream, rather than sin-
 cerely pleased with the picture presented to us: we no
 longer esteem ourselves conversant with natural objects,
 but are surrounded with a new world, framed by the
 author's own imagination. Farces then should be hy-
 perbolic to an extravagant degree; but comedy admits
 of no more than just what may serve like sauce to give
 relish to the meat. PLAUTUS and MOLIERE have
 both been accused, and not without truth, of admitting
 too much of this enlivening sauce, and thereby ap-
 proaching too near to the boundaries of farce. To
 dash

dash always exactly with the proper quantity; so as to please all tastes, must be difficult; but in the BRAGG-ORY-CAPTAIN, the BOBBADILL of ancient times, when his parasite tells him, *that he blew away whole legions of the enemy with his breath, just as the wind blows about leaves or straw*; this is certainly more fit for TOM THUMB, a farce in true character. But tho' this ingredient of hyperbole may be worked up too strongly, yet a certain proportion of it seems absolutely necessary, in order to produce ridicule; and the characters must be heightened by means of it, above the standard of real nature, lest they should be tame and lifeless.

Consequently the sentiments ought to undergo the same degree of artificial exaltation; as it is by them that the characters are made known to us, at least in reading.

Still further the same reasoning must hold good in respect to the diction or language; for since it is by means of it that the sentiments are conveyed to us, they ought in all reason to be correspondent to one another. Nay, a pleasant hyperbole receives great addition from a stateliness and elegance of language above the common run of conversation: and whenever the sentiments are of such an affecting kind, as often occurs in common life, they are enforced still more strongly by a choice diction. So that why the language of comedy should be so much debased as it is by our late writers, and left to its own natural insipidity, without the least assistance from art, I can see no reason at all. Indeed in representation, language is of less consequence; because the actor, by the power of just action and pronunciation, is able to add so many proper graces

*Cujus tu legiones dissavisti spiritu,
 qs Quasi ventus folia, aut panniculam tectoriam.

to support the character and sentiments, that we see no deficiency in the language ; but when they are deprived of his assistance, there is nothing but the language left to convey and support them. Hence it arises, that many comedies which please in action, become so exceeding flat on a perusal at home, that we cannot have patience to read them through : yet as so few have opportunities to see comedies well performed, in comparison of those who take delight, to read them, it seems but reasonable that the benefit of the readers should be consulted as well as that of the spectators. This can scarce be accomplished, unless the language be elevated above the insipid familiarity of common talk ; due care however being taken not to run into the turgid and tragical.

But I go still further, and contend, that comedy should not be written in prose, but in some easy measure, after the pattern set us by the Antients ; that is, the cadence of the sentences should be more regular and musical, than whatever happens in real conversation ; and for the same reasons, which have been urged above in regard to the SUBJECTS, the CHARACTERS, the SENTIMENTS, and LANGUAGE. — But to oppose an established opinion, and explain myself fully on this head, will require more room than you will be able to allow at present ; I shall therefore defer it to your next number.

Imitated from CATULLUS.

YE powers, you heard how Lesbia swore
 She'd prove to me for ever true ;
 Nor change for any worldly store,
 Tho' Jove himself in gold should sue.

But,

But Lefbia, — O tormenting thought !
 That Lefbia, whom my soul ador'd,
 May now for half-a-crown be bought,
 And in a public brothel whor'd.
 This certain truth let all men note —
 What *women* to their lovers *swear*,
 No longer lasts than what is wrote
 In water, sand, or fleeting air.

K. T.

To a FRIEND, on his NUPTIALS.

HENCE wanton wit, immoral flights,
 Hence sallies of lascivious love :
 Hymen's my theme, and solemn rites,
 Such as Lucina may approve.
 Entendres dark, with jests impure,
 In Syren courts may charm the ear ;
 But virtue, modest and demure,
 Disdains such levities to hear.
 A vicious age may scorn the lays
 To * antiquated Hymen due ;
 Yet truth inspires ingenuous praise,
 And seeks its patronage from you.

II.

Limbs softly turn'd, eyes, leer'd affiance,
 The heaving breast, or dimpled smile,
 (Lewd gestures of th' † Ionian dance)
 May fervent youth to lust beguile :

Superior

* *Vide* Marriage-Act.

† HOR. 3. 6. 21.

Superior sense eludes the snare,
 Reason declines such short-liv'd joy ;
 These honour nymphs more chaste than fair,
 Whose charms admit no base alloy :
 Virtue's their choice ; in this secure,
 They taste true happiness of love ;
 Which shall like adamant endure,
 Seraphic as the bliss above.

III.

Beauty (Alas ! too transient flow'r)
 Oft fades before the setting sun ;
 The harlot pleases for an hour,
 But surfeits when the dance is done.
 Virtue can stand the test of truth,
 Constant, invariably the same ;
 Hence she enjoys perpetual youth,
 And, Vestal like, preserves the flame.
 * By nature, artless hand-maid, drest,
 She trusts to graces all her own ;
 Pleasures and peace compose her cest,
 Health is the jewel of her crown.

IV.

Man was not made to live alone,
 Of passions strong, and young desires,
 The human heart to love is prone,
 Nor reason quite subdues its fires.
 When Adam roam'd a lonely lord,
 Ev'n paradise seem'd desolate ;
 Not angels converse could afford
 Joys like the dalliance of a mate :
 To soften, sooth, and cheer mankind,
 Th' Almighty form'd a paramour ;
 Flesh of his flesh, yet more refin'd ;
 Creation of the happiest hour.

V.

V.

God saw the work, and held it good;
 "Increase, he said, and multiply:"
 Hence marriage may be understood
 Th' appointment of the Deity.
 Man too was now so highly blest,
 In soft endearments with his bride,
 That Satan, seeing him carest,
 * Envy'd, — yet could not turn aside.
 When virtuous souls congenial meet,
 Sure 'tis an union most divine;
 A happiness on earth complete,
 Heav'n grant such union may be **THINE**.

The TEMPLE of SCANDAL.

By a L A D Y. †

ONE silent evening, when I gave the rein
 To fancy's busy wonder-working train,
 A thousand forms fantastic glided by,
 And shapeless phantoms danc'd before my eye;
 Each, still as it approach'd, made room for more,
 And left no traces of the form it bore,
 Till fancy kindly wav'd her magic wand,
 And bad the groupe of wild ideas stand.

* Milton's Par. Lost. Book IV.

† See the Fable of the Butterflies, by the same. N^o. 4.

Instant I saw on baseless columns rise
 A dome, whose summit seem'd to touch the skies,
 To SCANDAL sacred rose the lofty fane,
 And reputations there the victims slain.
 At top stood CALUMNY, with open mouth,
 To echo falsehoods from the North to South.
 Vast folding doors appear'd on either side,
 Whence issued Harpies, flutt'ring far and wide,
 A desperate throng of loath'd ambiguous race,
 With nothing female but the turn of face,
 ILL-NATURE's servants, by DETRACTION paid
 To spread th' invective lyes herself had made.

Curious to see the temple and its shrine,
 I hasten'd in, the mimic rites to join.
 'Twas all a buzz within, no accents clear,
 But sounds confus'd came whizzing in my ear;
 The shrine a while my whole attention drew,
 Where SCANDAL's image was display'd to view.
 Her looser dress, hung on with awkward air,
 Bespoke a mind too light for household care;
 Her vacant eyes no meaning beam dispense,
 And all her features scorn'd the power of sense,
 So many ears she had, she seem'd all ear,
 Till on approaching to inspect more near,
 As many tongues within her mouth appear'd,
 Ready to utter every word she heard.
 Beside her stood a huge enormous pile
 Of flaming firebrands, which, with careless smile,
 She scatter'd wanton, heedless where they fell,
 Firing alike the palace, or the cell.
 In antic weed stood FOLLY at her side,
 And drew a veil before her eyes, to hide
 The dire effects her wanton hand had wrought,
 And new supplies of ready firebrands brought.

Her

Her servants now the sacred rites begin,
 And pay their homage to the darling SIN.
 First on the shrine (the priests were women there)
 They place industrious, with the nicest care,
 Small painted vessels, beauteous to behold,
 Glowing with various colours, rich with gold;
 All moulded out of a peculiar earth,
 And *China* call'd, from whence deriv'd their birth.
 Next certain herbs of *Indian* growth they bring,
 And steep in water from the limpid spring,
 But first fermented o'er the sacred fire,
 Then pour'd in vases, as the rites require.
 A composition next, from *western* canes
 Extracted, twice refin'd, with wond'rous pains,
 Each vase receives; and last with mixture nice,
 The flow'r of milk they add; and stir it *thrice*.

Whilst this libation at the shrine they make,
 A scroll of names they from DETRACTION take;
 And as before the God they prostrate fall,
 Instead of ink they mark each name with gall.
 So the vile crew who ride thro' foul and fair,
 And on their broomsticks take the midnight air,
 To their dark meetings bring the waxen boy,
 Image of him their malice would destroy;
 With pins and needles stick it round and round;
 While distant infants groan in ev'ry wound.

To DEFAMATION now the scroll they bear,
 Who sends it posting on the viewless air;
 While lungs of brass, to earth's remotest bound,
 Like the loud trumpet, multiplies the sound.

Whilst they proceeded thus, the troubled air
 Was pierc'd with cries of anguish and despair;
 Fathers their sons, husbands their wives distrust,
 And bosom friends each other think unjust.

Whilst with concern I ran these mischiefs o'er,
 The priests, the shrine, the temple were no more.
 Shrill shepherds dogs the evening silence broke,
 And cawing rooks their homeward flight bespoke.

Satis Eloquentiæ Sapientiæ parum.

NOTHING has been more generally objected against the English, than their taciturnity, and seeming aversion to long confabulations: so that their silent minute is as trite an observation, as their respect for beef and pudding; or blind hatred of popery and wooden shoes. But as this false notion was at first started and propagated from principles very unphilosophical, viz. that none but those who talked sense and reason, spake at all: how much its authors erred, will appear from a slight view of modern conversation, and a just definition of speaking in company; drawn from the most received idea of it; and this I take to be a lavish profusion of words, with little or no connection; sense, or meaning (as BAYS, in the Rehearsal, makes five plays to one plot.) How far this runs parallel with, or deviates from the Ancients opinion of it, I shall not enquire; sufficient 'twill be for me, if it is approved by our open-mouthed, as well as open-hearted Britons; which will easily appear from the above-mentioned view.

And here what delicious scenes, what beauteous areas of *Anaphora's*, *Epanadiplosis's*, and all the shining figures of tautology expand themselves!

Each Briton here his inbred art displays,

And tortures one poor phrase a thousand ways;

How

How despicable a figure does Virgil

Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secam,

Te veniente die, te decedente canebat,

make, in competition with an Englishman's *says he's*, and *says I's*? Nor can any deny the great utility, as well as perspicuity that attends them; I am confident, had HORACE and PERSIUS been more liberal of these figures, the first had not been so unintelligible, nor the latter so often dismissed with "Ah, abi si nolis legi." VIRGIL, indeed, and HOMER, seem very sensible of the great lustre these phrases give a speech; the first therefore has very judiciously tagg'd almost every harangue with a *dixit*, or *sic fatus*, at each end; and the latter inserted his *εὐχόμενος* and *ὁμῶς*, in every page.

But to return; what can be a greater instance of their aversion to taciturnity, than the frequent use of those sonorous monosyllables, *Blood*, *Zounds*, &c? None sure but an Englishman's fruitful genius could have produced such graceful particles, such innocent decorations as these certainly are; for no one can imagine an harmless beau means any thing by, *G—d d—me*, *he's glad to see you*; when his poor abilities can't reach the spelling, much less the signification of the included curse.

CICERO, indeed, has attempted somewhat of this nature, with his *Dii Immortales*, and *Patres conscripti*; TERENCE with his *Polis*, *Ædipolis*, and *Mehercules*; these made a tolerable figure once; but how infinitely short of our modern converse, and rhetorical performances! how much brighter shines even the common chat of our military sparks, and gentlemen of the long-robe! nay of our vulgar mechanics, draymen and porters! of what great use are such like words, though of a more serious nature, to our modern cushion-thumpers? how beautifully have they filled a pause, with, an otherwise useless, *O God! O Lord!* and

thereby melted their audience into tears ! when a more abstemious clergyman must have had recourse to a grave hem, or his handkerchief ; by the first of which he could only have caused an universal sympathetic cough, and by the latter set their noses a running, as the Mappa Missa of the Antients did their horses.

It would be endless (I hope needless) after what's said above, to sum up all the pretty arts of beginning and prolonging discourse ; or say how indefatigably industrious most people are in doing it ; a neighbour of mine, who has studied this art near sixty years, and is an early riser, spends his time from sun-rise till eight, in good-morrows, and telling passengers what sort of a morning it is ; from thence till dinner in sage conjectures and consultations how the day will prove ; all the afternoon in telling them it rains or shines ; and the evening in notable remarks on the preceding day. This he claims as a peculiar *Nostrum* to allure company, and introduce loquacity ; but I'm credibly informed several others practise it with equal success ; I have therefore mentioned it for the public good. My barber makes use of a *well, and how d'ye ?* only, with tolerable encouragement. — Inquiries after news are trite and fruitful topics of this nature ; but above all commend me to that worthy student of a learned university, who began his declamation with *Quid multis opus est ?* Nor are their geniuses less fruitful in protracting, and spinning out their Lockerau (as we phrase it) though their most copious subjects are only scandal and apparitions ; yet it is amazing to see how wonderfully they improve them ; so alluring are the charms of mouth-exercise, that scarce any one spares acquaintance, friends, or relations : but give up all sense of benefits and duty to support their chat, in *bonum pub.* How surprizingly elaborate are they in stealing their neighbours, and murdering their reputations, as the Indians do the white men, only to set their chaps a going ! —

Their

Their inventions are no less teeming, in relation to witches, good and bad ghosts, conjurors, will o' the whisp's, &c. nay, rather than fail, you shall have the same spirits, or devilry, acted in ev'ry town and village throughout his majesty's dominions. For instance; I don't believe there's ever a city or market-town in Great-Britain, but has had a conjurer, once upon a time, in it, who raised a tree on a table, made devils cut it down again, &c. and one of the company conveyed a chip away, which next morning either flew away with a stack of chimnies, fired the house, or was turned to a *hell-fire* cinder, and smelt of brimstone.— Nor do they only run on those common stories; every inhabitant, male or female, has a peculiar favourite apparition, who, one time or another, has paid him a visible visit; or at least been so courteous as to trundle half a score pewter dishes round the house; this is so fashionable an help to discourse, that a man or woman without it would look as odd as a Spaniard without his mustachoes, or a court-lady hoopless.

—Henceforward, I hope, no one of common sense, or common modesty, will pretend to accuse my countrymen of reservedness or taciturnity; since they have not only so far improved the antient loquacity, but invented phrases and impertinences of their own natural growth, nay, even brought back departed souls, to help them at a dead-list. Some crabby-headed fellows, it is true, have endeavoured to express a great deal of sense and reason in few words; but to use a multitude without the least grain of either, must be allowed the undeniable province of a true-born ENGLISHMAN.

To a married L A D Y.

VAIN are the charms inferior women boast,
 Vain is each art, and every beauty lost;
 How scorn'd each pleasure that the world can shew!
 What empty nothings at the slightest view!
 Whene'er we look where peaceful virtue dwells,
 And each fair grace the joy domestic tells,
 'Tis there true elegance, alone can shine,
 Live in their hearts, and all their days refine;
 'Tis there, sweet peace, and all her smiling train
 Of happiness, attend the raptur'd swain.
 Blest is each hour, and that to come more blest,
 Secure in love, tranquillity, and rest.
 Still are the waves that float upon the shore,
 And each discordant passion is no more;
 Hush'd by calm virtue, lies unruly noise,
 And angels listen to their homely joys.
 The beauteous babes in simple footsteps tread
 That virtuous path, their fairest mother led,
 With lisping tongue, and animated eye,
 To speak their wants in half-form'd numbers try;
 Each gilded toy with longing heart explore,
 And thinking somewhat, fain would find out more;
 While you, with more than human virtue blest,
 Still fondly lay each little care to rest,
 Their eager meanings to discover long,
 When fancy struggles on unpractis'd tongue,
 Watch o'er their steps, and if they heedless move,
 All anxious tremble with a mother's love,
 Then join with tenderness the infant play,
 And sweetly trifle all their hours away.
 "So the blest guardians of the good and just,
 With care angelic, hover o'er their trust;
 In silent whisper purest thoughts inspire,
 And check the rising of each wild desire,

With

With love divine the human heart controul,
 And speak soft peace, and comfort to the soul ;
 With gentlest pity all their frailties view,
 And nurse to life each virtue as it grew,
 Their heavenly office, piety to show,
 And all their souls with love seraphic glow,
 To you, fair guardian of your lovely race,
 In beauty blest, and blest in every grace,
 Say, in what numbers shall I raptur'd tell,
 How you, as mother and as wife excell ?
 How could the muse, harmonious, her define,
 Whose life speaks harmony in every line ?
 How could the sweetest sounds that soul display,
 Which marks with goodness every virtuous day ?
 Or how describe that elegance and love,
 Whose looks enchant us, and whose thoughts improve ?
 Small are the triumphs beauty's splendor wait,
 Mean is her air, and trifling all her state ;
 Faint is the lustre of her brightest ray,
 Weak and unpiercing as the moon by day,
 When unadorn'd by virtue's charms they shine,
 That speaks the whole a master-piece divine ;
 Nor simple virtue here can claim a part,
 'Tis such alone as animates the heart ;
 By pity mov'd, wakes every tender string,
 And each kind aid to misery can bring ;
 That forms the passions, as they early move,
 And tunes the whole to piety and love ;
 Such only as with social rapture flows,
 And such alone, as ———'s bosom knows,
 Far off, to virtue be her vain pretence,
 The slave of folly, and disgust of sense,
 Whose empty vanity a name would raise,
 And leave the substance, for the sounds of praise,
 " So the wild Indian, who, with raptur'd eyes,
 Surveys the glitt'ring of some gew-gaw prize,

Hugs

404 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

Hugs the dear treasure to his senseless breast;
 And gives his gold to be with trifles blest."
 In each domestic duty to excell,
 Let this fair life its own example tell;
 How with fond care, a husband's pain to ease,
 And pour on anguish all the balm of peace;
 How, when oppress'd with every grief sincere,
 Neglect her own, to wipe a husband's tear;
 How, when she saw its infant breath resign'd,
 No sigh proclaim'd one struggle of the mind;
 Deep in her breast each tender sorrow laid,
 And sooth'd a husband, tho' she wept the dead.
 To these great duties of the social mind,
 Fair, as you shine superior to your kind,
 Of life's gay scenes the light fantastic round
 Seems as the airy fleeting of a sound;
 Disgust attends its transitory joys,
 Made up of whim, satiety, and noise:
 Say, ye fond votaries of eternal change,
 Say, can ye find in all your ample range,
 Where some new mode the sickening fancy feeds,
 And that scarce seen, another still succeeds;
 Where all the varied circle of the day,
 Is but the same you tasteless pass'd away,
 Unfelt its pleasures, if unknown its pains,
 And all the lifeless labour nothing gains;
 Weak and enervate is its boasted power,
 And each bright joy still seeks a distant hour.
 Say, can ye find in pleasure's flow'ry plain,
 Joys that like these, for ever new remain?
 Say, can the brilliant equipage impart
 Charms that exceed the feelings of the heart?
 Say, can the honours wealth and splendor give;
 Pay for the pleasures we from these receive?
 Or each gay attribute that all can claim,
 Vie with the love that waits on ———'s name?

You

You, who the praise by others sought, disdain,
 And best content with conscious worth remain;
 You, who each scene of public life have known,
 Admir'd each virtue, and forgot your own;
 You, in whom nature meaning to express,
 All artless beauty in all perfect dress,
 Whose easy elegance the world alarms,
 Charms in the ball, but more in private charms,
 By native manners, and example prove,
 How true the joys of innocence and love.
 Learn hence, ye gay, with fortune's splendor grac'd,
 Who life refine, and claim superior taste;
 Whose manners soar above the vulgar crowd,
 And slight contemptuous ev'ry meaner road;
 Wrapt in the lustre of distinguish'd air,
 You move like beings of some distant sphere;
 See ev'ry beauty in that sphere alone,
 And fondly think all happiness your own;
 Learn the soft passions that improve the soul,
 Raise the dull springs, and animate the whole,
 Those tender sympathies, and nameless ties,
 From whence fond nature's nobler transports rise;
 Those faithful monitors that teach the mind,
 From its own wants, to seek to serve mankind,
 In other's joy, in other's grief reveal
 The pains we suffer, and the bliss we feel;
 From nature, learn, more taste refin'd will flow,
 Than all that favour'd luxuries bestow;
 One virtuous act more elegance affords,
 Than wealth of citizens, or pomp of lords.
 See ——— in her lov'd retirement blest,
 Know the calm transports of unenvy'd rest;
 Tho' on her birth kind fortune's happiest aid
 Beam'd its gay sunshine o'er the smiling maid;
 Tho', rich in all that could the world engage,
 And titles waited for her riper age;

Tho', learn'd in manners, and polite with ease,
 Each grace to charm us, and each art to please,
 As trifles, wealth and dignity could view,
 And from the world to rural peace withdrew;
 Nor yet that solitude and gloomy shade
 Where flies the beauty-long-forsaken maid,
 Where disappointed pride and passion roam,
 And wild distraction saddens all the gloom,
 Where brooding madness wastes inactive days,
 Untouch'd by censures, and unwarm'd by praise;
 Nor yet she flies the converse of mankind,
 Content, in ease and indolence to find,
 Each active virtue warms the heavenly breast;
 Then tender love, and social fondness rest;
 There glowing charity, with pious tread,
 In graceful silence, lifts her beauteous head;
 Hush'd, as the winds when Zephyrs cease to blow,
 Soft, as the streams that never learn'd to flow,
 Mild, as the meekest of the virgin train,
 Awful, yet simple as the village swain,
 Serene her air, as when the planets rise,
 And sails the moon in silence thro' the skies;
 Afflicted starts, if whispers speak her name,
 A friend to all, but enemy to fame.
 There, love maternal, with enraptur'd eyes
 Views her fair progeny in virtue rise,
 Sedate, yet anxious, tender, tho' severe,
 Obey'd, yet lov'd, and artful, tho' sincere,
 To soft humanity, with simple wiles,
 The babes, unconscious of her art, beguiles,
 Watchful o'er all their little sport presides,
 To goodness leads them, and to honour guides;
 If ought of cruel, or unjust, remain,
 Indignant frowns recal the thoughtless train,
 Thro' moral paths all early taught to rove,
 Their pastime virtue, and their task is love.

There,

There, the chaste rites connubial love enjoin'd,
Glow in the heart, and brighten all the mind;
The steady lamp gleams forth its purest flame,
To please still varying, and yet still the same;
Grac'd is each act with ev'ry wish to charm,
Each joy to double, and each grief disarm;
Thinks a fond husband's look her toil repays,
And blest, then blest, when there she reads her praise."
There, tender friendships gild the pleasing scene,
Her mind all truth, and all without serene,
In pleasing converse flows the cheerful day,
And mirth unclouded lends her brightest ray;
Politely round the gay amusements wait,
And fortune, claims her privilege, of state."
There, sacred piety, with hallow'd mien,
In these lov'd haunts, unwilling oft is seen,
Hid from each eye along the secret grove,
He grateful meditates almighty love,
Nor fails his wonted call at morn and eve,
Soft peace to pour, and ev'ry pain relieve;
Around his steps, an ever smiling throng
Of joys angelic chant their purest song,
And form the beautiful harmony of mind,
That seeks in vain each mortal sage to find.
In these fair walks the lovely ——— treads,
There is each moment blest when virtue leads;
There, grac'd with all that can the heart engage,
Shines the bright pattern of a thoughtless age;
High in each good, above the rest appears,
And ———'s form all perfect virtue wears.
" So the fair cedar on the mountain's brow,
Spreads its soft shade around the plains below,
In aromatic gales the branches play,
And sweeps its fragrance o'er the dreary way,
To beasts a shelter, and to birds a home,
Cheers the wild people of the savage gloom;

Lull'd to repose by its reviving aid,
 No hunger howls beneath the friendly shade;
 There, from the forest's depth each takes his way,
 In rest to sink the labours of the day,
 Its leaves their shelter o'er the whole extend,
 From suns protect them, and from dews defend,
 Rever'd by all, to all, assistance yields,
 And shines the glory of the desert wilds.

R. A. Y.

ALEXIS.

A PASTORAL BALLAD. In two PARTS.

By a LADY.

I.

ALEXIS, the pride of the plain,
 Beside a clear brook lay reclin'd,
 His complaint was fair Daphne's disdain,
 Who had prov'd to the shepherd unkind,
 His flock was no longer his care,
 His pipe now no longer could please,
 He neglected his dress and his hair,
 And by solitude fed his disease,

II.

Poor shepherd! he wildly exclaim'd,
 Alas! what avails all thy moan?
 The joys thy fond fancy had fram'd,
 With Daphne for ever are flown!

How

How could you, Oh ! Daphne, deceive,
 A swain not unworthy your love ?
 Why didst thou, Alexis, believe,
 Such a maid could thy passion approve ?

III.

Her form is replete with each grace,
 The diamond beams forth in her eye,
 The lily expands o'er her face,
 And the rose-bud imparts its soft dye,
 No warbler can rival her song,
 Philomela with envy complains,
 The streams glide in silence along,
 The glad Zephyrs diffuse her soft strains.

IV.

When Daphne appear'd in the mead,
 Her presence enliven'd the morn,
 Now the winds roughly blow round my head,
 And the sun's cheerful beams are withdrawn.
 No longer these meadows look green,
 Now the warblers abandon the grove,
 The air breathes no longer serene,
 All summer is fled with my love !

V.

Oh ! Daphne, you heard my fond sighs,
 You did not my passion disdain,
 When I gaz'd with delight on your eyes,
 My soft glances you did not restrain !
 But now you make sport of my woes,
 And laugh at the sufferings I feel,
 I enjoy not the sweets of repose,
 Nor can I my torments conceal !

VI.

Farewell ye sad scenes of my love,
 I shall never revisit you more !
 Adieu to the mead and the grove,
 'Twas here I first learn'd to adore !

I will

I will banish this wretch from her sight,

I know not what fate may ensue,

Never more can I taste of delight,

To ev'ry enjoyment adieu !

PART the SECOND.

I.

With a torrent of heart-bursting grief,

Alexis continues his moan,

Tears gave him some little relief,

Yet he ceas'd not to sigh and to groan.

Pastora, by chance hasten'd by,

She saw the poor shepherd's despair,

Soft pity appear'd in her eye,

She ask'd him the source of his care.

II.

What cause has Alexis to weep ?

With looks of compassion, she said.

Have you lost e'er a lamb or a sheep ?

Or, is Tray the poor favourite dead ?

O, perhaps your fair Daphne's unkind,

Perhaps for her coyness you grieve,

Ah ! 'tis jealousy poisons your mind !

But appearances often deceive.

III.

The shepherd just rais'd up his head,

He thank'd the kind maid for her care,

He confess'd that all comfort was fled,

And nothing was left but despair.

Pastora ev'n wept at the tale,

And wish'd she could ease his distress,

Could her Int'rest with Daphne prevail,

His suff'ring should soon find redress.

IV.

IV.

He gaz'd on the fair with surprize,
 And admir'd the good-nature she shew'd;
 When she went he withdrew not his eyes,
 But with pleasure her footsteps pursu'd.
 Her sweetness, her beauty, and truth,
 With Daphne's late falsehood compar'd,
 So charm'd, so astonish'd the youth,
 That his heart for a change was prepar'd.

V.

Yet still his fond wish would arise,
 Ah! was but my Daphne thus kind!
 I would wipe off these tears from my eyes;
 And give up my sighs to the wind!
 He said, and arose from the ground,
 Then instant return'd to his cot,
 Soon in sleep ev'ry suff'ring was drown'd,
 And Daphne's unkindness forgot.

VI.

With the sun the next morn he arose,
 Pastora he sought in the grove,
 He repeated the tale of his woes,
 And mourn'd the sad fate of his love!
 Pastora heard ev'ry complaint;
 Again he imparted his grief,
 He talk'd without fear or constraint,
 And found from her converse, relief.

VII.

The friendship he felt for the fair,
 Each meeting still serv'd to improve;
 He then blest his late cause of despair,
 And became a true votary to love.
 'Twas no longer for beauty he sigh'd,
 He no longer to merit was blind,
 'Twas his joy, and a laudable pride,
 That he valued the charms of the mind.

VIII.

VIII.

Pastora, with blushes confess

That he felt all the force of true love,

But that reason her passion suppress,

Yet that now she must own and approve.

She soon gave her hand to the swain,

Who proclaim'd to each shepherd this truth;

He had met a reward for his pain,

More lasting than beauty and youth.

IX.

When spring decks with verdure the mead,

Love wafts milder fragrance around ;

When summer invites to the shade,

Love strews with fresh flow'rets the ground.

In autumn thro' corn-fields they rove,

And their loves as in spring-time appear,

Tho' winter disrobes the known grove,

Yet their love varies not with the year.

X.

Ye nymphs to this maxim attend;

Tho' beauty a while may allure;

Yet, to fix in the lover, the friend;

'Tis virtue alone is secure !

Ye swains, who are caught by a face,

Know, that beauty will quickly decay,

That virtue still heightens each grace,

And imparts, more than time steals away !

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

SWEET Content, that won't ft to dwell
With cottage fwains in homely cell,
And on the hearth to bake
Thy coarfe, but wholefome cake ;
By labour made to relifh well —

Sweet Content !

Round our cot thy balm difpenfe,
And *make with us* thy refidence.

C H O R U S.

Sweet Content ! &c.

II.

Sweet Content, thou can't not find
Such welcome in the courtier's mind,
Who artful freads his toils
Of vows and faithlefs fmiles,
And fwears fo falfe, and looks fo kind.

Sweet Content !

Round our cot thy balm difpenfe,
And make with us thy refidence.

C H O R U S.

Sweet Content ! &c.

III.

Sweet Content, come, dwell with me,
Love fhall ever banifh'd be,
With his fantaftic fires,
And dreams of loofe defires,
Rebel to thy great decree !

Sweet Content !

Round our cot thy balm difpenfe,
And make with us thy refidence.

C H O R U S.

Sweet Content ! &c.

IV.

Sweet Content, I'll range with thee,
Ever frolic, ever free ;

And gather wreaths of flowers
To deck our quiet bowers,
Nor think of ought but liberty.

Sweet Content !
Round our cot thy balm dispense,
And make with us thy residence.

C H O R U S.

Sweet Content ! &c.

Mr. GARRICK's Address to the Town, in the
Character of the BUSY-BODY.

SINCE my good friends, tho' late, are pleas'd at last,
I bear with patience all my suff'rings past ;
To you who saw my suff'rings, it is clear,
I bought my secrets most confounded dear.
To any gentleman not over nice,
I'll sell 'em all again, and at *half price*.
Wou'd I had been among you — for no doubt,
You all have secrets cou'd I find them out.
Each has a secret fitted to his fancy !
My friends above there — honest John and Nancy ;
How well their secrets with their passions suit,
Hearts full of love, and pockets full of fruit ;
Each jolly sailor thus his mistress grapples,
They look, and laugh, and love, and — eat their apples.
So good or wise this precious town is growing,
There's scarce a secret here, that's worth the knowing ;
Nay

Nay where a hungry mind expects a feast,
 'Mongst politicians — It will get the least.
 They promise much—seem full—stare, nod, and pout,
 But tap 'em, and the devil a drop comes out.
 In short, I'll give this busy business over,
 Where much is felt, and little to discover ;
 But should the ladies wish, or want t'employ me,
 I shou'd be proud and pleas'd if *they* wou'd try me.
 To manage meetings, or to slip a letter,
 There's no French milliner can do it better.
 As for the gentlemen — the rake, or beau, —
 I wou'd not give e'm that — for all they know ;
 Indeed for secrets there are none excel 'em.
 But then they make 'em, and when made, they tell 'em:
 There is one secret still remains behind,
 Which ever did, and will distract my mind —
 I'd give up all for that — nay, fix for ever,
 To find the secret — to deserve your favour.

DIALOGUE on a BIRTH-DAY in *October*.

By Mr. P O P E.

M A M M Y.

PRETTY little baby stay —
 Why come out on this cold day ?
 Why not keep, my tender fair,
 In the warm place where now you are ?

B A B Y.

O dear mammy ! all the loves,
 All the graces, pigs and doves ;
 All my husbands, all my cats,
 Gr. y's ; y's woodys' batts,

H h h 2

(Doom'd,

416 The St. JAMES's MAGAZINE,

(Doom'd, e're I begun to be,
To the care of careful me)
And the owl too, and miss *gin* ——
Beg I'd stay no longer in.

M A M M Y.

Nay, if Pallas sends her owl,
Get thee out, impatient soul !
By the bed see *Musick* stand,
Ready to take thee by the hand ;
All the sister arts have sent
On this errand, master Kent,
Who must lose (if we're not hasty)
His present cake and future patty.
Jumper too will have it so ——
What a fuss is here w'ye ? —— Go,
Get you out then —— Oh —— I see
That mimic face will copy me ;
And what most wou'd vex a mother,
Thou wilt make just such another.

EPILOGUE to the ANDRIA. Acted at
HACKNEY SCHOOL.

Written by DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

DAVUS speaks.

BUT why acts plays ? —— some formal Greybeard
cries ?

I'll answer that, who am not over-wise :
To learn their lessons, and to play the fool,
Are the two great concerns of boys at school ;

And

And our good masters, prudently discerning,
 How much we lean to folly, more than learning,
 Contriv'd these plays, by which the veriest dunce,
 May learn his book, and play the fool at once.
 For Greek and Latin we have small devotion,
 TERENCE himself goes down a sickly potion;
 But set us once to *act* him — never fear Us —
 Our qualms are gone, 'tis You are sick who hear Us.
 Ne'er may our actors, when they quit the school,
 Tread the great stage of life to play the fool.
 No partial friends can there our faults conceal,
 Should we play characters, we cannot feel.
 If we *act* *Law* — are judges! — *then are We*
 Like justice, blind — as Council we may see.
 Enough to know the colour of a fee. }
 In *PHYSICK* — practice is our best adviser,
 The more we're puzzled, we must seem the wiser.
 If *WAR*'s our trade, and we vain, blust'ring, young,
 Should Thiafo-like, fight battles with our tongue,
 Soon 'twould appear how ill these airs became us;
 The foe comes on—*QUID NUNC?*—*QUIN REDEAMUS.*
 In short, be what we may, experience teaches
 This truth— One deed is worth a thousand speeches.—
 John Moody of sir Wronghead *well* has told it,
 He can speak stawtly, but he canna' hawld it.
 This for myself and school! — Now let me say,
 Why with these English rhimes, we close our play:
 Ladies, for You they're meant — I feel to you,
 Small as I am, that great respect is due:
 Quit of my Grecian servitude, I crave
 Still to be English Davus, and your slave —
 To succour helpless damsels is my plan,
 If you should want me, ladies, I'm your man.
 Should stubborn age your tender hearts provoke,
 " I soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak:"
 Or should false swains for other nymphs forsake ye,
 Stay a few years, and I'll be proud to take ye.

If in your smiles we approbation read,
'Tis done already — I'm a MAN indeed.

E P I G R A M.

TO CHURCHILL the bard, cries the W—r DEAN,
Leathern breeches, white stockings! pray what
do you mean!

'Tis shameful, irrev'rent — You must keep to church-
rules,

— If wise ones I will — and if not, they're for fools;

If reason don't bind me, I'll shake off all fetters,

To be *black and all black* I shall leave to my betters.

The M A G P Y E.

A F A B L E

A Magpye once, by birth a cit,
Affected fashion, noise and wit.
She scorn'd her family and neighbours,
Who flourish'd by their honest labours;
Her plodding mate was deem'd a fool,
A useful, despicable tool,
Whom heav'n had doom'd to toil and cares,
That madam might support her airs.
She deck'd herself in courtly plumes;
The peacock's dress and air assumes,
Runs ev'ry scene of folly o'er,
As ladies did — in times of yore —

But

But pleasure is not purchas'd cheap,
 So mark the fruits her vot'ries reap ;
 The husband fails, the wife's distress'd,
 By anxious thoughts and want oppress'd.
 Then stripp'd of all her fancy'd state,
 Reflection comes —— but comes too late ;
 Her flatt'ers now turn up their nose ;
 Her modish friends become her foes ;
 About the court, throughout the city,
 'Tis all contempt, no grain of pity.
 Thus play'd the bird, her foolish part,
 And clos'd the scene, with broken heart.

On GOTHAM, by C. CHURCHILL, being
 advertised *within* the last MAGAZINE.

Y OUR friend, master Lloyd !
 Last stage *within side*
 Of your coach took a place, there's no doubt :
 But surely your friend
 Can never intend
 Only just to *step in, to come out.*

VERSES to Miss JENNY GAY.

A T length escap'd, I've gain'd this calm retreat,
 Far from the dazzling splendors of the great ;
 Adieu the town's false pleasures, and its noise,
 This bow'r be mine, be mine these tranquil joys.

Here

420 The St. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

Here all the landscape smiles upon the eye ;
Th' embroider'd slope, the green-wood waving high,
The golden harvest, and the sunny mead,
And purest streams by bright-hair'd Naiads led.
Yet ah ! ev'n here still something not possest,
Mingles a sigh, and makes the scene unblest.

Should some kind God (for Gods of old have been,
As bards relate, the guests of mortal men)
O should some God, descending to my aid,
Once with his presence grace this humble shade,
Then at the parting hour, demand my care,
Thus from the heart would flow its warmest pray'r :

— Know, guest divine, a nymph adorns our plains,
Whose name ador'd, inspires my artless strains,
Whose sweetness wins me, and whose charms controul,
I love ! I love ! and she has all my soul.

If e'er this rural scene thine eye survey'd,
It must, it must have mark'd the beauteous maid.
Lo ! graceful where she treads yon mountain's brow,
Shedding new sunshine o'er the vale below.

Were it my lot (what joy would then betide !)
To walk for ever by the fair one's side !
Again that well-known voice of love to hear,
Which vibrates still upon her shepherd's ear !
O could I call the youthful charmer mine !
Would fate in one our destinies entwine !
How should I bless each moment as it past,
And hail the next still happier than the last !
For oh ! what raptures must their souls employ,
Who unrestrain'd confess a mutual joy ;
Whose growing love increasing bliss imparts,
And closer draws the tie that join'd their hearts.

But ah ! I muse upon a transient gleam.
Of flatt'ring hope, a fond, illusive dream.
Mine is a passion that I dare not plead ;
Another fortune waits the charming maid.

She'll blefs the arms (and all my sighs are vain)
 Of some more wealthy, but lefs faithful fwain.
 Yet go, kind deity, who hear'ft this pray'r,
 Go ! waft at leaft thefe wifhes to the fair,
 Breathe foft thefe accents in fome tender hour,
 — That her and her alone, I muft adore :
 If 'tis a crime, let this her pity move,
 I own the guilt, but cannot ceafe to love ;
 I cannot ceafe this ftrain to utter ftill,
 — Be dear Paftora mine, and take the world who will.

Upon the numberlefs Advertisements of new Com-
 ments, &c. upon the B I B L E.

Graculus efuriens ad cœlum jufferis, ibit. Juv.

TELL us, ye paraphrafts, whofe zeal
 The facred text explains,
 Not to promote religious weal,
 But for your *private* gains ;

Who feize the toil, with boldnefs rude,
 Of STACKHOUSE, PATRICK, HAMMOND,
 Can you that facred text elude,
 And ferve both GOD and MAMMON ?

No — while ye write for lucre's fake,
 E'en TRUTH will be profane ;
 If e'er men did, ye furely take
 The name of GOD in vain.

M Y R A.

Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum! OVID.

TRUE! MYRA boasts each blooming grace,
That can adorn the fair,
For beauty revels in her face,
Her shape, her mein, her air.

And when this nymph in humour kind,
Engaging, gay, and free,
Attunes the charms of form and mind,
To sweetest harmony,

Such music might the sense of love
In Stoic's breast inspire;
As sympathetic brutes could move
To Orpheus' magic lyre.

But soon the airs of spleen and pride,
The melody confound;
Too soon the unison's destroy'd
By passion's ill-tim'd sound.

Thus the same God, who music's lore
First fram'd by happy art,
Was wont to strike, with horrid roar,
A PANNIC in the heart.

The L I O N and F O X.

A F A B L E.

THERE was a lion good and gracious,
A generous beast, and not rapacious;
As great ones go, you'll scarcely find
More virtue e'en amongst mankind.

Yet

Yet still he was but right in part,
 One weakness had possess'd his heart,
 A favourite there had taken root,
 A cunning, selfish, worthless brute ;
 It was a Fox ; no statesman ever
 Loaded his pimp with greater favour:
 The Lion sickens, keeps his bed,
 No hopes are left — the Fox is fled —
 And when the patient wants to eat
 A chicken, or such harmless meat,
 He calls his friend, but *Reynard's* ill,
 And can't obey his patron's will.
 The Lion's case requires the air,
 And forth he walks ; his love and care
 Conduct him to his favourite's door ;
 The Fox was absent, but the floor
 With chickens, turkeys, geese, was cover'd o'er. }
 He stood and gaz'd ! the Fox appears,
 His looks betray his guilt and fears.
 When thus the Lion —
 If such as thee our forests breed,
 Men well may call us brutes indeed !
 No beast before was e'er so hateful,
 'Tis man's alone to be ungrateful ;
 And here with thee thy crimes shall end,
 He said ; — and crush'd his faithless friend.

S I R,

Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te. MART.

HARD is the lot of that man who is plagued
 with a wanton wife, a jealous wife, a drunken
 wife, or a scolding wife ; but it is better to have a
 wanton, jealous, drunken or scolding wife, nay, I may

say all together, than to be yoked to a loving wife. The wanton wife will let the poor man wear his horns on his head with peace and quiet, if he'll give her no interruption in planting them there. The jealous wife will cease upbraiding, while her deary is fixt to her apron-string. The drunken wife is at least sober when she wakes in the morning; and the scolding wife, we may suppose, is silent when she is asleep. But the loving wife torments her unfortunate helpmate morning, noon and night, nay, and all night too.

When my dear partner, who, I may say, is the most loving of her sex, first wakes in the morning, if she finds me asleep, she seldom fails of letting me know that she thinks I have had rest enough, and that to sleep much is not good for me. If I happen to be awake when she first opens her eyes, she will not suffer me to get up, insisting I must take another nap, for she is sure I have had but an indifferent night. When we get to breakfast, if I choose toast, it is ten to one but she finds it gave me the heartburn the day before, and then I must eat bread and butter; if I choose the latter, it is the same odds but I am oblig'd to eat Yorkshire muffin, because she well knew I was fond of it. Sometimes she turns down my cup herself, after the first dish, because she fancies my hand shakes, and tea is nervous. At other times I am swilled with half-pint after half-pint, as she conceives I ate too much supper over night, and tea is good for digestion. One time I am poisoned with brandy in my dish, at another with saffron, though she knows I detest them both; — but it is good for me, she says.

If I happen to come home any short time before dinner, I am obliged to swallow down a large dish of chocolate, and to eat a saucer of dry toast, though perhaps I was just come from the coffee-house, to keep the wind off my stomach; and I am in great luck that a pint basin of pease-soup, in which a spoon will
stand

stand upright, is not set before me, by way of whet to my appetite. Though my loving tormentor may have thus crammed me like a turkey, till the dinner makes its appearance upon the table, I am obliged to eat whatever she puts upon my plate, or she is otherwise the most miserable creature alive, and is sure I am not well, which never fails of introducing the apothecary into the house, almost as soon as the cloath is taken away. And I have more than once, on such an occasion, suffered myself to be drenched with gallons of camomile-tea, because no remonstrances could satisfy her but my stomach was out of order. If I presume to help myself at table, my female Sancho Panza physician is ready with her interdict to restrain me. If I call for small-beer, perhaps my sweet loving wife thinks water better for me; and should this have been my choice, it is great odds but she orders wine to be mixt with it, as it is too cold for my stomach alone. Do I go to hob or nob in white-wine, I am probably told red is better for my nerves; and should I mention red, she would insist white is better for my cold. When the desert appears, though I am in general fond of fruit and sweet-meats, I almost tremble at the sight of it, for as the dear loving soul is fond of these things herself, she thinks she cannot give a stronger proof of her regard for me, than in making me eat what she likes best. Accordingly, if she takes a peach that appears to her remarkably good, I am forced to finish what she has half eat, though I prefer a nectarine. And however wishfully I may cast my eye upon any glass or sawcer of sweet-meats, I am forced to resist the temptation, well knowing my loving taster will supply me abundantly with her relicts of those things which she is sure I am fond of. I must add too, that though the company cannot help smiling when she loads my plate with jellies, I dare not refuse my love's kindness,

if

if she declares they are admirable, and she is certain I shall like them.

Her anxiety about my health, and her earnestness to please me, acts so vehemently upon her mind, that she is never cool enough to judge what is the best for my constitution, or most agreeable to my taste. She is too intent upon the end, to consult well about the means. Hence my female physician often proves the reverse of the smokers adage of *Tobacco hic*; for, if I am well, she'll make me sick; if I am sick, she don't make me well. And when she is most industrious to prove her love for me, I am frequently inclined to prefer envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness, to such loving-kindness, and could heartily cry out with captain Flash to the dear mischief, "Oh! damn your love," though I am convinced of the sincerity of it. My great coat, which I number among my best friends, by her means deserves a place among my false ones. In distress, either from rain or frost, my good friend does me no service, for my wife often hates a great coat, I am so apt to take cold when I leave it off; and then I must weather every inclemency, and stand every shower of rain without it. When I am in no want of it, my good friend is ready with its kind office; and if my love should take it into her head that I have at any time suffered for want of my great coat, I am forced to groan under the weight of it, even in the hot month of July. Her desire to have me pleased, will not let me see the play I admire, or visit the friends which I like. Should I presume to engage for myself, I shall find myself perhaps one of an agreeable party which she knew before I should be happy with, in another place. And if I should settle to see Garrick the next time he plays *Lear*, I am certainly engaged by her to the new opera; and she has procured tickets herself, to be an agreeable surprize to me. As to the play-houses, indeed, I am afraid I shall never be suffered to
enter

enter their doors again, she is so terrified by the modern Mohawks, the society for the reformation of manners and the theatres, that she would as soon trust me to a campaign in Flanders, or among the Catawaws and Cherokees in North-America, as at Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden.

What adds to my misfortunes, is, that there is no hopes of an alteration for the better. You may be sure I have taken much pains to convince her, that though she is the best of women, she is the worst of wives; that I would rather feel the severest effects of hate, than her love. If she was a termagant, I could make her a silent woman, and I could undertake to tame a shrew; but my dear tormentor is so meek, that she weeps without complaining, and pines in private with grief, if I oppose the most trifling circumstance which she judges for my good, or has conceived would please me; she imagines I have no love for her, if she thinks I slight any instance of hers to me. After having suffered her to waste herself almost to a skeleton, I have been reduced to the cruel necessity of giving way to her disposition, and submitting a second time to the go-cart and leading-string. And though I am the jest of all my friends, and the sport of both sexes, though I can neither eat, drink, sleep or wake as I please, though I must appear merry when I am hipt, and well when I am ill, keep company I don't like, and scarce ever see my old acquaintance and friends; though I am to be purged, sweated and blistered in perfect health, I cannot fly from my persecutor, as my love is at least equal to hers, and I am content to bear the weakness of her mind, as I am so sensible of the strength of her affection. Therefore sir, when you see a monkey play with a kitten, a boy with a puppy, and miss with her goldfinch, pray remember

Your's &c.

TRUELOVE.

• Πομπήιος πρὸς Κυνοκλόπον

Καυχώμενος.

Φρεσδομὸν γὰρ κυνῶν Πομπήϊός εἰμι ἄριστος,

Ἴσον καὶ πολλοῖς ἀνδράσιν ἀλχινοῦ.

Ὁ αὐτὸς πρὸς τὸν αὐτόν

Διομέως.

Μὴ με δῆς Ζαιήσιν, ἐλεύθερον ἡμᾶς ἀπέρας

Οὐ φῶρ εἰμι ἔγω, ὃ φυγὰς, ὅτε φονεύς.

Δισπότῃ ἀλλὰ φίλος, πιστός τε, καὶ αἰὲν ὀπηδός,

Ὅς νῦν εἶναι ἱμῶ πένθος ἀπληστον ἔχει;

Καὶ τάφον ἰδρύνει καπὸν τιμῇ ἐν περιωπῇ,

Πολλὰ καὶ αἰάζων διελ' ἡλεῖται χεῖρ.

Αὔσας μ' ἔν' ἄκακον, καὶ, εἴπερ λύτρον ἀπαιτῆς,

Τὸν περιδείξαιον χαλκὸν ἀπαῖνα λάβει.

W. Y.

• Written by *Parson* ADAMS, the late Editor of
HEDERIC's Lexicon.

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